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CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA.*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

Printed for T. PAYNE, at the Mews-Gate; and T. CADELL Jun. and W. DAVIES (Succeſſors to Mr. CADELL) in the Strand.

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CA-

CAMILLA;

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BOOK IX.

CHAP. I.

A Water Party.

THE ball dreſs of Camilla was not yet ready, when ſhe ſet out for the amuſement of the morning. Melmond, upon this occaſion, was forced into the excurſion; his ſiſter repreſented, ſo pathetically, the ungrateful ill-breeding of ſequeſtering himſelf from a company of which it muſt ſo publicly be judged Eugenia would make one, with the impoſſibility of for ever eſcaping the ſight of Indiana, that he could not, in common decency, any longer poſtpone

the double meeting he almoſt equally dreaded.

And this, with all that could aggravate its miſery, from ſeeing the two objects together, immediately occurred. Sir Hugh Tyrold's coach, containing Miſs Margland, Indiana, Eugenia, and Dr. Orkborne, was arrived juſt before that of Mrs. Berlinton; and, the morning being very fine, they had juſt alighted, to join the company aſſembling upon the beech for the expedition. Miſs Margland ſtill continued to exact the attendance of the Doctor, though his wry looks and ſluggiſh pace always proclaimed his ill will to the taſk. But Clermont, the only proper beau for her parties, was completely unattainable. He had connected himſelf with young Halder, and his aſſociates, from whom, while he received inſtructions relative to the ſtables and the dog-kennels, he returned, with ſuitable edification, leſſons on the culinary art.

Melmond, deeply diſtreſſed, beſought his

his ſiſter not to alight till the laſt moment. She pitied him too ſincerely not to comply; and, in a very ſhort time, ſhe had herſelf an aggregate of almoſt all the gentlemen on the beech before the coach.

Among theſe, the firſt to preſs forward were the two Weſtwyns, each enraptured to again ſee Camilla; and the moſt ſucceſsful in obtaining notice was lord Valhurſt, with whom Camilla ſtill thought it prudent, however irkſome, to diſcourſe, rather than receive again the aſſiduities of Henry: but her mind, far from them all, was hovering on the edge of the ſhore, where Edgar was walking.

Edgar, for ſome time paſt, had joined the utmoſt uneaſineſs what conduct to purſue with regard to the friends of Camilla, to the heart-rending deciſion of parting from her for ever. He ſoon learnt the new and dangerous manner in which Mrs. Berlinton ſpent her evenings, and the idea that moſt naturally occurred to him, was imparting it to

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Mr. Tyrold. But in what way could he addreſs that gentleman, without firſt knowing if Camilla had acquainted him with the ſtep ſhe had taken? He felt too ſtrongly the ſevere blow it would prove, not to wiſh ſoftening it with every palliation; and while theſe ſtill lingering feelings awed his proceedings, his ſervant learnt, from Molly Mill, that Melmond had been favourably received at Cleves, as a ſuitor to Eugenia. Finding ſo near an alliance likely to take place with the brother, he gave up his plan of remonſtrating againſt the ſiſter, except in private counſel to Camilla; for which, and for uttering his fearful adieu, he was now waiting but to ſpeak to her unobſerved.

Still, however, with pain unabating, he ſaw the eager approach to her of Henry, with diſguſt that of lord Valhurſt, and with alarm the general herd.

Lord Pervil, the young nobleman who deemed it worth while to be at the expence of ſeveral hundred pounds, in order

der to let the world know how old he was, now, with his mother, a widow lady, and ſome other relations, came down in a ſuperb new equipage, to the water-ſide. Mrs. Berlinton could not be ſo ſingular, as not to join in the general crowd, that flocked around them with congratulations; and all parties, in a few minutes, were aſſembled on one ſpot.

Edgar, when he had ſpoken to the group to which the honours of the day belonged, made up to Camilla, gravely enquired after her health; and then placed himſelf as near to her as he was able, in the hope of conferring with her when the company began to move.

Her ſpirits now roſe, and her proſpects re-opened to their wiſhed termination. All her regret was for Henry, who ſaw her preſent avoidance, and bemoaned her long abſence, with a ſadneſs that reproached and afflicted her.

A very fine yacht, and three large pleaſure-boats, were in readineſs for this company, ſurrounded by various other veſ-

ſels of all ſorts and conditions, which were filled with miſcellaneous parties, who meant to partake the ſame gales for their own diverſion or curioſity. The invited ſet was now ſummoned to the water, lord Pervil and his relations leading the way by a ſmall boat to the yacht, to which Mrs. Berlinton and the Cleves party were particularly ſelected gueſts.

Camilla, depending upon the aſſiſtance of Edgar, in paſſing through the boat to the yacht, ſo obviouſly turned from Henry, that he loſt all courage for perſevering in addreſſing her, and was even, though moſt unwillingly, retiring from a vicinity in which he ſeemed palpably obtruſive, had not his father inſiſted upon detaining him, whiſpering, "Be of good heart, Hal! the girl will come round yet."

Edgar kept equally near her, with a deſign that was the counterpart of her own wiſh, of offering her his hand when it was her turn to enter the boat; but they were both diſappointed, the Peer, not

waiting that rotation, presented her his arm as soon as lady Pervil had led the way. There was no redress, though Camilla was as much provoked as either of the young rivals.

Lord Valhurst did not long exult in his victory; the unsteadiness of the boat made him rather want help for himself, than find force to bestow it upon another, and, upon mounting at the helm to pass her on to the yacht, he tottered, his foot slipt, and he must have sunk between the two vessels, had not a waterman caught him up, and dragged him into the yacht, with no further misfortune than a bruised shin, wet legs and feet, and a deplorably rueful countenance, from mingled fright and mortification.

Edgar, not wholly unsuspicious such an accident might happen, was darting into the boat to snatch Camilla from its participation, when he felt himself forcibly pulled back, and saw, at the same moment, Henry, who had also started forward, but whom nothing had retard-

ed, anticipate his purpoſe, and aid her into the yacht.

Looking round to ſee by what, or by whom, he had ſo unaccountably been ſtopt, he perceived old Mr. Weſtwyn, his forefinger upon his noſe in ſign of ſilence and ſecreſy, graſping him by the coat.

"What is the humour of this, Sir?" cried he, indignantly.

Mr. Weſtwyn, ſtill making his token for diſcretion, and bending forward to ſpeak in his ear, ſaid, "Do, there's a good ſoul, let my boy help that young lady. Hal will be much obliged to you, I can tell you: and he's a very good lad."

The nature of Edgar was too candid to ſuffer his wrath to reſiſt a requeſt ſo ſimple in ſincerity; but deeply he ſighed to find, by its implication, that the paſſion of Henry was thus ſtill fed with hopes.

The paſſing of other ladies, with their eſquires, prevented him, who had no lady he wiſhed to conduct, from making his

his way yet into the yacht; and the honeſt old gentleman, detained by the ſame reaſon, entered promptly into the hiſtory of the preſent ſituation of his ſon with regard to Camilla; relating, frankly, that he thought her the ſweeteſt girl in the world, except that ſhe did not know her own mind; for ſhe had been ſo pleaſed with his ſon firſt of all, that he really thought he ſhould oblige her by making it a match: "which I could not," added he, "have the heart to refuſe to a girl that gave the boy ſuch a good character. You'd be ſurpriſed to know how ſhe took to him! you may be proud, ſays ſhe to me, you may be proud of your ſon! which is what I ſhall never forget; for though I loved Hal juſt the ſame before, I never could tell but what it was only becauſe he was my own. And I'm ſo afraid of behaving like a blind old gooſe, that I often ſnub Hal, when he's no more to blame than I am myſelf, for fear of his getting out of my hands, and behaving like a certain young

man he has been brought up with, and who, I aſſure you, deſerves to have his ears cropt ten times a day, for one piece of impudence or other. I ſhould not have been ſorry if he'd fallen into the water along with that old lord, whom I don't wiſh much good to neither; for, between friends, it ſeems to me that it's he that has put her out of conceit with my poor Hal: for all of a ſudden, nobody can tell why nor wherefore, ſhe takes it into her head there's nothing elſe worth liſtening to, but juſt his old compliments. And my poor Hal, after thinking ſhe had ſuch a kindneſs for him, that he had nothing to do but put on his beſt coat—for I told him I'd have none of his new-fangled modes of affronting my worthy old friend, by going to him like a poſtillion, with a cropt head, and half a coat—after thinking he'd only to aſk his conſent, for he'd got mine without ever a word, all at once, without the leaſt quarrel, or either I or Hal giving her the leaſt offence, ſhe won't ſo much

much as let him ſpeak to her; but turns off to that old fellow that tumbled into the water there, and had near made her ſlip in after, if it had not been for my ſon's ſtopping her, which I ſha'n't forget your kindneſs in letting him do; but what's more, ſhe won't ſpeak to me neither! though all I want is to aſk her the reaſon of her behaviour! which I ſhall certainly do, if I can catch her any five minutes away from that lord; for you'll never believe what good friends we were, before ſhe took ſo to him. We three, that is, ſhe and I, and Hal, uſed to ſpeak to nobody elſe, ſcarce. Poor Hal thought he'd got it all his own way. And I can't but own I thought as much myſelf; for there was no knowing ſhe'd hold herſelf ſo above us, all at once. I aſſure you, if we don't bring her to, it will go pretty hard with us; for I like her juſt as well as Hal does. I'd have made over to them the beſt half of my income immediately."

Edgar had never yet felt ſuch ſerious

diſpleaſure againſt Camilla, as ſeized him upon this artleſs narrative. To have triſled thus, and, as he believed, moſt wantonly, with the feelings and peace of two amiable perſons, whether from the vanity of making a new conqueſt, or the tyranny of perſecuting an old one, ſhewed a love of power the moſt unjuſtifiable, and a levity the moſt unpardonable. And when he conſidered himſelf as exactly in the ſame ſuſpenſive embarraſſment, as a young man of little more than a fortnight's acquaintance, he felt indignantly aſhamed of ſo humiliating a rivalry, and a ſtrong diminution of regret at his preſent purpoſe.

Melmond, meanwhile, preſſed by his ſiſter, ſeconded by his own ſenſe of propriety, had forced himſelf to the Cleves' party; and, after bowing civilly to Miſs Margland, who courteouſly ſmiled upon one whom ſhe imagined would become maſter of Cleves, and moſt profoundly to Indiana, who coloured, but deigned not the ſmalleſt ſalutation in return, offered

offered his hand to Eugenia; but with a mind ſo abſorbed, and ſteps ſo uncertain, that he was unable to afford her any aſſiſtance; and her lameneſs and helpleſſneſs made her ſo much require it, that ſhe was in danger of falling every moment; yet ſhe felt in Paradiſe; ſhe thought him but enfeebled, as ſhe was enfeebled herſelf, by a tender ſenſibility; and danger, therefore, was not merely braved, it was dear, it was precious to her.

Indiana now conſoled her mortification, with the ſolace of believing a retaliation at hand, that would overcome the otherwiſe indelible diſgrace of being ſuperſeded by Eugenia in a conqueſt. Full of her own little ſcheme, ſhe imperiouſly refuſed all offers of aid, and walked on alone, till croſſing the boat, ſhe gave a ſhriek at every ſtep, made hazardous by her wilful rejection of aſſiſtance, and acted over again the charm of terror, of which ſhe well recollected the power upon a former occaſion.

These were sounds to vibrate but too surely to the heart of Melmond; he turned involuntarily to look at her; her beauty had all its original enchantment; and he snatched away his eyes. He led on her whom still less he durst view; but another glance, thus surprised from him, shewed Indiana unguarded, unprotected; his imagination painted her immediately in a watery grave; and, seeing Eugenia safe, though not accommodated, he rushed back to the boat, and with trembling respect implored her to accept his aid.

Triumphant, now, she conceived herself in her turn, and looking at him with haughty disdain, said, she chose to go alone; and when again he conjured her not to risk her precious safety, added, "You know you don't care about it; so pray go to your Miss Eugenia Tyrold."

Young Melmond, delicate, refined, and well bred, was precisely amongst the first to feel, that a reply such as this must be classed amongst the reverse of those three epithets — had it come from any

any mouth but that of Indiana!—but love is deaf, as well as blind, to every defect of its choſen object, during the ſeaſon of paſſion: from her, therefore, this anſwer, leaving unobſerved the littleneſs and ſpleen which compoſed it, retained but ſo much of meaning as belongs to announcing jealouſy, and in giving him that idea, filled him with ſenſations that almoſt tore him aſunder.

Urged by her pique, ſhe contrived, and with real riſk, to jump into the yacht alone; though, if ſwayed by any leſs potent motive, ſhe would ſooner have remained in the boat the whole day. But what is the ſtrength which may be put upon a par with inclination? and what the general courage that partial enterprize will not exceed?

Melmond, who only to ſome amiable cauſe could attribute whatever flowed from ſo beautiful an object, having once ſtarted the idea of jealouſy, could give its ſource only to love; the impure ſpring of envy entered not into his ſuggeſtions. What, then, was his diſtraction,

diſtraction, to think himſelf ſo greatly miſerable! to believe he was ſecretly favoured by Indiana, at the inſtant of his firſt devoirs to another! Duty and deſire were equally urgent to be heard; he ſhrunk in utter deſpondence from the two objects that ſeemed to perſonify both, and retreated, to the utmoſt of his power, from the ſight of either.

Miſs Margland had more than echoed every ſcream of Indiana, though nobody had ſeemed to hear her. Dr. Orkborne, the only beau ſhe could compel into her ſervice, was miſſing; her eye and voice alike every where demanded him in vain; he neither appeared to her view, nor anſwered her indignant calls.—Nor, indeed, though ſhe forced his attendance, had ſhe the moſt remote hope of inſpiriting him to any gallantry: but ſtill he was a man, and ſhe thought it a mark of conſequence to have one in her train; nor was it by any means nothing to her to torment Dr. Orkborne with her reproaches. To diſ-

poſitions

poſitions highly iraſcible, it is frequently more gratifying to have a ſubject of complaint than of acknowledgment.

The ladies being now all accommodated upon the deck, ſailing orders were given, when an "holla! holla!" making the company look round, Lynmere deſired to be admitted. All the party intended for the yacht were already on board, and lord Pervil told Mr. Lynmere he would find a very good place in one of the pleaſure boats: but he anſwered he was juſt come from them, and preferred going in the yacht. Lord Pervil then only hoped the ladies would excuſe being a little crowded. Edgar had already glided in, and Mr. Weſtwyn had openly declared, when aſked to go to one of the boats, that he always went where Hal went, be it where it might.

Clermont, now, elbowing his way into a group of gentlemen, and addreſſing himſelf to young Halder, who was amongſt

mongſt them, ſaid: "Do you know what they've got to eat here?"

"No."

"What the deuce! have not you examined the larder? I have been looking over the three boats,—there's nothing upon earth!—ſo I came to ſee if I could do any better here."

Halder vowed if there were nothing to eat, he would ſooner jump over board, and ſwim to ſhore, than go ſtarving on.

"Starving?" ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "why I ſaw, myſelf, ſeveral baſkets of proviſions taken into each of the boats."

"Only ham and fowls," anſwered Clermont, contemptuouſly.

"Only ham and fowls? why what would you have?"

"O the d——l," anſwered he, making faces, "not that antediluvian ſtuff! any thing's better than ham and fowls."

"Stilton cheeſe, for inſtance?" cried Mr. Weſtwyn, with a wrathful ſneer, that made Clermont, who could not endure, yet, for many reaſons, could not reſent

reſent it, haſtily decamp from his vicinity.

Mr. Weſtwyn, looking after the young epicure with an expreſſion of angry ſcorn, now took the arm of Edgar, whoſe evident intereſt in his firſt communication encouraged further confidence, and ſaid: "That perſon that you ſee walk that way juſt now, is a fellow that I have a prodigious longing to give a good caning to. I can't ſay I like him; yet he's nephew and heir to the very beſt man in the three kingdoms. However, I heartily hope his uncle will diſinherit him, for he's a poor fool as well as a ſorry fellow. I love to ſpeak my mind plainly."

Edgar was ill-diſpoſed to converſation, and intent only upon Camilla, who was now ſeated between Mrs. Berlinton and Eugenia, and occupied by the fine proſpects every where open to her; yet he explained the error of Clermont's being heir, as well as nephew, to Sir Hugh; at which the old gentleman, almoſt

moſt jumping with ſurprize and joy, ſaid: "Why, then who's to pay all his debts at Leipſic? I can't ſay but what I'm glad to hear this. I hope he'll be ſent to priſon, with all my heart, to teach him a little better manners. For my old friend will never cure him; he ſpoils young people prodigiouſly. I don't believe he'd ſo much as give 'em a horſe-whipping, let 'em do what they would. That i'n't my way. Aſk Hal!"

Here he ſtopt, diſturbed by a new ſight, which diſplaced Clermont from his thoughts.

Camilla, to whom the beauties of nature had mental, as well as viſual charms, from the bleſſings, as well as pleaſure, ſhe had from childhood been inſtructed to conſider as ſurrounding them, was ſo enchanted by the delicious ſcenery every way courting her eyes, the tranſparent brightneſs of the noble piece of water upon which ſhe was ſailing, the richneſs and verdure of its banks, the ſtill and gently gliding motion of the veſſel,

veſſel, the clearneſs of the heavens, and the ſerenity of the air, that all her cares, for a while, would have been loſt in admiring contemplation, had ſhe not painfully ſeen the eternal watching of Henry for her notice, and gathered from the expreſſion of his eyes, his intended expoſtulation. The ſelf-reproach with which ſhe felt how ill ſhe could make her defence, joined to a ſincere and generous wiſh to ſpare him the humiliation of a rejection, made her ſeek ſo to engage herſelf, as to prevent the poſſibility of his uttering two ſentences following. But as this was difficult with Eugenia, who was loſt in ſilent meditation upon her own happineſs, or Mrs. Berlinton, who was occupied in examining the beauty ſo fatal to the repoſe of her brother, ſhe had found ſuch trouble in eluding him, that, when ſhe ſaw lord Valhurſt advance from the cabin, where he had been drying and refreſhing himſelf, ſhe welcomed him as a reſource, and, taking advantage of the civility ſhe owed

owed him for what he had ſuffered in eſquiring her, gave him her ſole attention; always perſuaded his admiration was but a ſort of old faſhioned politeneſs, equally without deſign in itſelf, or ſubject for comment in others.

But what is ſo hard to judge as the human heart? The faireſt obſervers miſconſtrue all motives to action, where any received prepoſſeſſion has found an hypotheſis. To Edgar this conduct appeared the moſt degrading fondneſs for adulation, and to Mr. Weſtwyn a tyrannical caprice, meant to mortify his ſon. "I hope you ſaw that! I hope you ſaw that!" cried he, "for now I don't care a pin for her any longer! and if Hal is ſuch a mere fool as ever to think of her any more, I'll never ſee his face again as long as I live. After looking aſkew at the poor boy all this time, to turn about and make way for that naſty old fellow; as who ſhould ſay, I'll ſpeak to nothing but a lord! is what I ſhall never forgive; and I wiſh I had never ſeen the girl,

nor

or Hal neither. I can't ſay I like ſuch ways. I can't abide 'em."

A ſigh that then eſcaped Edgar, would have told a more diſcerning perſon, that he came in for his ample ſhare in the ſame wiſh.

"And, after all," continued he, "being a lord is no ſuch great feat that ever I could learn. Hal might be a lord too, if he could get a title. There is nothing required for it but what any man may have; nobody aſks after what he can do, or what he can ſay. If he's got a good head, it's well; and if he has not, it's all one. And that's what you can't ſay of ſuch a likely young fellow as my ſon. You may ſee twenty for one that's as well looking. Indeed, to my mind, I don't know that ever I ſaw a prettier lad in my life. So ſhe might do worſe, I promiſe her, though ſhe has uſed my ſon ſo ſhabbily. I don't like her the better for it, I aſſure her; and ſo you may tell her, if you pleaſe. I'm no great friend to not ſpeaking my mind."

The

The fear of being too late for the evening's arrangements, made lord Pervil, after a two hours ſail, give orders for veering about: the ladies were adviſed to go into the cabin during this evolution, and Camilla was amongſt thoſe who moſt readily complied, for the novelty of viewing what ſhe had not yet ſeen. But when, with the reſt, ſhe was returning to the deck, lord Valhurſt, who had juſt deſcended, entreated her to ſtop one moment.

Not at all conjecturing his reaſon, ſhe knew not how to refuſe, but innocently begged him to ſpeak quick, as ſhe was in haſte, not to loſe any of the beautiful landſcapes they were paſſing.

"Ah what," cried the enamoured peer, "what in the world is beautiful in any compariſon with yourſelf? To me no poſſible object can have ſuch charms; and I have now no wiſh remaining but never to loſe ſight of it."

Amazed beyond all meaſure, ſhe ſtared at him a moment in ſilence, and then, confirmed

confirmed by his looks that he was ſerious, would have left the cabin with precipitance: but, preventing her from paſſing; "Charming Miſs Tyrold!" he cried, "let the confeſſion of my flame meet your favour, and I will inſtantly make my propoſals to your friends."

To Camilla this offer appeared as little delicate, as its maker was attractive; yet ſhe thought herſelf indebted for its general purport, and, as ſoon as her aſtoniſhment allowed her, gracefully thanked him for the honour of his good opinion, but entreated him to make no application to her friends, as it would not be in her power to concur in their conſent.

Concluding this to be modeſt ſhyneſs, he was beginning a paſſionate proteſtation of the warmth of his regard, when the effuſion was ſtopt by the appearance of Edgar.

Little imagining ſo ſerious a ſcene to be paſſing as the few words he now gathered gave him to underſtand, his perplexity at her not returning with the

other ladies, made him ſuggeſt this to be a favourable moment to ſeize for following her himſelf, and demanding the ſought, though dreaded conference. But when he found that his lordſhip, inſtead of making, as he had ſuppoſed, his uſual fond, yet unmeaning compliments, was pompouſly offering his hand, he precipitately retired.

No livelineſs of temper had injured in Camilla the real modeſty of her character. A ſenſe, therefore, of obligation for this partiality accompanied its ſurpriſe, and was preparing her for repeating the rejection with acknowledgments though with firmneſs, when the ſight of Edgar brought an entirely new train of feelings and ideas into her mind. O! happy moment! thought ſhe; he muſt have heard enough of what was paſſed to know me, at leaſt, to be diſintereſted! he muſt ſee, now, it was himſelf, not his ſituation in life, I was ſo prompt in accepting—and if again he manifeſts the ſame preference, I may receive it with more

more frankneſs than ever, for he will ſee my whole heart, ſincerely, ſingly, inviolably his own!

Bewitched with this notion, ſhe eſcaped from the peer, and ran up to the deck, with a renovation of animal ſpirits, ſo high, ſo lively, and ſo buoyant, that ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe ſaid or did, from the uncontrolable gaiety, which made every idea dance to a happineſs new even to her happy mind. Whoever ſhe looked at, ſhe ſmiled upon; to whatever was propoſed, ſhe aſſented: ſcarce could ſhe reſtrain her voice from involuntarily ſinging, or her feet from inſtinctively dancing.

Edgar, compared with what he now felt, believed that hitherto he had been a ſtranger to what wonder meant. Is this, thought he, Camilla? Has ſhe wilfully faſcinated this old man ſeriouſly to win him, and has ſhe won him but to triumph in the vanity of her conqueſt? How is her delicacy perverted! what is become of her ſenſibility? Is this

the artleſs Camilla? modeſt as ſhe was gay, docile as ſhe was ſpirited, gentle as ſhe was intelligent? O how ſpoilt! how altered! how gone!

Camilla, little ſuſpicious of this conſtruction, thought it would be now equally wrong to ſpeak any more with either Henry or lord Valhurſt, and talked with all others indiſcriminately, changing her object with almoſt every ſpeech.

A moment's reflection would have told her, that quietneſs alone, in her preſent ſituation, could do juſtice to the purity of her intentions: but reflection is rarely the partner of happineſs in the youthful breaſt; it is commonly brought by ſorrow, and flies at the firſt dawn of returning joy.

Thus, while ſhe diſpenſed to all around, with views the moſt innocent, her gay and almoſt wild felicity, the very delight to which ſhe owed her animation, of believing ſhe was evincing to Edgar with what ſingleneſs ſhe was his own, gave her the appearance, in his judgment,

judgment, of a finiſhed, a vain, an all-accompliſhed coquette. The exaltation of her ideas brightened her eyes into a vivacity almoſt dazzling, gave an attraction to her ſmiles that was irreſiſtible, the charm of faſcination to the ſound of her voice, to her air a thouſand nameleſs graces, and to her manner and expreſſion an enchantment.

Powers ſo captivating, now for the firſt time united with a facility of intercourſe, ſoon drew around her all the attendant admiring beaux.

No animal is more gregarious than a faſhionable young man, who, whatever may be his abilities to think, rarely decides, and ſtill leſs frequently acts for himſelf. He may wiſh, he may appreciate, internally with juſtice and wiſdom; but he only ſays, and only does, what ſome other man of faſhion, higher in vogue, or older in courage, has ſaid or has done before him.

The young lord Pervil, the ſtar of the preſent day, was now drawn into the

magic circle of Camilla; this was full ſufficient to bring into it every minor luminary of his conſtellation; and even the reſplendent and incomparable beauty of Indiana, even the ſoft and melting influence of the expreſſively lovely Mrs. Berlinton, gave way to the ſuperior aſcendance of that varied grace, and winning vivacity, which ſeemed inſtinctively ſharing with the beholders its own pleaſure and animation.

To Edgar alone this gave her not new charms: he ſaw in her more of beauty, but leſs of intereſt; the ſentence dictated by Dr. Marchmont, as the watch-word to his feelings, *were ſhe mine*, recurred to him inceſſantly; alas! he thought, with this diſſipated delight in admiration, what individual can make her happy? to the rational ſerenity of domeſtic life, ſhe is loſt!

Again, as he viewed the thickening group before her, offering freſh and freſh incenſe, which her occupied mind ſcarce perceived, though her elevated ſpirits unconſciouſly

unconſciouſly encouraged, he internally exclaimed: "O, if her truſting father ſaw her thus! her father who, with all his tender lenity, has not the blind indulgence of her uncle, how would he ſtart! how would his ſenſe of fair propriety be revolted!—or if her mother—her reſpectable mother, beheld thus changed, thus undignified, thus open to all flattery and all flatterers, her no longer peerleſs daughter—how would ſhe bluſh! how would the tint of ſhame rob her impreſſive countenance of its noble confidence!"

Theſe thoughts were too agitating for obſervation; his eyes moiſtened with ſadneſs in aſſociating to his diſappointment that of her revered and exemplary parents, and he retreated from her ſight till the moment of landing; when with ſudden deſperation, melancholy yet determined, he told himſelf he would no longer be withheld from fulfilling his purpoſe.

He made way, then, to the group, though with unſteady ſteps; his eye pierced through to Camilla; ſhe caught and fixt it. He felt cold; but ſtill advanced. She ſaw the change, but did not underſtand it. He offered her his hand before lady Pervil aroſe to lead the way, leſt ſome competitor ſhould ſeize it; ſhe accepted it, rather ſurprized by ſuch ſudden promptneſs, though encouraged by it to a ſtill further dependance upon her revived and ſanguine expectations.

Yet deeper ſunk this flattering illuſion, when ſhe found his whole frame was ſhaking, and ſaw his complexion every moment varying. She continued, though in a leſs diſengaged manner, her ſprightly diſcourſe with the group; for he uttered not a word. Content that he had ſecured her hand, he waited an opportunity leſs public.

Lady Pervil, who poſſeſſed that true politeneſs of a well-bred woman of rank, who knows herſelf never ſo much reſpected

ſpected as when ſhe lays aſide mere heraldic claims to ſuperiority, would not quit the yacht of which ſhe did the honours, till every other lady was conducted to the ſhore. Edgar had elſe purpoſed to have detained Camilla in the veſſel a moment later than her party, to hear the very few words it was his intention to ſpeak. Fruſtrated of this deſign, he led her away with the reſt, ſtill totally ſilent, till her feet touched the beech: ſhe was then, with ſeeming careleſſneſs, withdrawing her hand, to trip off to Mrs. Berlinton; but Edgar, ſuddenly graſping it, tremulouſly ſaid: "Will it be too much preſumption—in a rejected man—to beg the honour of three minutes conference with Miſs Tyrold, before ſhe joins her party?"

A voice piercing from the deep could not have cauſed in Camilla a more immediate revulſion of ideas; but ſhe was ſilent, in her turn, and he led her along the beech, while Mrs. Berlinton, attended by a train of beaux, went to her

carriage, where, thus engaged, ſhe contentedly waited.

" Do not fear," he reſumed, when they had paſſed the crowd, " do not fear to liſten to me, though, once more, I venture to obtrude upon you ſome advice; let it not diſpleaſe you; it is in the ſpirit of the pureſt good will; it is ſingly, ſolely, and diſintereſtedly as a friend."

Camilla was now all emotion; pale ſhe turned, but Edgar did not look at her; and ſhe ſtrove to thank him in a common manner, and to appear cool and unmoved.

" My opinion, my fears rather, concerning Mrs. Berlinton, as I find ſhe hopes ſoon for a near connexion with your family, will henceforth remain buried in my own breaſt: yet, ſhould you, to any uſe hereafter remember them, I ſhall rejoice: though ſhould nothing ever recur to remind you of them, I ſhall rejoice ſtill more. Nor will I again torment you about that very underbred woman who

who inhabits the ſame houſe, and who every where boaſts an intimacy with its two ladies, that is heard with general aſtoniſhment: nor yet upon another, and far more important topic, will I now touch,—the preſent evening recreation at Mrs. Berlinton's. I know you are merely a ſpectatreſs, and I will not alarm your friends, nor dwell myſelf, upon collateral miſchiefs, or eventual dangers, from a buſineſs that in three days will end, by your reſtoration to the moſt reſpectable of all protections. All that, now, I mean to enter upon, all that, now, I wiſh to enforce, a few words will compriſe, and thoſe words will be my—"

He would have ſaid *my laſt*, but his breath failed him; he ſtopt; he wanted her to ſeize his meaning unpronounced; and, though it came to her as a thunderbolt from heaven, its very horror helped her; ſhe divined what he could not utter, by feeling what ſhe could not hear.

"Few, indeed," cried he, in broken

accents, " muſt be theſe final words ! but how can I ſet out upon my ſo long procraſtinated tour, with an idea that you are not in perfect ſafety, yet without attempting to point out to you your danger ? And yet,—that you ſhould be ſurrounded by admirers can create no wonder ;—that you ſhould feel your power without diſpleaſure, is equally natural ;—I ſcarcely know, therefore, what I would urge — yet perhaps, untold, you may conceive what ſtruggles in my breaſt, and do juſtice to the conflict between friendſhip and reſpect, where one prompts a freedom, which the other troubles to execute. I need not, I think, ſay, that to offend you is nearly the only thing that could aggravate the affliction of this parting."—

Camilla turned aſide from him ; but not to weep ; her ſpirit was now rewakened by reſentment, that he could thus propoſe a ſeparation, without enquiring if ſhe perſiſted to deſire it.

" I tire

"I tire you?" resumed he, mournfully; "yet can you be angry that a little I linger? Farewell, however—the grave, when it closes in upon me can alone end my prayers for your felicity! I commit wholly to you my character and my conduct, with regard to your most honoured father, whom I beseech and conjure you to assure of my eternal gratitude and affection. But I am uncertain of your wishes; I will, therefore, depart without seeing him. When I return to this country, all will be forgotten—or remembered only—" *by me*, he meant to say, but he checked himself, and, with forced composure, went on:

"That I travel not with any view of pleasure, you, who know what I leave—how I prize what I lose,—and how lately I thought all I most covetted mine for ever, will easily believe. But if earthly bliss is the lot of few, what right had I to expect being so selected? Severe as is this moment, with blessings, not with murmurs,

murmurs, I quit you! bleſſings which my life, could it be uſeful to you, ſhould conſecrate. If you were perſuaded our diſpoſitions would not aſſimilate; if mine appeared to you too rigorous, too ungenial, your timely precaution has ſpared more miſery than it has inflicted. How could I have borne the light, when it had ſhewn me Camilla unhappy—yet Camilla my own—?"

His ſtruggle here grew vain, his voice faultered; the reſentment of Camilla forſook her; ſhe raiſed her head, and was turning to him her ſoftened countenance, and filling eyes, when ſhe ſaw Melmond, and a party of gentlemen, faſt approaching her from Mrs. Berlinton. Edgar ſaw them too, and cutting ſhort all he meant to have added, kiſſed, without knowing what he did, the lace of her cloak, and ejaculating "Be Heaven your guard, and happineſs your portion!" left her hand to that of Melmond, which was held out to her, and ſlightly bowing to the

the whole party, walked ſlowly, and frequently looking back, away: while Camilla, nearly blinded now by tears that would no longer be reſtrained, kept her eyes fixedly upon the earth, and was drawn, more dead than alive, by Melmond to the coach.

CHAP. II.

Touches of Wit and Humour.

THE ſuddenneſs of this blow to Camilla, at the moment when her expectations from Edgar were wound up to the ſummit of all ſhe deſired, would have ſtupified her into a conſternation beyond even affliction, had not the mildneſs of his farewell, the kindneſs of his prayers, and the friendſhip of his counſels, joined to the generoſity of leaving wholly to herſelf the account of their ſeparation, ſubdued all the pride that ſought to ſtifle her tenderneſs, and penetrated her with an admiration which left not one particle of cenſure to diminiſh her regret.

Melmond and his ſiſter, always open to diſtreſs, and ſuſceptible to pity, ſaw with true concern this melancholy change, and

and concluded that Mandlebert had communicated ſome painful intelligence.

She went ſtraight to her own room, with a ſign of ſupplication that Mrs. Berlinton would not follow; and turning quick from Mrs. Mittin, who met her at the ſtreet door.

Mrs. Berlinton yielded; but Mrs. Mittin was not eaſily rebuffed. She was loaded with lilac plumes, ribbands, and gauzes, and Camilla ſaw her bed completely covered with her new ball dreſs.

This ſight was, at firſt, an aggravation of her agony, by appearing to her as ſuperfluous as it was expenſive: but wherever hope could find an aperture to creep in at, it was ſure of a welcome from Camilla. Edgar was undoubtedly invited to the ball; why ſhould he not be there? he had taken leave of her, indeed, and he certainly propoſed going abroad; but could a mere meeting once more, be ſo repugnant as not to be endured.

The

The anſwer to this queſtion was favourable to her wiſhes, for by her wiſhes it was framed: and the next play of her fertile and quick reviving imagination, deſcribed the meeting that would enſue, the accidents that would bring them into the ſame ſet, the circumſtances that would draw them again into converſation, and the ſincerity with which ſhe would do juſtice to her unalterable eſteem, by aſſuring him how injurious to it were his ſurmiſes that ſhe thought him rigorous, auſtere, or in any ſingle inſtance to blame.

Theſe hopes ſomewhat appeaſed, though their uncertainty could not baniſh her terrors, and ſhe was able to appear at dinner tolerably compoſed.

Another affair, immediately after, ſuperſeded them, for the preſent, by more urgent difficulties.

Soon after her arrival at Southampton, a poor woman, who waſhed for her, made a petition in behalf of her brother, a petty

a petty ſhop-keeper, who, by various common, yet pitiable circumſtances of unmerited ill ſucceſs in buſineſs, was unable to give either money or ſecurity to the wholeſale dealers, for the renewal of his exhauſted ſtock in trade; though the preſent full ſeaſon, made it rational to ſuppoſe, that, if he had his uſual commodities, he might retrieve his credit, ſave himſelf from bankruptcy, and his children from beggary. Theſe laſt, which were five in number, were all, upon various pretences, brought to Camilla, whoſe pity they excited by the innocence with which they ſeemed ignorant of requiring it; and who received them with ſmiles and encouragement, however frivolous their errands, and frequent their interruptions. But the goods which their father wanted to lay in, to revive his trade, demanded full thirty pounds, which, Camilla declared, were as abſolutely out of her power to give as thirty thouſand, though ſhe promiſed

to

to plead to Sir Hugh for the ſum, upon her return to Cleves, and was prevailed with to grant her name to this promiſe for the wholeſale dealers. Theſe would truſt, however, to no verbal ſecurity; and Mrs. Mittin, who from collateral reaſons was completely a friend of the poor man, offered to be bound for him herſelf, though thirty pounds were nearly her years income, provided Camilla would ſign a paper, by which ſhe would engage *upon her honour*, to indemnify her of any loſs ſhe might eventually ſuſtain by this agreement, as ſoon as ſhe was of age, or ſhould find it in her power before that time.

The ſerioufneſs of this clauſe, made Camilla refuſe the reſponſibility, proteſting ſhe ſhould have no added means in conſequence of being of age. But Mrs. Mittin aſſured Higden, the poor man, as ſhe aſſured all others, that ſhe was heireſs to immenſe wealth, for ſhe had had it from one that had it from her own brother's own mouth; and that though

though ſhe could not find out why ſhe was ſo ſhy of owning it, ſhe ſuppoſed it was only from the fear of being impoſed upon.

The ſteadineſs of Camilla, however, could not withſtand her compaſſion, when the waſherwoman brought the poor children to beg for their father; and, certain of her uncle's bounty, ſhe would have run a far more palpable riſk, ſooner than have aſſumed the force to ſend them weeping away.

The ſtores were then delivered; and all the family poured forth their thanks.

But this day, in quitting the dining parlour, ſhe was ſtopt in the hall by Higden, who, in unfeigned agonies, related, that ſome flaſks of oil, in a ſmall hamper, which were amongſt the miſcellaneous articles of his juſt collected ſtores, had, by ſome cruel accident, been cruſhed, and their contents, finding their way into all the other packages, had ſtained or deſtroyed them.

Camilla,

Camilla, to whoſe foreſight misfortune never preſented itſelf, heard this with nearly equal terror for herſelf, and ſorrow for the poor man: yet her own part, in a ſecond minute, appeared that of mere inconvenience, compared with his, which ſeemed ruin irretrievable; ſhe ſought, therefore, to comfort him; but could afford no further help, ſince ſhe had painfully to beg from her uncle the ſum already ſo uſeleſsly incurred. He ventured ſtill to preſs, that, if again he could obtain a ſupply, every evil chance ſhould be guarded againſt; but Camilla had now learned that accidents were poſſible; and the fear which ariſes from diſappointed truſt, made her think of probable miſchiefs with too acute a diſcernment, to deem it right to run again any hazard, where, if there were a failure, another, not herſelf, would be the ſufferer. Yet the deſpair of the poor man induced her to promiſe ſhe would write in his favour, though not act in it again unauthoriſed.

With

With feelings of ſtill augmented diſcomfort, from her denial, ſhe repaired to her toilette; but attired herſelf without ſeeing what ſhe put on, or knowing, but by Mrs. Mittin's deſcriptions and boaſtings, that her dreſs was new, of the Pervil uniform, and made preciſely like that of Mr. Berlinton. Her agitated ſpirits, ſuſpended, not between hope and fear, but hope and deſpair, permitted no examination of its elegance: the recollection of its expence, and the knowledge that Edgar thought her degenerating into coquetry, left nothing but regret for its wear.

Mrs. Berlinton, who never before, ſince her marriage, had been of any party where her attractions had not been unrivalled, had believed herſelf ſuperior to pleaſure from perſonal homage, and knew not, till ſhe miſſed it, that it made any part of her amuſement in public. But the Beauty, when firſt ſhe perceives a competitor for the adulation ſhe has enjoyed excluſively, and the Stateſman, at the firſt turn of popular applauſe to an

antagoniſt, are the two beings who, perhaps, for the moment, require the moſt ſevere diſplay of ſelf-command, to diſguiſe, under the ſemblance of good humour or indifference, the diſappointment they experience in themſelves, or the contempt with which they are ſeized for the changing multitude.

Mrs. Berlinton, though ſhe felt no reſentment againſt Camilla for the deſertion ſhe had occaſioned her, felt much ſurprize; not to be firſt was new to her: and whoever, in any ſtation of life, any claſs of ſociety, has had regular and acknowledged precedency, muſt own a ſudden deſcent to be rather aukward. Where reſignation is voluntary, to give up the higher place may denote more greatneſs of mind than to retain it; but where impoſed by others, few things are leſs exhilarating to the principal, or impreſs leſs reſpect upon the by-ſtander.

Mrs. Berlinton had never been vain; but ſhe could not be ignorant of her beauty; and that the world's admiration

ſhould be ſo wondrouſly fickle, or ſo curiouſly ſhort-lived, as to make even the bloom of youth fade before the higher zeſt of novelty, was an earlier leſſon than her mind was prepared to receive. She thought ſhe had dreſſed herſelf that morning with too much careleſſneſs of what was becoming, and devoted to this evening a greater portion of labour and ſtudy.

While Camilla was impatiently waiting, Mrs. Pollard, the waſherwoman, gained admittance to her, and bringing two intereſting little children of from four to five years old, and an elder girl of eleven, made them join with herſelf to implore their benefactreſs to ſave them all from deſtruction.

Higden having had the imprudence, in his grief, to make known his recent misfortune, it had reached the ears of his landlord, who already was watchful and ſuſpicious, from a year and half arrears of his rent; and ſteps were immediately preparing to ſeize whatever was

upon the premiſes the next morning, which, by bringing upon him all his other creditors, would infallibly immure him in the lingering hopeleſſneſs of a priſon.

Camilla now wavered; the debt was but eighteen pounds; the noble largeſſes of her uncle in charity, till, of late, that he had been ſomewhat drained by Lionel, were nearly unlimited.—She pauſed—looked now at the pleading group, now at her expenſive dreſs; aſked how, for her own hopes, ſhe could riſk ſo much, yet for their deliverance from ruin ſo little; and with a bluſh turning from the mirrour, and to the children with a tear, finally conſented that the landlord ſhould apply to her the next morning.

* * * *

Lord Pervil had ſome time opened the ball before Mrs. Berlinton's arrival; but he looked every where for Camilla, to ſucceed to a young lady of quality with whom he had danced the firſt two dances.

He

He could not, however, believe he had found, though he now ſoon ſaw and made up to her. The brilliancy of her eyes was dimmed by weeping, her vivacity was changed into dejection, ſighs and looks of abſence took place of ſmiles and ſallies of gaiety, and her whole character ſeemed to have loſt its ſpring and elaſticity. She gave him her hand, to preſerve her power of giving it if claimed by Edgar, and though he had thought of her without ceaſing ſince ſhe had charmed him in the yacht, till he had obtained it, not a lady appeared in the room, by the time theſe two dances were over, that he would not more chearfully have choſen for two more: her gravity every minute encreaſed, her eye rolled, with reſtleſs anxiety, every where, except to meet his, and ſo little were her thoughts, looks, or converſation beſtowed upon her partner, that inſtead of finding the animated beauty who had nearly captivated him on board the yacht, he ſeemed coupled with a fair

lifeleſs machine, whom the muſic, perforce, put in motion; and relinquiſhed her hand with as little reluctance as ſhe withdrew it.

Melmond had again, by his ſiſter, been forced into the party, though with added unwillingneſs, from his new idea of Indiana. Now, however, to avoid that fair bane was impoſſible: Indiana was the firſt object to meet every eye, from the luſtre of her beauty, and the fineneſs of her figure, each more than ever tranſcendently conſpicuous, from the uniform which had obliged every other female in the room to appear in exactly the ſame attire. Yet great and unrivalled as was the admiration which ſhe met, what came ſimply and naturally was inſufficient for the thirſt with which ſhe now quaffed this intoxicating beverage; and to render its draughts ſtill more delicious, ſhe made Eugenia always hold by her arm. The contraſt here to the ſpectators was diverting as well as ſtriking, and renewed attention to her own charms,

charms, when the eye began to grow nearly ſated with gazing. The ingenuous Eugenia, incapable of ſuſpecting ſuch a deſign, was always the dupe to the requeſt, from the opinion it was made in kindneſs, to ſave her from fatigue in the eternal ſauntering of a public place; and, loſt to all fear, in being loſt to all hope, as to her own appearance, chearfully accompanied her beautiful kinſwoman, without conjecturing that, in a company whence the illiterate and vulgar were excluded, perſonal imperfections could excite pleaſantry, or be a ſubject of ſatire.

Camilla, who ſtill ſaw nothing of Edgar, yet ſtill thought it poſſible he might come, joined them as ſoon as ſhe was able. Miſs Margland was full of complaints about Dr. Orkborne, for his affording them no aſſiſtance in the yacht, and not coming home even to dinner, nor to attend them to lord Pervil's, and Eugenia, who was ſincerely attached to the Doctor, from the many years he

had been her preceptor, was beginning to expreſs her ſerious uneaſineſs at his thus ſtrangely vaniſhing; when Clermont, with the moſt obſtreperous laughter, made up to them, and ſaid: "I'll tell you a monſtrous good joke! the beſt thing you ever heard in your life! the old Doctor's been upon the very point of being drowned!—and he has not had a morſel to eat all day!"

He then related that his man, having ſeen him compoſedly ſeated, and muſing, upon a pile of planks which were ſeaſoning upon the beech, with his face turned away from the company to avoid its interruptions, had enquired if he had any commands at home, whither he was going: "Not for meaning to do them," continued Lynmere; "No, no! catch Bob at that! but only to break in upon him; for Bob's a rare hand at a joke. He ſays he's ready to die with laughing, when he ſpeaks to the old Doctor while he's ſtudying, becauſe he looks ſo much as if he wiſhed we were all hanged. However,

However, he anſwered tolerably civilly, and only deſired that nobody might go into his room till he came home from the ſail, for he'd forgot to lock it. So Bob, who ſmoked how the matter was, ſays: "The ſail, Sir, what are you going alone, then? for all the company's been gone theſe two hours." So this put him in ſuch a taking, Bob ſays he never laughed ſo much in his life. He jumped up as if he'd been bit: "Gone?" ſays he, "why where's Miſs Eugenia, I promiſed Sir Hugh not to loſe ſight of her." So he ſaid he'd go after her that very moment. "Call me a boat," ſaid he: juſt as if he'd ordered a hackney coach; for he knows about as much of winds and tides as my little bay Filly, that I bought of Halder yeſterday for fifty pounds, but that I ſhall make worth ſeventy in leſs than a month. Well, there was nothing to be had but a ſmall fiſhing boat, ſo Bob winks at the man to take in a friend; for he has all thoſe fellows in a ſtring. So in went his Latin-

ſhip, and off they put. Bob fell into ſuch a fit of laughter, he ſays I might have heard him a mile off. I don't think Bob has his fellow upon earth for fun.

Eugenia now interrupted the narration, with a ſerious enquiry where Dr. Orkborne was at preſent.

Lynmere, ſhouting at what he thought the ridicule of this concern, anſwered, that Bob had told the fiſherman to go about his own buſineſs, unleſs the Doctor offered to pay him handſomely for taking him on board the yacht; but thinking it would be a good joke to know what was become of him, he had gone himſelf, with Halder, and ſome more choice blades, to the beech, about half an hour ago, to make Bob ſee if the fiſhing boat was come in; and, by good luck, they arrived at the very nick of time, and ſaw the Doctor, the fiſh, and the fiſhing-tackle, all hauled out together. "And a better ſight was never ſeen before, I promiſe you!" continued Lynmere; "I thought I ſhould quite have

have burſt my ſides with looking at him, he was ſo wet and ſo cold, and ſo miſerable; and when I thought of his having had no dinner, I ſhouted till I was ready to roll on the beech—and he ſmelt ſo of the fiſh, that I could have hugged Bob, 'twas ſuch monſtrous good ſport. He got three half crowns in a minute for his ingenuity. Halder began; — and two others of us gave two more."

"Poor Dr. Orkborne! and where is he now?" ſaid Eugenia.

"Why we got about the fiſherman, and then we had all the ſame fun over again: He ſays, that, at firſt, the poor gentleman was in a great taking, fretting and fuming, and looking out for the yacht, and ſeeming almoſt beſide himſelf for hurry to get to it; but after that, he takes out a little red book and a pencil, and falls to writing, juſt as hard as if he'd come into the boat for nothing elſe; inſomuch, that when they were juſt coming along-ſide the yacht, he never lifted up his head, nor liſtened to one word,

but kept making a motion with his hand to be let alone: and when the man ſaid the yacht would be paſſed, he bid him hold his peace, and not interrupt him ſo, in ſuch a pettiſh manner, that the man reſolved to take honeſt Bob's advice, and go on about his own buſineſs. And ſo he did, and the Doctor was as content as a lord, till he had ſcribbled all he could ſcratch out of his noddle: but then came the beſt ſport of all; for when he had nothing more to write, and looked up, and ſaw the boat ſtock ſtill, and the man fiſhing at his leiſure, and heard the yacht had been bound homeward of a good hour, he was in ſuch a perilous paſſion, the man ſays, that he actually thought he'd have jumped overboard. I'll bet what you will he won't aſk Bob to call him a boat again in a hurry."

"As to his behaviour," ſaid Miſs Margland, "it's the laſt thing in the world to ſurprize me, after what I have ſeen myſelf; nor any body elſe, I believe, neither. Who is Dr. Orkborne? I doubt

doubt much if any body ever heard his name before. I ſhould like to know if any body can tell who was his grandfather!"

She then declared, if ſhe could get any ſoul to fetch him, he ſhould ſtill come, if it were only that he might not paſs the evening all in his own way, which would be juſt the thing to encourage him to hide himſelf out of ſight, on purpoſe not to help them another time.

Eugenia was going to beg he might not be diſturbed, when Melmond, all alacrity to ſeize any means of abſenting himſelf from the two couſins, who produced in him ſo ſevere a conflict, offered his ſervices to carry a meſſage to the Doctor; which, being readily accepted, he ſet off.

Indiana and Eugenia, not wholly without ſimilarity of ſenſation, looked after him. Indiana had now caught his eye; and though quickneſs was no part of her character, the tale it told had convinced her that her power, though

no longer acknowledged was not extinguiſhed; it required neither elemental precepts, nor ſagacious perceptions, to make this diſcovery, and ſhe exultingly determined to appeaſe her late mortification, by reducing him to her feet. She ſtopt not to enquire what ſuch a ſtep might be to Eugenia, nor what was likely, or even deſirable to be its event. Where narrow minds imagine they have received injury, they ſeek revenge rather than redreſs, from an opinion that ſuch a conduct aſſerts their own importance.

Still vainly, and wretchedly, the eyes of Camilla ſought Edgar: the evening advanced, but he came not; yet, catching at every poſſible chance for hope, ſhe thought ſome other room that they had not viſited, might be open for company, where, finally, they might meet.

Dr. Orkborne accompanied Melmond back. Miſs Margland was preparing him a reproachful reception, but was ſo much offended by the fiſhy ſmell which he

he brought into the room, that ſhe had immediate recourſe to her ſalts, and beſought him to ſtand out of her way. He complied without reluctance, though with high diſdain.

The young ladies were all dancing. Indiana had no ſooner perceived Melmond, than ſhe determined to engage his attention: the arts of coquetry require but ſlender parts, where the love of admiration is potent; ſhe pretended, therefore, to feel extremely ill, put her hand to her forehead, and telling her partner, Mr. Halder, ſhe could not ſtand another minute, haſtened to Miſs Margland, and caſt herſelf, as if fainting, upon her neck.

This had all the ſucceſs with Melmond that his own lively imagination could give it. He flew to a ſide-table to get her a glaſs of water, which his trembling hand could ſcarce hold, but which ſhe received from him with a languiſhing ſweetneſs, that diſſolved every tie but of

love,

love, and he "*hung over her enamoured* *;" while Miſs Margland related that ſhe could hardly keep from fainting herſelf, ſo much ſhe had been ſhocked and diſordered by the horrid ſmell of Dr. Orkborne.

Indiana now caught the infection, and proteſted ſhe was ſo much worſe, that if ſhe had not a little air ſhe ſhould die. Melmond was flying to open a window, but a lady who ſat cloſe to it, objected; and he had then recourſe to two folding doors, leading to a portico open to a large garden.

Hither Indiana permitted herſelf to be led, and led by the thrice happy, yet thrice miſerable Melmond. Miſs Margland was accompanying them, but lady Pervil, advancing to enquire what went wrong, gave her an opportunity irreſiſtible to inveigh againſt Dr. Orkborne; and as her well-bred hearer, though little intereſted in ſuch a detail, would not interrupt it, Indiana arrived alone in the portico with Melmond.

* Milton.

Halder,

Halder, who had danced with her, followed, but ſuppoſing Melmond the favoured man, walked ſinging off, and made the tour of the garden.

This ſituation was to Melmond as dangerous, as to Indiana it was exulting. She now ſuddenly withdrew her hand, with an air of poignant diſdain, which the illuminated portico and houſe made amply viſible; and when, ſurpriſed and much moved, he tremblingly enquired if ſhe were worſe, ſhe anſwered, "Why do you aſk? I am ſure you do not care."

Eaſily deprived of all forbearance, "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "do I live, yet ſuffer this imputation! O divine Indiana! load me with every other reproach, rather than this dreadful charge of inſenſibility to all that is moſt lovely, moſt perfect upon earth!"

"I thought," ſaid Indiana, again ſoftening her fine eyes, "you had quite forgot me, and all the vows you made to me."

"Wretch that I am," cried Melmond, nearly

nearly diſtracted by this charge, and by the regret at loſing him, which ſeemed its purpoſe, "condemned to every ſpecies of woe! O fair, angelic Indiana! in a cottage with you would I have dwelt, more delightedly, and more proudly, than any potentate in the moſt gorgeous palace: but, alas! from you—formed to enchant all mankind, and add grace to every dignity—from you could I dare aſk ſuch a ſacrifice?"

Indiana now liſtened with an attentive ſoftneſs no longer factitious; though all her views wafted her to ſplendour and high life, her ear could not withſtand the romantic ſound of love and a cottage; and though no character was ever leſs formed to know and taſte the bleſſings ſuch a ſpot may beſtow and reciprocate, ſhe imagined ſhe might there be happy, for ſhe conſidered ſuch a habitation but as a bower of eglantine and roſes, in which ſhe might repoſe and be adored all day long.

Melmond ſaw but too quickly the relenting

lenting caſt of her countenance; and extacy and deſpair combated which ſhould bear ſway in his breaſt. "Ah, madam," he cried, "moſt adorable and moſt adored of women! you know my terrible ſituation, but you know not the ſufferings, nor the conſtancy of my heart!—the perſecution of friends, the preſſure of diſtreſs, the hopeleſſneſs of my idolized Indiana—"

A deep ſigh interrupted him—it came not from Indiana—ſtartled, he looked round—and beheld Eugenia, leaning againſt the door by which ſhe ſeemed to have intended entering, pale, petrified, aghaſt.

Shame now tied his tongue, and tingled, with quick reproach, through his whole frame. He looked at Indiana with deſpair, at Eugenia with remorſe; injured rectitude and bluſhing honour urged him to the ſwifteſt termination of ſo every way terrible a ſcene, and bowing low to Eugenia, "I durſt not, madam," he cried, "ever hope for your pardon!

pardon! yet I rather deluded myſelf than deceived you when I ventured to ſolicit your acceptance. Alas! I am a bankrupt both in fortune and in heart, and can only pray you will haſten to forget—that you may forbear to execrate me!"

He then diſappeared, finding a way out by the garden, to avoid re-entering the ball-room.

Eugenia, who, in this ſpeech, comprehended an eternal adieu, ſunk upon the ſeat of the portico, cold, ſhivering, almoſt lifeleſs. Little prepared for ſuch an event, ſhe had followed Indiana the moment ſhe was diſengaged from the dance, not ſuſpicious of any *tête-à-tête*, from believing Halder of the party. The energy of Melmond made her approach unheard; and the words ſhe unavoidably caught, nearly turned her to marble.

Indiana was ſorry for her diſtreſs, yet felt a triumph in its cauſe; and wondered how ſo plain a little creature could take it into her head to think of marrying.

Camilla now joined them, affrighted at

at the evident anguiſh of Eugenia, who, leaning upon her affectionate boſom, had the relief excited by pity, of burſting into tears, while deſpondingly ſhe uttered: "All is over, my ſiſter, and over for life with Eugenia! Melmond flies and deteſts me! I am odious in his ſight! I am horror to his thoughts!"

Camilla wept over her in ſilent, but heart-breaking ſympathy. Indiana returned to the dance: but the two ſuffering ſiſters remained in the portico till ſummoned to depart. They were inſenſible to the night air, from the fever of their minds. They ſpoke no more; they felt the inſufficiency of words to expreſs their griefs, and their mutual compaſſion was all that ſoftened their mutual ſorrows.

CHAP. III.

An Adieu.

LOST to all happineſs, and for the firſt time in her life, diveſted of hope, Camilla at a late hour returned to Mrs. Berlinton's. And here, her heart-breaking diſappointment received the cruel aggravation of the moſt ſevere ſelf-reproach, when, in facing the mirror to depoſit her ornaments upon the toilette table, ſhe conſidered the expenſive elegance of her whole dreſs, now, even in her own eſtimation, by its abortive purpoſe, rendered glaringly extravagant. Since her project had failed, ſhe ſaw the impropriety of having riſked ſo much in its attempt; and a train of juſt reflections enſued, to which her underſtanding was always equal, though her gaiety was ſeldom diſpoſed. "Would Edgar," thought ſhe, "wait the event of a meeting at a ball to decide his conduct?

duct? Had he not every title to claim a conference with me, if he had the ſmalleſt inclination? Rejected as he calls himſelf, I had not pretended to demand our ſeparation from any doubts, any diſpleaſure of my own. From the moment he ſuffered me to quit, without reclamation, the roof under which I had propoſed our parting, I ought to have ſeen it was but his own deſire, perhaps deſign, I was executing. And all the reluctance he ſeemed to feel, which ſo weakly I attributed to regard, was but the expiring ſenſibility of the laſt moment of intercourſe. Not with murmurs, he ſays, he will quit me—nor with murmurs will I now reſign him! —with bleſſings, he ſays, he leaves me —O Edgar! mayeſt thou too be bleſt! The erring and unequal Camilla deſerved thee not!"

A more minute examination of her attire was not calculated to improve her ſerenity. Her robe was every where edged with the fineſt Valenciennе lace; her

her lilac ſhoes, ſaſh, and gloves, were richly ſpangled with ſilver, and finiſhed with a ſilver fringe; her ear-rings and necklace were of lilac and gold beads; her fan and ſhoe roſes were brilliant with lilac foil, and her bouquet of artificial lilac flowers, and her plumes of lilac feathers, were here and there tipt with the moſt tiny tranſparent white beads, to give them the effect of being glittering with the dew.

Of the coſt of all this ſhe was no judge, but, certain its amount muſt be high, a warm diſpleaſure aroſe againſt the incorrigible Mrs. Mittin, who had not only taken the pattern, but the value of Mrs. Berlinton's dreſs for her guide: and a yet greater diſſatisfaction enſued with herſelf, for truſting the ſmalleſt commiſſion to ſo vain and ungovernable an agent. She could only hope to hoard the payment from the whole of her next year's allowance, by living in ſo forbearing and retired a manner, as to require nothing for herſelf.

The new, but all powerful gueſt which now aſſailed her, unhappineſs, had ſtill kept her eyes from cloſing, when ſhe was called up to Mr. Tennet, the landlord of Higden. Her fuller knowledge of her own hopeleſs debts, could not make her faithleſs to her engagement; for her acquaintance with miſery awakened but more pity for the miſery of others. She admitted him, therefore, without demur; and found he was a land ſurveyor, who had often been employed by Sir Hugh at Cleves. He accepted her verbal promiſe to be anſwerable for the rent now due, declining her note of hand, which her minority made illegal, and engaging not to hurry her for the money; well ſatisfied, by the Tyrold character in the whole county, he might abide by her word of honour, founded upon the known munificence of her uncle.

This delay was a relief, as it ſaved a partial demand, that muſt have forced an abrupt confeſſion of her own debts, or have

have deceived the baronet into a belief ſhe had nothing to ſolicit.

When this buſineſs was tranſacted, ſhe haſtened to Eugenia, to conſole whoſe ſufferings was al that could mitigate her own.

One of the maids then came to ſay ſhe had forgotten to inform her, that, ſome time after ſhe had ſet out for lord Pervil's, a ſtranger, much muffled up, and with a hat flapped over his face ſo as wholly to hide it, had enquired for her, and ſeemed much diſturbed when he heard ſhe was at the ball, but ſaid he would call again the next day at noon.

No conjecture occurred to Camilla but that this muſt be Edgar; it was contrary to all probability; but no other image could find way to her mind. She haſtened, inexpreſſibly perturbed, to her ſiſter, determining to be at home before twelve o'clock, and faſhioning to herſelf all the varieties ſuch a meeting could afford; every one of which, however they began,

gan, ended regularly with a reconciliation.

She found Eugenia weeping in bed. She embraced her with the extremeſt tenderneſs: "Ah my ſiſter!" ſaid the unhappy mourner, "I weep not for my diſappointment, great as it may be—and I do not attempt deſcribing it!—it is but my ſecondary ſorrow. I weep, Camilla, for my own infatuation! for the folly, the blindneſs of which I find myſelf culpable. O Camilla! is it poſſible I could ever—for a moment, a ſingle moment, ſuppoſe Melmond could willingly be mine! could ſee his exquiſite ſuſceptibility of every thing that is moſt perfect, yet perſuade myſelf, he could take, by choice, the poor Eugenia for his wife! the mangled, deformed,—unfortunate Eugenia!"

Camilla, touched to the heart, wept now more than her ſiſter. "That Eugenia," ſhe cried, "has but to be known, to leave all beauty, all figure, every exterior advantage aloof, by the

nobler, the more juſt ſuperiority of intrinſic worth. Let our eſtimates but be mental, and who will not be proud to be placed in parallel with Eugenia?"

She was then beginning her own ſad relation, when an unopened letter upon the toilette table caught her eye. It had been placed there by Molly Mill, who thought her miſtreſs aſleep. Struck by the ſhape of the ſeal, Camilla roſe to examine it: what was her palpitation, then, to ſee the cypher E M, and, turning to the other ſide, to perceive the hand writing of Edgar!

She put it into her ſiſter's hand, with expectation too big for ſpeech. Eugenia opened it, and they read it ſilently together.

To Miſs EUGENIA TYROLD.

Southampton.

'Tis yet but a ſhort time—in every account but my own—ſince I thought myſelf forming a legal claim to addreſs Miſs Eugenia Tyrold as my ſiſter. Every

other claim to that affectionate and endearing title has been her's beyond her own memory; her's by the filial love I bear her venerated parents; her's, by the tender eſteem due to the union of almoſt every virtue. Theſe firſt and early ties muſt remain for ever. Diſappointment here cannot pierce her barbarous ſhafts, fortune cannot wanton in reverſing, nor can time diſſolve them.——

"O Edgar!" exclaimed Camilla, ſtopping the reading, and putting her hand, as in benediction, upon the paper, "do you deign to talk of diſappointment? do you condeſcend to intimate you are unhappy? Ah, my Eugenia, you ſhall clear this dreadful error!—'tis to you he applies—you ſhall be peace-maker; reſtorer!"

Eugenia dried her tears at the thought of ſo ſweet an office, and they read on.

Of the other—yet nearer claim, I will not ſpeak. You have probably known

longer than myſelf, its annihilation, and I will not pain your generous heart with any view of my ſufferings in ſuch a deprivation. I write but to take with my pen the leave I dare not truſt myſelf to take by word of mouth; to wiſh to your opening proſpects all the happineſs that has flown mine, and to entreat you to anſwer for me to the whole of your loved family, that its name is what, through life, my ear with moſt reverence will hear, my heart with moſt devotion will love.

EDGAR MANDLEBERT.

At the kind wiſh upon her own opening proſpects, Eugenia wept afreſh; but when Camilla took the letter to preſs to her lips and her heart what he ſaid of his ſufferings, ſhe perceived at the doubling down, two lines more:—

I am this moment leaving Southampton for the Iſle of Wight, whence I ſhall ſail to the firſt Port, that the firſt veſſel with which I may meet ſhall be bound."

"No,

"No, my dear Eugenia," cried ſhe, then colouring, and putting down the letter, "your mediation will be ſpared. He acquaints us he is quitting England. He can only mention it to avoid the perſecution of an anſwer. Certainly none ſhall be obtruded upon him."

Eugenia pleaded that ſtill a letter might overtake him at the Iſle of Wight, and all miſunderſtanding might be rectified. "And then, my ſiſter, all may be well, and your happineſs renewed.—It has not flown you—like that of Eugenia—from any radical cauſe. Her's is not only gone, paſt all reſource, but has left behind it diſgrace with ſorrow, deriſion with diſappointment!"

Camilla ſtrove to ſoothe her, but would no longer liſten to any mediation; ſhe reſolved, at once, to write of the ſeparation to her father, and beſeech him to ſend for her to Etherington, and never again ſuffer her to quit that roof, where alone her peace was without diſturbance,

her conduct without reproach. Even her debts, now, she felt equal to avowing, for as, far from contracting new ones, she meant in future to reside in complete obscurity, she hoped the feelings of this moment would procure pardon for her indiscretions, which her own sedulous future œconomy should be indefatigable to repair.

Eugenia would not strive longer against a procedure which she deemed dignified, and the departure of Camilla was hurried by a messenger, who brought word that the strange man, with the flapped hat, was returned, and entreated her, for Heaven's sake, to let him speak with her one moment.

Dead, now, to the hope she had entertained of this enquirer, she merely from his own urgency complied with his call; for her curiosity was gone since she now knew it could not be Edgar.

* * * *

Edgar,

Edgar, indeed, was actually departed. His heart was loaded with ſorrow, his proſpect ſeemed black with deſpondence; but Camilla was loſt to that perfect confidence, and unbounded eſteem, he required to feel for his wife, and no tenderneſs without them, no partial good opinion, nor general admiration, could make him wiſh to lead her to the altar. "No!" cried he, "Dr. Marchmont; you judged me better than my firſt paſſion, and her untried ſteadineſs enabled me to judge myſelf. Miſery only could have followed my view of her in the mixt ſociety in which the thouſand accidents of life might occaſionally have placed us. I can only be happy with a character as ſimple in the world, as in retirement; as artleſs at an aſſembly, as in a cottage. Without that heavenly ſimplicity, the union of all elſe that renders life deſirable, were vain! without that—all her enchanting qualities, with which nothing can vie, and which are

entwined around my heart-ſtrings, were ineffectual to my peace."

"You are right," ſaid the Doctor, "and your timely caution, and early wiſdom, will protect you from the bitterneſs of a perſonal experience like mine. With all the charms ſhe aſſembles, her character ſeems too unſtable for private domeſtic life. When a few years more have blunted the wild vivacity, the floating ambition, the changing propenſities which now render her inconſiſtent to others, and fluctuating even to herſelf, ſhe may yet become as reſpectable, as ſhe muſt always be amiable. But now, ...whoever takes her from the circle in which ſhe is playing will ſee her loſt to all gaiety, though without daring to complain, from the reſtraint of bidden duties, which make the bidder a tyrant."

Edgar ſhrunk from ſuch a part, and immediately prepared for his long projected tour.

He had, originally, purpoſed viſiting Mr.

Mr. Tyrold before he ſet out, and converſing with him upon the ſtate of danger in which he thought his daughter; but his tenderneſs for her feelings, during his laſt adieu, had beguiled him of this plan, leſt it ſhould prove painful, injurious, or inauſpicious to her own views or deſigns in breaking to her friends their breach. He now addreſſed a few lines to his revered guardian, to be delivered by Dr. Marchmont; to whom he gave diſcretionary powers, if any explanation ſhould be demanded; though clogged with an earneſt clauſe, that he would neither advance, nor confeſs any thing that could hurt Camilla, even a moment, unleſs to avert from her ſome danger, or ſubſtantiate ſome good.

Dr. Marchmont determined to accompany him to the Iſle of Wight, whither he reſolved to go, and wait for his baggage; and undertook the ſuperintendance of his eſtate and affairs in his abſence.

When they were ſummoned to the

little veſſel, Edgar changed colour, his heart beat quick, and he ſighed rather than breathed. He held his hand upon his eyes and forehead for a few minutes, in agony inexpreſſible, then ſilently gave his ſervant the letter he had written for Eugenia, took the Doctor by the arm, walked to the beech, and got aboard; his head ſtill turned wholly towards the town, his eyes looking above it, as if ſeeking to fix the habitation of Camilla. Dr. Marchmont ſought to draw his attention another way, but it was rivetted to the ſpot they were quitting.

"I feel truly your unhappineſs, my dear Mandlebert," ſaid he, "that this young creature, with defects of ſo cruel a tendency, mingles qualities of ſo endearing a nature. Judge, however, the predominance of what is faulty, ſince parents ſo exemplary have not been able to make the ſcales weigh down on the ſide of right. Alas! Mr. Tyrold has himſelf erred, in committing, at ſo early a period, her conduct into her own reins.

The

The very virtues, in the firſt youth, are ſo little regulated by reflection, that, were not watched nor aided, they run into extremes nearly as pernicious, though not ſo unamiable as the vices. What inſtance more than this now before us can ſhew the futility of education, and the precarioufneſs of innate worth, when the contaminating world is allowed to ſeize its inexperienced prey, before the character is fixed as well as formed?"

A deeply aſſenting ſigh broke from the boſom of Edgar, whoſe ſtrained eyes held their purpoſe, till neither beach, nor town, nor even a ſpire of Southampton, were diſcernible. Again, then, for a moment, he covered them with his hand, and exclaimed: "Farewell! Camilla, farewell!"

CHAP. III.

A modeſt Requeſt.

QUICK, though without a wiſh of ſpeed, was the return home of Camilla; ſhe felt at this moment in that cruſhed and deſolate ſtate, where the ſudden extinction of hope leaves the mind without energy to form even a wiſh. She was quick only becauſe too nervous to be ſlow, and hurried on, ſo little knowing why, that when ſhe came to Mrs. Berlinton's, ſhe was running to her own room, wholly forgetting what had called her from Eugenia, till the ſervant ſaid, "this is the man, ma'am."

She then ſaw, parading up and down the hall, a figure wrapt round in a dark blue roquelo, with no part of his face viſible, from the flaps of his hat.

At another time ſhe might have been ſtartled: but ſhe was now indifferent to every

every thing, and only enquired what was his buſineſs.

He made no anſwer but by a low bow, pointing, at the ſame time to the door of one of the parlours, and then, in a ſupplicating manner, putting together his hands, as if begging to ſpeak to her in private.

Careleſs, rather than courageous, ſhe was going into an empty room with him, when the ſervant whiſpered her to be upon her guard, as the man had a very ſuſpicious look.

Stopping ſhort, then, ſhe again repeated her queſtion, adding "I can hear any thing you have to ſay where we now are."

The ſtranger ſhook his head, with a motion towards the ſervant, that ſeemed to demand his abſence.

Alas! thought ſhe, it is ſome gentleman in diſtreſs, who wants to beg and is aſhamed. I have nothing to give him! I will, at leaſt, therefore, not inſiſt upon his expoſing himſelf. She then whiſpered

whiſpered the footman to keep in the hall, and near the parlour, which ſhe entered, telling the incognito he might follow.

But ſhe was ſeriouſly alarmed out of her apathy, upon ſeeing him cautiouſly ſhut the door, and ſedulouſly examine the apartment.

She wanted not preſence of mind, when not robbed of it by ſome peculiar and poignant feelings. She turned immediately to the bell, certain its firſt touch would bring in the footman: but, perceiving her purpoſe, the ſtranger ſeized her by the arm, and in a hoarſe low voice ſaid: "Are you mad, Camilla? don't you know me?" and ſhe recognized her brother.

She expoſtulated upon his having ſo cauſeleſsly terrified her, and enquired why he came ſo diſguiſed.

He laughed heartily at her affright, and extolled his own ſkill in perſonating a ſubtle ruffian; declaring he liked to

to have a touch at all trades, in caſe of accidents.

" And have you come hither, Lionel, only for this fooliſh and very unpleaſant trick?"

" O no, my dear! this was only for my opening. I have an hundred ſmart freaks in my head, any one of them worth a little trip to Southampton. Beſides, I wanted to know what you were about. How does a certain maſter Edgar Mandlebert do? Don't bluſh, child. What a little ſly rogue you have been! hey ho? Tears?—My dear Camilla! what's all this?"

She entreated him to make his enquiries of Eugenia.

" Well, you took me in, I promiſe you. I fully thought the young Baronet had been the man. And, really he's as fine a fellow as I ever ſaw."

" Do not ſpeak of him, I beg! O Lionel!—if you knew—" She was going to ſay, how through your means, that

that affair has injured me—but ſhe checked complaints which ſhe now regarded as uſeleſs, and therefore degrading; and, wiping her eyes, aſked if he had yet conſidered the large ſum, for the obligation of which he had made her ſeem reſponſible to Sir Sedley, whom ſhe ſhould not know how ever to meet, nor conſequently, how ever to viſit in the county, till ſome payment, if not made, were at leaſt arranged.

"Pho, pho, my dear child, don't be ſo Vellum-like; you'll be fit for nothing, ſoon, but to file bills and ſcore accounts. What's two hundred to him? Hang him! I wiſh 'twere as much again—I hate making a fuſs about nothing. But come, tell me ſomething to raiſe my ſpirits—I am horribly melancholy. I've ſome notion of making a little ſport here with Miſs Scare-crow, How does ſhe go on? Waſpiſh as ever?"

"Do tell me, ſeriouſly, Lionel, what it is has brought you hither?"

"Two

" Two things, my dear. The firſt of which is the pleaſure of ſeeing you; and the ſecond, is a little amuſement I propoſe myſelf with old Dr. Hic, Hæc, Hoc. I find Clermont 's had rare ſport with him already. It's duced unlucky I did not come ſooner."

" Clermont? When did you ſee Clermont?"

" Don't be curious, child. I never encourage curioſity. It always leads to diſagreeable queſtions. You may tell me any thing you pleaſe, but aſk nothing. That's my manner of dealing with little girls. How did you like my ſending the Major to you? Was not that good fudge? What do you look ſo grave for, my dear? You're enough to give one the vapours."

Camilla attempted not to rally; ſhe felt pierced as by a poignard at the very ſight of Lionel. The debt he had made her contract with Sir Sedley, the ſecrecy it exacted, the correſpondence it had drawn on, the cruel circumſtances it had

had produced, and the heart-breaking event to which it had, ultimately, led, made his view excite ſenſations too corroſive, and reflections too bitter, for any enjoyment of a gaiety, which her utmoſt partiality could not diſentangle from levity the moſt unfeeling.

"Come, come, for pity's ſake, be a little leſs ſtupid, I conjure you. How terribly you want a good ſhaking! ſhall I give you one? By the way, you have never thanked me for ſending you that ſmart young tinker. You are horribly ungrateful to all my tender care to provide you a good ſpouſe. What! not a ſmile? Not one dear little dimple for all my rattle? Nay, then, if that's the caſe, let's to buſineſs at once. Any thing is better than mawkiſhneſs. I always preferred being flogged for a frolic, to being told I was a good boy, at the expence of ſitting ſtill, and learning my leſſon."

"And what buſineſs, my dear Lionel? Have you really any?"

"O yes

" O yes, always; nobody has more; only I do it ſo briſkly, people always ſuppoſe it nothing but pleaſure. However, juſt at this minute, I am really in rather an ugly dilemma. You know, my dear girl, there is a certain little rather awkward affair of mine, which I once hinted to you."—

" Lionel, I hope, at leaſt,"——

" O, none of your hopes with that grave face! Hope, with a grave face, always means fear. Now, as I am already half ſhoes over in the ſlough of deſpond, 'twill be horrid ungenerous to poke me ſtill lower."

Camilla now began to tremble, and would aſk no queſtions—Lionel, when he had ſilenced her, ſeemed at a loſs how to proceed; he walked about the room with quick jerks, opened and ſhut the window, ſeated himſelf upon every chair, and every table; and then, in a half paſſion, ſaid: " ſo you don't want to hear any more? and you don't care a fig if I'm hanged or drowned?"

" My

" My ſpirits are not high, my dear Lionel; and my head is full, and my heart is oppreſſed: if you have any thing, therefore, important to ſay, ſpeak, I beg without trifling."

" Nay, there's nothing new; ſo don't look frightened; it's all the ſame old ſtory."

" You continue, then, that dark, myſterious connexion? O brother!"

" Why ſhe's ſo pretty! ſo monſtrous pretty! beſides, ſhe doats upon me. You don't half conceive what a pretty fellow I am, Camilla. A ſiſter never knows how to judge a man. All the women like me prodigiouſly."

" Indeed, Lionel, you take an undue advantage of my affection. I muſt ſeriouſly inſiſt that you mention this ſubject to me no more."

" I don't intend it. I intend to finiſh with this once—provided you do me one laſt good turn. Will you, now? Come, don't be queer."

" I will do nothing, abſolutely nothing

thing in ſo improper—ſo ſhocking a buſineſs. Indeed, I know not how to forgive you for naming it again."

"Well, then, I'll pledge you my word and honour you ſhall never hear of it more, if you'll only grant me this one favour."

Diſpleaſed at the paſt, and frightened for what might be to come, ſhe proteſted ſhe would immediately leave the room, if he continued this perſecution: adding "how affectionately I love you, I need not, I am ſure, ſay; but a confidence ſuch as this, from a brother to a ſiſter, diſgraces us both: and let me penetrate, but not irritate you, if I own, that I much doubt whether I ought not from the beginning, to have revealed this tranſaction at Etherington. Do not be angry Lionel: has not every conſideration been ſurmounted by the fear of giving you pain?"

Finding he ſtill would be heard, ſhe was peremptorily quitting the room; but when ſhe had her hand upon the door,

he effectually ſtopt her, by ſaying, "Nay, then, if nothing will content you but getting the whole out at once, you may make yourſelf eaſy, the buſineſs is at end, for——we're blown!"

"I muſt certainly be glad if ſuch a buſineſs is at an end, Lionel; but how do you mean blown? to whom? in what manner?"

"To every body, I'm afraid; for the huſband's upon the point of getting at it."

"Huſband?"

"O, the deuce! I did not mean to ſay that: however, it's out! and as it muſt have been known ſooner or later"——

Camilla now had an air the neareſt to ſeverity ſhe had ever worn: "Adieu, Lionel!" ſhe cried, "I am ſorry for you, indeed; but you muſt find another hearer for this guilty hiſtory.—I will liſten no more!"

Lionel now detained her by force. "How can you take up the thing ſo wrong,"

wrong," ſaid he; "when I tell you it's over, isn't that enough? Beſides, I promiſe you I have not wanted for my puniſhment: when you hear all, you'll find that."

Too ſick for ſpeech, yet too weak for reſiſtance, ſhe was conſtrained to return to her ſeat, and hear what he pleaſed to relate."

"My adventure, my dear, was diſcovered entirely by the want of a little huſh money. 'Tis the very deuce and all for a man to be in love when he is poor. If I had only had a little huſh-money—yes, yes, I underſtand that eye! but as to thoſe paltry ſums I have had, from time to time, ſince this affair, why they could not be expected to laſt for ever: And the firſt went to a houſe-maid,—and the ſecond to the groom,—and the third"——

"Lionel! Lionel! is this a communication—are theſe particulars for me?"

"Nay, I only mention it to let you know it's all gone fairly. Beſides, as to her

her being a married woman, which, I ſee, is what you think ſo much the worſt of all, I aſſure you, if you knew her huſband, you would not wonder; he deſerves every thing. Such a tireſome quiz! It was often hours before we could get rid of him. You never knew ſuch a block-head. The poor thing can't bear him. But ſhe's fond of me to diſtraction. Nay, nay, don't frown ſo! If you'll believe me, Camilla, you'll quite ſpoil your face. Well, the fellow that threatens to betray us, won't keep our ſecret under three hundred pounds! There's an unconſcionable knave! However, I thought that better than a trial too; not that ſhe would have broken her heart at a ſeparation, you'll believe; but then ...there's a certain horrid thing called damages! And then my father's particularities,—and my mother's ſeeing things in ſuch ſtrong lights—and a parſon's ſon,—and all that."—

Camilla, ſhaking and pale, now entreated him to get her a glaſs of water,

and,

and, for a while, at leaſt, to forbear continuing this terrible ſtory.

He conſented to ring for the water, and then, more briefly, went on.

" Finding it vain to hope any longer for entire concealment, I thought a private diſcovery leſs ſhocking than a public one; and therefore, telling my ſtory as well as I could, I ſtated that three hundred pounds would ſave both the expences and publicity of a trial; and, with every poſſible profeſſion of contrition and reformation, I humbly petitioned for that ſum from my uncle."

" My poor uncle! alas! what unreaſonable—unmerciful claims every way ſurround him!"

" He's well revenged for mine, I promiſe you! There's no plague loſt between us, as you'll own, when you've heard the end of my poor petition. I followed up my letter, according to my uſual cuſtom, the next day, in order to receive my money, knowing poor uncle hates writing worſe than giving: well,

and when I arrived, my mind juſt made up to a few gentle reprimands againſt naughtineſs, and as many gentle promiſes to do ſo no more; out pops me the old butler, and ſays his maſter can't ſee me! Not ſee me? Why, who's with him? Your father, Sir! O,—then for your life, cries I, don't ſay I have been here—but now—now Camilla will you think me puniſhed or not?—My uncle had a little gout in his right-hand, and had made my father open and read—that very day,—all his letters! If ever you knew old Nick ſerve a poor young fellow a worſe turn than that, tell me ſo? I owe him ſuch a grudge for it, I could almoſt find in my heart to turn parſon myſelf."

Camilla could not utter a word. She dropt her head over her folded arms upon the table, to hide her offending brother from her ſight, whom now, placed in oppoſition to her all-excellent father, ſhe blamed beyond her powers, beyond what

what ſhe conceived even her rights of expreſſion.

" Why now, my dear Camilla, what do you hide your face for? Do you think I'm not as ſorry for this thing as you can be for the life of you? However, now comes the worſt; and if you don't pity me when you hear this, you may depend upon it you have no bowels. I was making off as faſt as I could, mum the word to the ſervants, when in comes old Jacob with a letter. I ſnatched it from him, hoping my uncle had privately ſent me a draft—but the direction was written by my father! Don't you begin to feel a little for me now?"

She could only raiſe her head to ejaculate, " My poor—poor father!" and then, nearly in an agony, drop it again.

" Hey-day, Camilla? how's this? what! not one word of poor, poor brother, too? why you are harder than flint. However, read that letter. And then, if you don't think me the moſt unhappy

young fellow in exiſtence, you are fit to deviſe tortures for the inquiſition."

She took the letter eagerly, yet awfully, kiſſed in weeping the hand-writing, and read what follows:

To Lionel Tyrold, *Eſq.*

To have brought up my family with the purity of principle which the holy profeſſion of their father ought to inſpire him to teach, has been, from the hour that my paternal ſolicitudes commenced, the moſt fervent of my prayers. How my hopes have been deluded you have but too long known; how groſsly they have failed has reached my own knowledge but this moment. I here reſign the vain expectation, that through my ſon the community might bleſs me: may a forfeiture ſo dread not extend to me, alſo, through my daughters!—

Camilla ſtopt, ſunk upon her knees, and devoutly repeated the laſt ſentence, with

with her own ardent ſupplications joined to it before ſhe could proceed.

A few words more muſt, for the preſent, ſuffice between us. Accident, by throwing into my hands this laſt letter to the uncle whoſe goodneſs you have moſt unwarrantably and unfeelingly abuſed, has given birth to an inveſtigation, by which I have arrived at the diſcovery of the long courſe of rapacity by which you have pillaged from the ſame ſource. Henceforth, you will find it dry. I have ſtated to my brother the miſtake of his compliance, and obtained his ſolemn word, that all intercourſe between you, that has not my previous approbation, ſhall here finally ceaſe. You will now, therefore, empty no more thoſe coffers which, but for you, have only been opened to the juſt claims of benevolence.

You will regard this detection as the wrath of ill-fortune; I view it, on the contrary, as the mercy of Providence. What were further pecuniary exonera-

tions, but deeper plunges into vilifying diſſoluteneſs? If, as you intimate, the refuſal of your preſent demands will expoſe you to public ſhame, may its ſhock awaken feelings that may reſtore you to private virtue! I cannot ſpare you from diſgrace, by aiding you in corruption; I cannot reſcue you from worldly diſhonour, by hiding and abetting crimes that may unfold to eternal miſery. To errour I would be lenient; to penitence I would be conſoling; to reformation I would open my arms: but to him who confeſſes his guilt only to ſave himſelf from puniſhment, to him who would elude the incurred penalties of his wickedneſs, by ſhameleſsly ſoliciting a reſpectable old relation to uſe bribery for its concealment,—to him, I can only ſay, Since all precepts of virtue have failed to ſhew thee its excellence, go! learn of misfortune the evils, at leaſt of vice! Pay to the laws of ſociety what retribution they require for their violation—and if ſuffering ſhould lead to contrition,

and

and ſecluſion from the world bring thee back to rectitude, then thou may'ſt find again thy father

AUGUSTUS TYROLD.

Another name I mention not. I preſent not to this ſullied page an image of ſuch purity: yet, if thy own thoughts dare paint it to thy view, will not thy heart, O Lionel! ſmite thee and ſay,—From her native land, from her ſorrowing huſband, from daughters juſt opening into life, by my follies and indiſcretions I have driven my mother—by my guilt I ſhall make her bluſh to return to them?—

Camilla wept over this letter till its characters were almoſt effaced by her tears. To withhold from her father the knowledge of the miſconduct of Lionel, what had ſhe not ſuffered? what not ſacrificed? yet to find it all unavailing, to find him thus informed of his ſon's

wanton calls for money, his culpable connection, and his juſt fears of ſeeing it publiſhed and puniſhed,—and to conſider with all this, that Edgar, through theſe unpardonable deviations from right, was irretrievably loſt to her, excited ſorrow the moſt depreſſing for her father, and regrets ſcarce ſupportable for herſelf.

"Well," cried Lionel, "what do you think of my caſe now? Don't you allow I pay pretty handſomely for a mere young man's gambol? I aſſure you I don't know what might have been the conſequence, if Jacob had not afforded me a little comfort. He told me you were going to be married to 'ſquire Mandlebert, and that you were all at Southton, and that he was ſure you would do any thing in the world to get me out of jeopardy; and ſo, thinking pretty much the ſame myſelf, here I am! Well, what ſay you, Camilla? Will you ſpeak a little word for me to Edgar?"

Shame, now taking place of affliction, ſtopt

ſtopt her tears, which dried upon her burning cheeks, as ſhe anſwered, "He is well known to you, Lionel: — you can addreſs him yourſelf!"

"No; that's your miſtake, my dear. I have a little odd money matter to ſettle with him already; and beſides, we have had a ſort of a falling out upon the ſubject; for when I ſpoke to him about it laſt, he gave himſelf the airs of an old juſtice of the peace, and ſaid if he did not find the affair given up, nothing ſhould induce him ever to help me again. What a mere codger that lad has turned out!"

"Ah, noble Edgar! juſt, high-principled, and firm!" half pronounced Camilla, while again the icicles diſſolved, and trickled down her face.

"See but the different way in which things ſtrike people! however, it is not very pretty in you, Camilla, to praiſe him for treating me ſo ſcurvily. But come, doſt think he'll lend me the money?

"Lend," repeated ſhe, ſignificantly.

"Ay lend; for I ſhall pay it every farthing; and every thing elſe."

"And how? And when?"

"Why,—with old unky Relvil's fortune."

"For ſhame, brother!"

"Nay, nay, you know as well as I do, I muſt have it at laſt. Who elſe has he to leave it to? Come, will you beg the three hundred for me? He dare not refuſe you, you know, in your day of power."

"Lionel," cried ſhe, with extreme emotion, I ſhall ſee him no more! nor, perhaps may you!—He has left England."

"Impoſſible! why Jacob told me unky was working night and day at preparations for your keeping the wedding at Cleves?"

"I cannot talk upon this ſubject. I muſt beſeech you to reſerve your enquiries for Eugenia."

"I muſt go to her then, directly. I have not a moment to loſe. If you won't

won't make Edgar help me in this buſineſs —and I know he won't do it of his own accord, I am utterly done up. There will remain but one ſingle thing for me. So now for my roquelo. But do only tell me, Camilla, if you ever knew ſuch a poor unlucky wight? for before I came to you, certain it would not be eaſy to make that young prig do any thing he had already declared againſt, I found out couſin Clermont. What a handſome coxcomb that is! Well, I told him my caſe, for one young fellow ſoon comprehends the diffieulties of another, and begged him to aſk for the money of uncle Hugh, as if for himſelf, telling him, that as he was a new comer, and a new beginner, he could not ſo readily be refuſed; and promiſing to ſerve him as good a turn myſelf, when he had got a little into our ways, and wanted it, with my good uncle Relvil. Well! what do you think was the next news? It's enough to make a man's hair ſtand an end, to ſee what a ſpite fortune has

taken to me! Do you know he has got debts of his own, of one ſort or another, that poor unky has never heard of, to the amount of upwards of a thouſand pounds."

He then muffled himſelf up and departed.

CHAP. IV.

A Self-diſſection.

CAMILLA remained in a ſtate of accumulated diſtreſs, that knew not upon what object moſt to dwell: her father, ſhocked and irritated beyond the mild endurance of his character; her brother, wantonly ſporting with his family's honour, and his own morals and reputation; her uncle, preparing for nuptials broken off without his knowledge; Edgar, by a thouſand perverſities of accident, of indiſcretion, of miſunderſtanding, for ever parted from her;—ruſhed all together upon her mind, each combatting for precedence, each individually foiled, yet all collectively triumphant. Nor were even theſe her ſole ſubjects of affliction: yet another cauſe was added, in debts contracted from mingled thought-

thoughtleſſneſs, inexperience, and generoſity, augmented to ſhe knew not what ſum, and to be paid by ſhe knew not what means. And this topic, which in itſelf ſeemed to her the leaſt intereſting, ſoon, by the circumſtances with which it was connected, grew the moſt preſſing of any. How, at a moment like this, could ſhe make her purpoſed confeſſion to her father, whoſe wounded mind demanded all ſhe could offer of condolement? How call upon her uncle to be reponſible for what ſhe owed, when ſhe now knew the enormous accounts preparing for him from Clermont, of which he was himſelf yet uninformed?

* * * *

Lionel ſoon returned. "So it's really all off?" he cried; "dame Fortune, methinks, has a mind to give me a taſte of her art that I ſhan't eaſily forget. Eugenia would tell me no particulars. But, ſince things are thus, there is only one ſtep

ſtep left for poor Pillgarlick. I muſt whiſk over to the Continent."

"To the Continent? without conſulting my father? without—"

"My father?—Why, you ſee he gives me up. He thinks—I thank him!—a little wholeſome diſcipline will do me good. Don't you underſtand what he means by *ſeclusion from the world?* A priſon, my dear! a gaol! However, I'm not quite of that opinion. I really think a man's as well off in a little open air. So fare thee well child. As ſoon as ever my dear uncle Relvil ſays good night, I'll come home again, and wiſh you all good morning."

"Lionel! Lionel!—"

"Well, well! I know it's very wrong, and all that; ſo ſay nothing. Don't diſtreſs me, I beg, for I hate to be hipped. Beſides, old Relvil don't deſerve much better; why can't he behave like a man, and ſettle an annuity upon himſelf, and an old ſervant, and a dog, and a cat, and a parrot, and then let an ho-

neſt young fellow ſee a little of the world handſomely, and like a gentleman? But your bachelor uncles, and maiden aunts, are the moſt tantalizing fellows and felloweſſes in the creation."

He then kiſſed her, and was going; but, earneſtly detaining him, ſhe conjured that he would let her firſt hint his deſign to their father, that at leaſt it might be ſet aſide, if it would ſtill more deeply diſturb him.

"No child, no; I know his way of reaſoning already. He thinks every man ſhould pay for what he owes, either with money or ſtripes. Now my poor dear little body is not of that opinion. And what would they get by having me ſhut up in priſon? And I'll defy 'em to caſt me in any other damages. I've a few debts, too of my own, that make me a little uneaſy. I don't mean to trades people; they can wait well enough; our credit is good: but a man looks horrid ſmall, walking about, when he can't pay his debts of honour. However, when I diſappear,

diſappear, perhaps my father will take compaſſion upon my character. If not, the Relvil eſtate ſhall wipe off all in the long run."

"And is it poſſible, Lionel, thus lightly, thus negligently, thus unmoved, you can plan ſuch a journey? ſuch an exile?"

"Why what can I do? what can I poſſibly do? I am obliged to be off in my own defence. Unleſs, indeed, I marry little Miſs Dennel, which I have once or twice thought of; for ſhe's a monſtrous fool. But then ſhe is very rich. How ſhould you like her for a ſiſter? Nay, nay, I'm ſerious. Don't ſhake your head as if I was joking. What do you think of her for my ſpouſe?"

"She is a good girl, I believe, Lionel, though a ſimple one; and I ſhould be ſorry to ſee her unhappy: and how could either of you be otherwiſe, with contempt ſuch as this?"

"Bleſs thy heart, my little dear, what have huſbands and wives to do with making

making one another unhappy? Prithee don't ſet about forming thy notions of married people from the parſonage-houſe, and conclude a wife no better than a real rib, ſticking always cloſe to a man's ſide. You grow ſo horrid ſententious, I really begin to believe you intend to take out your diploma ſoon, and put on the ſurplice my father meant for his poor ſon."

"Alas, Lionel!—how changed, how hard—forgive me if I ſay how hard muſt you be grown, to be capable of gaiety and rattle at this period!"

"You'll die an old maid, Camilla, take my word for it. And I'm really ſorry, for you're not an ugly girl. You might have been got off. But come, don't look ſo melancholy at a little ſilly ſport. The world is ſo full of ſorrow, my dear girl, ſo little viſited by happineſs, that chearfulneſs is almoſt as neceſſary as exiſtence, in ſuch a vale of tears."

"What can induce you to laugh, Lionel, at ſuch words?"

"I can't

" I can't help it, faith ! I was think ing I ſpoke ſo like a parſon's ſon !"

Camilla caſt up her eyes and hands: " Lionel, ſhe cried, what have you done with your heart ? has it baniſhed every natural feeling ? has the affecting letter of the beſt of fathers, his cruel ſeparation from the moſt excellent of mothers, and even your own dreadfully cenſurable conduct, ſerved but to amuſe you with ridicule and deriſion ?"

" Camilla," cried he, taking her hands, " you wrong me ! you think I have no feeling, becauſe I am not always crying. However, ſhall I tell you the truth ? I hate myſelf ! and ſo completely hate myſelf at this moment, that I dare not be grave ! dare not ſuffer reflection to take hold of me, leſt it ſhould make life too odious for me to bear it. I have run on from folly to wickedneſs for want of thought ; and now thought is ready to come back, I muſt run from that, for want of fortitude. What has bewitched me, I know no more than you ;

you; but I never meant to play this abominable part. And now, if I did not flog up my ſpirits to prevent their flagging, I ſuppoſe I ſhould hang or drown. And, believe me, if I were condemned to the galleys, I ſhould think it leſs than I deſerve; for I hate myſelf, I repeat—I honour my father, though I have uſed him ſo ill; I love my mother,—for all her deuced ſeverity,—to the bottom of my ſoul; I would cut off my left arm for Lavinia and Eugenia; and for thee, Camilla, I would lop off my right!—But yet, when ſome frolic or gambol comes into my way, I forget you all! clear out of my memory you all walk, as if I had never beheld you!"

Camilla now embraced him with a deluge of tears, entreated him to forgive the aſperity his ſeeming want of all feeling had drawn from her, and frequently to write to her, and acquaint her how he went on, and ſend his direction for her anſwers; that ſo, at leaſt, their father might know how he employed himſelf, and

and have the power to give him counſel.

" But how, my poor Lionel," ſhe added, " how will you live abroad? How will you even travel?"

" Why as to how I ſhall live there, I don't know; but as well as I deſerve eaſily: however, as to how I ſhall get there, look here," taking from his pocket a handful of guineas, " that good little Eugenia has given me every thing, even to the laſt half crown, that ſhe had at Southampton, to help me forward."

" Dear excellent, ever generous Eugenia! O that I could follow her example! but alas! I have nothing!—and worſe than nothing!!

They then affectionately embraced each other, and parted.

CHAP. V.

A Reckoning.

WHAT Camilla experienced at this juncture ſhe believed inadmiſſible of aggravation. Even the breaking off with Edgar ſeemed as a new misfortune from the new force which circumſtances gave to its affliction. With his ſympathiſing aid, how might ſhe have ſoftened the ſorrows of her father! how have broken the ſhock of the blow Clermont was preparing for her uncle? But now, inſtead of leſſening their griefs, ſhe muſt herſelf inflict upon them a heavier evil than any they had yet ſuffered. And how could ſhe reveal tidings for which they were ſo wholly unprepared? how be even intelligible in the hiſtory, without expoſing the guilty Lionel beyond all chance of pardon?

Again ſhe went to counſel with Eugenia,

genia, who, with her uſual diſintereſted affection, propoſed taking the painful buſineſs upon herſelf at their return home. Camilla with tears of gratitude accepted the ſiſterly office, and reſolved to devote the reſt of her ſhort time for Southampton to Mrs. Berlinton; who, ſhocked to ſee her evident unhappineſs, hung over her with the moſt melting tenderneſs: bewailing alike the diſappointment of Eugenia, and the conduct of her brother; who now, with exquiſite miſery, ſhut himſelf wholly up in his room.

This compaſſionate kindneſs ſomewhat ſoftened her anguiſh; but when the engagements of Mrs. Berlinton called her away, Mrs. Mittin burſt briſkly into her chamber.

"Well, my dear," cried ſhe, "I come with better news now than ever! only gueſs what it is!"

Nothing could leſs conduce to the tranquillity of Camilla than ſuch a deſire: her conjectures always flowed into the

the channels of her wiſhes; and ſhe thought immediately that Mrs. Mittin had been informed of her ſituation, and came to her with ſome intelligence of Edgar.

Mrs. Mittin, after keeping her a full quarter of an hour in ſuſpence, at laſt ſaid: "Do you know Miſs Dennel's going to be married?—though ſhe was fifteen only yeſterday!—and I am invited to the wedding?"

No ſurpriſe had ever yet produced leſs pleaſure to Camilla, who now ceaſed to liſten, though Mrs. Mittin by no means ceaſed to ſpeak, till her attention was awakened by the following ſentence: "So, as I am to go to town, to ſhop with her, at her own papa's deſire, you can give me the money, you know, my dear, and I can pay off your Tunbridge bills for you."

She then took out of her pockets ſome accounts, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had juſt received; though, in fact, they had been in her poſſeſſion more than a

week; but till the invitation of Miſs Dennel called her ſo pleaſantly away, ſhe had thought it prudent to keep every motive in reſerve, that added importance to her ſtay.

Camilla, with the utmoſt apprehenſion, took the papers into her hands: they were the bills from Tunbridge, of the milliner, the ſhoe-maker, the haberdaſher, and the glover, and amounted altogether to ſixteen pounds.

The chief articles had been nearly forced upon her by Mrs. Mittin, with aſſurances of their cheapneſs, and repreſentations of their neceſſity, that, joined to her entire ignorance of the enormous charges of faſhion, had led her to imagine four or five guineas the utmoſt ſum at which they could be eſtimated.

What now, then, was her horror! if to ſixteen pounds amounted the trifles ſhe had had at Tunbridge, what calculation muſt ſhe make of articles, ſo infinitely more valuable, that belonged to her

debts at Southampton? And to whom now could ſhe apply? The unhappy ſituation of her father was no longer an only reaſon to forbear ſuch a call upon him: Lionel, ſtill under age, was flying the kingdom with debts, which, be they ſmall as they might, would, to Mr. Tyrold's limited income, be as heavy as the more conſiderable ones of her couſin upon Sir Hugh; yet who beſides could give her aid? Eugenia, whoſe yearly allowance, according to her ſettled future fortune, was five times that of her ſiſters, had given what help ſhe had in her power, before ſhe quitted Cleves, upon the affair of the horſe; and all that remained of a conſiderable preſent made for her Southampton expedition by her uncle, who in every thing diſtinguiſhed her as his ſucceſſor and heireſs, ſhe had juſt beſtowed upon Lionel, even, as he had declared, to her laſt half crown. Mrs. Berlinton, whoſe tender friendſhip might, in this emergence, have encouraged ſolicitation, was involved

involved in debts of honour, and wanted money for herſelf; and to Mrs. Arlbery, her only other acquaintance rich enough to give aſſiſtance, and with whom ſhe was intimate enough to aſk it, ſhe already owed five guineas; and how, in conſcience or decency, could ſhe addreſs her for ſo much more, when ſhe ſaw before her no time, no term, upon which ſhe could fix for reſtitution?

In this terrible ſtate, with no one to counſel her, and no powers of ſelf-judgment, ſhe felt a dread of going home, that rendered the coming day a day of horror, though to a home to which, hitherto, ſhe had turned as the firſt joy of her happineſs, or ſofteſt ſolace of any diſturbance. Her filial affections were in their priſtine force; her ſhort commerce with the world had robbed them of none of their vivacity; her regard for Edgar, whom ſhe delighted to conſider as a younger Mr. Tyrold, had rather enlarged than divided them; but to return a burthen to an already burthened

houſe, an affliction to an already afflicted parent—" No !" ſhe broke out, aloud, " I cannot go home !—I cannot carry calamity to my father !—He will be mild —but he will look unhappy; and I would not ſee his face in ſorrow—ſorrow of my own creating—for years of after joy !"

She threw herſelf down upon the bed, hid her face with the counterpane, and wept, in deſperate careleſsleſs of the preſence of Mrs. Mittin, and anſwering nothing that ſhe ſaid.

In affairs of this ſort, Mrs. Mittin had a quickneſs of apprehenſion, which, though but the attribute of ready cunning, was not inferior to the keeneſt penetration, poſſeſſed, for deeper inveſtigations, by characters of more ſolid ſagacity. From the fear which Camilla, in her anguiſh, had uttered of ſeeing her father, ſhe gathered, there muſt be ſome ſevere reſtriction in money concerns; and, without troubling herſelf to conſider what they might be, ſaw that to aid her

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at this moment would be the higheſt obligation; and immediately ſet at work a brain as fertile in worldly expedients, as it was barren of intellectual endowments, in forming a plan of preſent relief, which ſhe concluded would gain her a rich and powerful friend for life.

She was not long in ſuggeſting a propoſition, which Camilla ſtarted up eagerly to hear, almoſt breathleſs with the hope of any reprieve to her terrors.

Mrs. Mittin, amongſt her numerous friends, counted a Mr. Clykes, a money-lender, a man, ſhe ſaid, of the firſt credit for ſuch matters with people of faſhion in any difficulty. If Camilla, therefore, would collect her debts, this gentleman would pay them, for a handſome premium, and handſome intereſt, till ſhe was able, at her own full leiſure, to return the principal, with a proper preſent.

Camilla nearly embraced her with rapture for this ſcheme. The premium ſhe would collect as ſhe could, and the in-

tereſt ſhe would pay from her allowance, certain that when her uncle was cleared from his embarraſſments, her own might be revealed without any ſerious diſtreſs. She put, therefore, the affair wholly into the hands of Mrs. Mittin, beſought her, the next morning, to demand all her Southampton bills, to add to them thoſe for the rent and the ſtores of Higden, and then to tranſact the buſineſs with Mr. Clykes; promiſing to agree to whatever premium, intereſt, and preſent, he ſhould demand, with endleſs acknowledgments to herſelf for ſo great a ſervice.

She grieved to employ a perſon ſo utterly diſagreeable to Edgar; but to avert immediate evil was ever reſiſtleſs to her ardent mind.

The whole of the Southampton accounts were brought her early the next morning by the active Mrs. Mittin, who now concluded, that what ſhe had conceived to be covetouſneſs in Camilla, was only the fear of a hard tyrant of a father,

father, who kept her ſo parſimoniouſly, that ſhe could allow herſelf no indulgence, till the death of her uncle ſhould endow her with her own rich inheritance.

Had this arrangement not taken place before the arrival of the bills, Camilla, upon beholding them, thought ſhe ſhould have been driven to complete diſtraction. The ear-rings and necklace, ſilver fringes and ſpangles, feathers, noſegay, and ſhoe-roſes, with the other parts of the dreſs, and the fine Valencienne edging, came to thirty-three pounds. The cloak alſo, that cheapeſt thing in the world, was nine guineas; and various ſmall articles, which Mrs. Mittin had occaſionally brought in, and others with which Camilla could not diſpenſe, came to another five pounds. To this, the rent for Higden added eighteen; and the bill of ſtores, which had been calculated at thirty, was ſent in at thirty-ſeven.

The whole therefore, with the ſixteen pounds from Tunbridge, amounted to

one hundred and eighteen pounds nine ſhillings.

Struck to the very ſoul with the idea of what ſhe muſt have endured to have preſented, at ſuch a period, ſo large an account, either at Cleves or at Etherington, ſhe felt lifted into paradiſe by the eſcape of this expedient, and loſt ſight of every poſſible future difficulty, in the relief of avoiding ſo ſevere a preſent penalty.

By this means, alſo, the tradeſmen would not wait; and ſhe had been educated with ſo juſt an abhorrence of receiving the goods, and benefiting from the labours of others, without ſpeeding them their rights and their rewards, that ſhe felt deſpicable as well as miſerable, when ſhe poſſeſſed what ſhe had not repaid.

Mrs. Mittin was now inveſted with full powers for the agency, which her journey to London would give her immediate means to execute. She was to meet Miſs Dennel there in two days, to aſſiſt in

in the wedding purchaſes, and then to accompany that young lady to her father's houſe in Hampſhire, whence ſhe could viſit Etherington, and finally arrange the tranſaction.

Camilla, again thanking, took leave of her, to conſign her few remaining hours to Mrs. Berlinton, who was impatient at loſing one moment of the ſociety ſhe began ſincerely to regret ſhe had not more uniformly preferred to all other. As ſad now with cares as Camilla was with afflictions, ſhe had robbed her ſituation of nearly the only good which belonged to it—an affluent power to gratify every luxury, whether of generoſity or perſonal indulgence. Her gaming, to want of happineſs, added now want of money; and Camilla, with a ſigh, ſaw ſomething more wretched, becauſe far deeper and more wilful in error than herſelf.

They mingled their tears for their ſeparate perſonal evils, with the kindeſt conſolation that either could ſuggeſt for

the other, till Camilla was told that Eugenia desired to see her in the parlour.

Mrs. Berlinton, ashamed, yet delighted to meet her again, went down at the same time. She embraced her with fondness, but ventured not to utter either apology or concern. Eugenia was serious but composed, sighed often, yet both accepted and returned her caresses.

Camilla enquired if Miss Margland expected them immediately.

"Yes," she answered; "but I have first a little business of my own to transact." Then, turning to Mrs. Berlinton, and forcing a smile, "You will be surprised," she said, "to hear me ask for .... your brother! ... but I must see him before I can leave Southampton."

Mrs. Berlinton hung her head: "There is certainly," she cried, "no reproach he does not merit ... yet, if you knew ... the respect ... the ... the ..."

Eugenia rang the bell, making a slight apology, but not listening to what Mrs. Berlinton strove to say; who, colouring

and uneaſy, ſtill attempted to utter ſomething ſoftening to what had paſſed.

"Be ſo good," ſaid Eugenia, when the footman appeared, "to tell Mr. Melmond I beg to ſpeak with him."

Camilla aſtoniſhed, and Mrs. Berlinton ſilenced, waited, in an unpleaſant pauſe, the event.

Eugenia, abſorbed in thought, neither ſpoke to, nor looked at them, nor moved, till the door opened, and Melmond, who durſt not refuſe ſo direct a ſummons, though he would have preferred any puniſhment to obeying it, bluſhing, bowing, and trembling, entered the room.

She then ſtarted, half heaved, and half checked a ſigh, took a folded note out of her pocket-book, and with a faint ſmile, ſaid, "I fear my deſire muſt have been painful to you; but you ſee me now for the laſt time—I hope!—with any ill-will."

She ſtopt for breath to go on; Melmond, amazed, ſtriving vainly to articu-

late one word of excuſe, one profeſſion even of reſpect.

"Believe me, Sir," ſhe then continued, "ſurpriſe was the laſt ſenſation I experienced upon a late .... tranſaction. My extraordinary perſonal defects and deformity have been ſome time known to me, though—I cannot tell how—I had the weakneſs or vanity not to think of them as I ought to have done!——But I ſee I give you uneaſineſs, and therefore I will be more conciſe."

Melmond, confounded, had bowed down his head not to look at her, while Camilla and Mrs. Berlinton both wept.

"The ſentiments, Sir," ſhe then went on, "of my coufin have never been declared to me; but it is not very difficult to me to divine what they may be. All that is certain, is the unkindneſs of Fortune, which forbids her to liſten, or you to plead to them. This, Sir, it ſhall be my care"—ſhe ſtopt a moment, looking paler, and wanting voice; but preſently

ſently recovering, proceeded—" my happineſs, let me ſay, to endeavour to rectify. I have much influence with my kind uncle; can I doubt, when I repreſent to him that I have juſt eſcaped making two worthy people wretched, he will deny aiding me to make them happy? No! the reſidence already intended at Cleves will ſtill be open, though one of its parties will be changed. But as my uncle, in a manner unexampled, has bound himſelf, in my favour, from any future diſpoſition of what he poſſeſſes, I have ventured, Sir, upon this paper, to obviate any apprehenſions of your friends, for the unhappy time when that generous uncle can no longer act for himſelf."

She then unfolded, and gave him the paper, which contained theſe words:

" I here ſolemnly engage myſelf, if Miſs Indiana Lynmere accepts, with the conſent of Sir Hugh Tyrold, the hand of Frederic Melmond, to ſhare with them, ſo united, whatever fortune or eſtate I may be endowed with, to the end

of my life, and to bequeath them the ſame equal portion by will after my death.

Signed. EUGENIA TYROLD."

Unable to read, yet conceiving the purport of the writing, Melmond was at her feet. She endeavoured to raiſe him, and though extremely affected, ſaid, with an air of ſome pleaſantry, " Shew leſs ſurpriſe, Sir, or I ſhall conclude you thought me as frightful within as without! But no! Providence is too good to make the mind neceſſarily deformed with the body."

" Ah, Madam!" exclaimed Melmond, wholly overcome, " the nobleſt as well as ſofteſt of human hearts I perceive to be yours——and were mine at my own diſpoſal—it muſt find you reſiſtleſs!"—

" No more, no more!" interrupted ſhe, penetrated with a pleaſure in theſe words which ſhe durſt not indulge, " you ſhall hear from me ſoon.—Meanwhile, he

be Hope your motto, Friendſhip ſhall be mine."

She was then going to hold out her hand to him; but her courage failed; ſhe haſtily embraced Mrs. Berlinton, took the arm of Camilla, and hurried out of the houſe, followed by the footman who had attended her.

Melmond, who had ſeen the motion of her hand now advancing, now withdrawn, would have given the univerſe to have ſtamped upon it his grateful reverence; but his courage was ſtill leſs than her own; ſhe ſeemed to him, on the ſudden, transformed to a deity, benignly employed to reſcue and bleſs him, but whoſe tranſcendent goodneſs he could only, at a diſtance, and in all humility, adore.

Mrs. Berlinton was left penetrated nearly as much as her brother, and doubtful if even the divine Indiana could render him as happy as the exalted, the incomparable Eugenia.

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The two ſiſters found Miſs Margland in extreme ill-humour waiting their arrival, and the whole party immediately quitted Southampton.

It not ſeldom occurred to Miſs Margland to be croſs merely as a mark of conſequence; but here the diſpleaſure was as deep with herſelf as with others. She had entered Southampton with a perſuaſion her fair pupil would make there the eſtabliſhment ſo long the promiſed mede of her confinement; and Indiana herſelf, not knowing where to ſtop her ſanguine and inflated hopes, imagined that the fame of her beauty would make the place where it firſt was exhibited the reſort of all of faſhion in the nation. And the opening of the ſcene had anſwered to their fulleſt expectations: no other name was heard but Indiana Lynmere, no other figure was admired, no other face could bear examination.

But her triumph, though ſplendid, was ſhort; ſhe ſoon found that the overtures of eyes were more ready than thoſe of ſpeech;

ſpeech; and though one young baronet, enchanted with her beauty, immediately profeſſed himſelf her lover, when he was diſdained, in the full aſſurance of higher offers, and becauſe a peer had addreſſed himſelf to Eugenia, ſhe ſaw not that he was ſucceeded by any other, nor yet that he broke his own heart. Men of taſte, after the firſt converſation, found her more admirable to look at than ſpeak with; adventurers ſoon diſcovered that her perſonal charms were her only dower; the common herd were repulſed from approaching her by the repulſive manners of Miſs Margland; and all evinced, that though a paſſion for beauty was ſtill as faſhionable as it was natural, the time was paſt when the altar of Hymen required no other incenſe to blaze upon it.

The governeſs, therefore, and the pupil, quitted Southampton with equal diſappointment and indignation; the firſt foreſeeing another long and yawning ſojourn at Cleves; the ſecond firmly believing herſelf the moſt unaccountably

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ill uſed perſon in the creation, that one offer only had reached her, and that without repetition, though admired nearly to adoration, ſhe literally rather than metaphorically conceived herſelf a demi-goddeſs.

One ſolitary offer to Eugenia, of an every way ruined young nobleman, though a blaſt both to the ſettlement and the peace of Indiana, was to herſelf wholly nugatory. Intent, at that period, upon dedicating for ever to Melmond her virgin heart, ſhe was ſorry, upon his account, for the application, but gave it not, upon her own, a moment's conſideration. This propoſition was made upon her firſt arrival, and was followed by no other. She was then, by the account given to the maſter of the ceremonies by Miſs Margland, regarded as the heireſs of Cleves: but, almoſt immediately after, the report ſpread by Mrs. Mittin, that Camilla was the true heireſs, gained ſuch ground amongſt the ſhop-keepers, and thence travelled ſo rapidly from goſſip to goſſip, and

and houſe to houſe, that Eugenia was ſoon no more thought of; though a ſpecies of doubt was caſt upon the whole party, from the double aſſertion, that kept off from Camilla, alſo, the fortune ſeekers of the place.

But another rumour got abroad, that ſoon entirely cleared Eugenia, not merely of lovers but acquaintances; namely, her ſtudies with Dr. Orkborne. This was a prevailing theme of ſpite with Miſs Margland, when the Doctor had neglected and diſpleaſed her; and a topic always at hand for her ſpleen, when it was angered by other circumſtances not ſo eaſy of blame or of mention.

This, ſhortly, made Eugenia ſtared at ſtill more than her peculiar appearance. The miſſes, in tittering, ran away from the learned lady; the beaux contemptuouſly ſneering, rejoiced ſhe was too ugly to take in any poor fellow to marry her. Some imagined her ſtudies had ſtinted her growth; and all were convinced her education had made her ſuch a fright.

Of

Of the whole party, the only one who quitted Southampton in ſpirits was Dr. Orkborne. He was delighted to be no longer under the dominion of Miſs Margland, who, though ſhe never left him tranquil in the poſſeſſion of all he valued, his leiſure, and his books and papers, eternally annoyed him with reproaches upon his abſence, non-attendance, and ignorance of high life; aſking always, when angry, "If any one had ever heard who was his grandfather?"

The doctor, in return, deſpiſing, like moſt who have it not, whatever belonged to noble birth, regarded her and her progenitors as the peſt of the human race; frequently, when incenſed by interruption, exclaiming, "Where intellect is uncultivated, what is man better than a brute, or woman than an ideot?"

Nor was his return to his own room, books, and hours, under the roof of the indulgent Sir Hugh, the only relief of this removal: he knew not of the previous departure of Dr. Marchmont, and he

he was glad to quit a ſpot where he was open to a compariſon which he felt to be always to his diſadvantage.

So much more powerful and more prominent is character than education, that no two men could be more different than Dr. Marchmont and Dr. Orkborne, though the ſame univerſity had finiſhed their ſtudies, and the ſame paſſion, purſuit, and ſucceſs in reſpect to learning, had raiſed and had ſpread their names and celebrity. The firſt, with all his ſcholaſtic endowments, was a man of the world, and a grace to ſociety; the ſecond, though in erudition equally reſpectable, was wholly loſt to the general community, and alive only with his pen and his books. They enjoyed, indeed, in common, that happy and often ſole reward of learned labours, the privilege of ſnatching ſome care from time, ſome repining from misfortune, by ſeizing for themſelves, and their own excluſive uſe, the whole monopoly of mind; but they employed it not to the ſame extenſion. The things and people of this lower

lower ſphere were ſtudiouſly, by Dr. Orkborne, ſunk in oblivion by the domineering prevalence of the alternate tranſport and toil of intellectual occupation; Dr. Marchmont, on the contrary, though his education led to the ſame propenſities, ſtill held his fellow creatures to be of higher conſideration than their productions. Without ſuch extravagance in the purſuit of his ſtudies, he knew it the happy province of literary occupations, where voluntary, to abſorb worldly ſolicitudes, and baniſh for a while even mental anxieties; and though the charm may be broken by every freſh intruſion of calamity, it unites again with the firſt retirement, and, without diminiſhing the feelings of ſocial life, has a power, from time to time, to ſet aſide their ſufferings.

CHAP. VII.

Brides and no Brides.

In the hall of the Cleves manſion the party from Southampton were received by Sir Hugh, Mr. Tyrold, and Lavinia. The baronet greeted in particular the two nieces he regarded as brides elect, with an elation that prevented him from obſerving their ſadneſs; while their confuſion at his miſtake he attributed to the mere baſhfulneſs of their ſituation. He enquired, nevertheleſs, with ſome ſurpriſe, why the two bridegrooms did not attend them? which, he owned, he thought rather odd; though he ſuppoſed it might be only the new way.

The changing colour and ſtarting tears of the two ſiſters ſtill eſcaped his kindly occupied but undiſcerning eyes: while Mr. Tyrold, having tenderly embraced,

braced, avoided looking at them from the fear of adding to their bluſhes, and ſat quiet and grave, ſtriving to alleviate his preſent new and deep ſorrow, by participating in the revived happineſs of his brother. But Lavinia ſoon ſaw their mutual diſtreſs, and with apprehenſive affection watched an opportunity to inveſtigate its cauſe.

"But come," cried Sir Hugh, "I ſha'n't wait for thoſe gentlemen to ſhew you what I've done for you, ſeeing they don't wait for me, by their following their own way, which, however, I ſuppoſe they may be with their lawyers, none of thoſe gentlemen having been here, which I think rather ſlow, conſidering the rooms are almoſt ready."

He would now have taken them round the houſe; but, nearly expiring with ſhame, they entreated to be excuſed; and, inſupportably oppreſſed by the cruel diſcovery they had to divulge, ſtole apart to conſult upon what meaſures they ſhould take. They then ſettled that

Camilla

Camilla ſhould accompany Mr. Tyrold to Etherington, but keep off all diſcloſure till the next morning, when Eugenia would arrive, and unfold the ſad tidings.

When they returned to the parlour, they found Sir Hugh, in the innocency of his heart, had forced Indiana, Miſs Margland, and even Dr. Orkborne, to view his improvements for the expected nuptials, judging the diſintereſtedneſs of their pleaſure by his own; though to the two ladies, nothing could be leſs gratifying than preparations for a ſcene in which they were to bear no part, and the Doctor thought every evil genius at work to detain him from his ſtudy and his manuſcripts.

"But what's the oddeſt" cried the Baronet, "of all, is nobody's coming for poor Indiana; which I could never have expected, eſpecially in the point of taking off little Eugenia firſt, whom her own couſin did not think pretty enough; which I can never think over and above

good natured in him, being ſo difficult. However, I hope we ſhall ſoon forget that, now for which reaſon, I forgive him."

Indiana was ſo much piqued, ſhe could ſcarce refrain from relating the portico hiſtory at lord Pervil's; but the Baronet, not remarking her diſcompoſure, turned to Camilla and Eugenia, ſmilingly exclaiming: "Well, my dear girls, I ſha'n't mention what we have been looking at in your abſence, becauſe of your bluſhes, which I hope you approve. But we ſhall ſoon, I hope, ſee it all together, without any of your modeſty's minding it. I ſhall have to pinch a little for it the reſt of the year, which, God knows, will be a pleaſure to me, for the ſake of my two dear girls, as well as of Mr. Edgar; not to mention the new young gentleman; who ſeems a pretty kind of perſon too, though he is not one of our own relations."

He was rather diſappointed when he found Camilla was to go to Etherington, but deſired there might be a general meeting

meeting the next day, when he ſhould alſo invite Dr. Marchmont. "For I think" ſaid he, "he's as little proud as the beſt dunce amongſt us; which makes me like him as well. And I can't ſay but I was as much obliged to him that day about the mad bull, as if he had been one of my nephews or nieces himſelf: which is what I ſha'n't forget."

In the way back to Etherington, Camilla could ſcarce utter a word; and Lavinia, who had juſt gathered from her, in a whiſper "All is over with Edgar!" with divided, but ſilent pity, looked from her father to her ſiſter, thought of her brother, and wept for all three. Mr. Tyrold alone was capable of any exertion. Unwilling to give Camilla, whom he concluded impreſſed with the thouſand ſolicitudes of her impending change of ſituation, any abrupt account of her brother's cruel conduct, he ſpoke with compoſure though not with chearfulneſs, and hoped, by a general gravity, to pre-

pare, without alarming her, for the ill news he muſt inevitably relate. But he ſoon, however, obſerved an exceſs of ſadneſs upon her countenance, far deeper than what he could attribute to the thoughts he had firſt ſuggeſted, and wholly different from an agitation in which though fear bears a part, hope preponderates.

It now ſtruck him that probably Lionel had been at Southampton: for ſo wide was every idea from ſuppoſing any miſchief with Edgar, that, like Sir Hugh, upon his non-appearance, he had concluded him engaged with his lawyer. But of Melmond, leſs ſure, he had been more open in enquiry, and with inexpreſſible concern, for his beloved and unfortunate Eugenia, gathered that the affair was ended: though her ſucceeding plan, by her own deſire, Camilla left for her own explanation.

When they arrived at Etherington, taking her into his ſtudy, "Camilla," he

he ſaid, "tell me, I beg . . . do you know any thing of Lionel?"

An unreſtrained burſt of tears convinced him his conjecture was right, and he ſoon obtained all the particulars of the meeting, except its levity and flightineſs. Where directly queſtioned, no ſifterly tenderneſs could induce her to filial prevarication; but ſhe rejoiced to ſpare her brother all expoſure that mere ſilence could ſpare; and as Mr. Tyrold ſuſpected not her former knowledge of his extravagance and ill conduct, he neither aſked, nor heard, any thing beyond the laſt interview.

At the plan of going abroad, he ſighed heavily, but would take no meaſures to prevent it. Lionel, he ſaw was certain of being caſt in any trial; and though he would not ſtretch out his arm to avert the puniſhment he thought deſerved, he was not ſorry to change the languid waſte of impriſonment at home, for the hardſhips with which he might live upon little abroad.

A calamity such as this seemed cause full sufficient for the distress of Camilla; Mr. Tyrold sought no other; but though she wept, now, at liberty, his very freedom from suspicion and enquiry increased her anguish. "Your happy fate," cried he, "is what most, at this moment supports me; and to that I shall chiefly owe the support of your mother; whom a blow such as this will more bitterly try than the loss of our whole income, or even than the life itself of your brother. Her virtue is above misfortune, but her soul will shudder at guilt."

The horror of Camilla was nearly intolerable at this speech, and the dreadful disappointment which she knew yet to be awaiting her loved parents. "Take comfort, my dearest girl," said Mr. Tyrold, who saw her suffering, "it is yours, for all our sakes to be chearful, for to you we shall owe the worthiest of sons, at the piercing juncture when the weakest and most faulty fails us."

"O my father!" she cried, "speak not

not ſuch words! Lionel himſelf..." ſhe was going to ſay: has made you leſs unhappy than you will be made by me: but ſhe durſt not finiſh her phraſe; ſhe turned away from him her ſtreaming eyes, and ſtopt.

"My deareſt child," he cried, "let not your riſing proſpects be thus dampt by this cruel event. The connection you have formed will be a conſolation to us all. It binds to us for life a character already ſo dear to us; it will afford to our Lavinia, ſhould we leave her ſingle, a certain aſylum; it will give to our Eugenia a counſellor that may ſave her hereafter from fraud and ruin; it may aid poor Lionel, when, ſome time hence, he returns to his country, to return to the right path, whence ſo widely he has ſtrayed; and it will heal with lenient balm the wounded, bleeding boſom of a meritorious but deeply afflicted mother! While to your father, my Camilla...."

Theſe laſt words were not heard; ſuch

a mention of her mother had already overpowered her, and unable to let him keep up his deluſion, ſhe ſupported her ſhaking frame againſt his ſhoulder, and exclaimed in a tone of agony: "O my father! you harrow me to the ſoul!—Edgar has left me!—has left England!—left us all!"——

Shocked, yet nearly incredulous, he inſiſted upon looking at her: her countenance impelled belief. The woe it expreſſed could be excited by nothing leſs than the deprivation of every worldly expectation, and a ſingle glance was an anſwer to a thouſand interrogatories.

Mr. Tyrold now ſat down, with an air between calmneſs and deſpondence, ſaying, "And how has this come to paſs?"

Again ſhe got behind him, and in a voice ſcarce audible, ſaid, Eugenia would, the next morning, explain all.

"Very well, I will wait;" he quietly, but with palpably ſtifled emotions, anſwered: "Go, my love, go to Lavinia; open

open to her your heart; you will find conſolation in her kindneſs. My own, I confeſs, is now weighed down with ſorrow! this laſt and unexpected ſtroke will demand ſome time, ſome ſolitude, to be yielded to as it ought." He then held out to her his hand, which ſhe could ſcarcely approach from trembling, and ſcarcely kiſs for weeping, and added: "I know what you feel for me—and know, too, that my loſs to yours is nothing,—for yours is not to be eſtimated! you are young, however, and, with yourſelf, it may paſs away . . . but your mother—my heart, Camilla, is rent for your unfortunate mother!"

He then embraced her, called Lavinia, and retired for the night.

Terribly it paſſed with them all.

The next morning, before they aſſembled to breakfaſt, Eugenia was in the chamber of Camilla.

She entered with a bright beam upon her countenance, which, in defiance of the ravaging diſtemper that had altered

her, gave it an expreſſion almoſt celeſtial. It was the pure emanation of virtue, of diſintereſted, of even heroic virtue. "Camilla!" ſhe cried, "all is ſettled with my uncle! Indiana... you will not wonder—conſents; and already this morning I have written to Mr. Mel---"

With all her exaltation, her voice faultered at the name, and, with a faint ſmile, but deep bluſh, ſhe called for the congratulations of her ſiſter upon her ſpeedy ſucceſs.

"Ah, far more than my congratulations, my eſteem, my veneration is yours, dear and generous Eugenia! true daughter of my mother! and proudeſt recompence of my father!"

She was not ſufficiently ſerene to give any particulars of the tranſaction; and Mr. Tyrold ſoon ſent for her to his room.

Camilla, trembling and hanging over her, ſaid: "You will do for me, I know better than I could do for myſelf;—but

ſpare

ſpare poor Lionel — and be juſt to Edgar!—

Eugenia ſtrictly obeyed: in ſparing Lionel ſhe ſpared alſo her father, whom his highly unfeeling behaviour with regard to Sir Sedley would yet further have incenſed and grieved; and, in doing juſtice to Edgar, ſhe flattered herſelf ſhe prevented an alienation from one yet deſtined to be nearly allied to him, ſince time, ſhe ſtill hoped, would effect the reconciliation of Camilla with the youth whom—next to Melmond—ſhe thought the moſt amiable upon earth.

Mr. Tyrold, by this means, gathered no further intelligence than that they had parted upon ſome mutual, though ſlight diſſatisfaction. He hoped, therefore, with Eugenia, they might ſoon meet again; and reſolved, till he could better judge what might prove the event, to keep this diſtreſs from Sir Hugh.

He then met Camilla with the moſt conſolatory kindneſs; yet would not truſt her ardent mind with the hopes he

cheriſhed himſelf, dreading infinitely more to give than to receive diſappointment. He blamed her for admitting any doubts of the true regard of Edgar, in whom promiſe was always ſhort of performance, and whom he conceived diſpleaſed by unjuſt ſuſpicions, or offended by undue expectations of profeſſions, which the very ſincerity of his rational and manly character prevented him from making.

Camilla heard in ſilence ſuggeſtions ſhe could not anſwer, without relating the hiſtory of Sir Sedley: 'No, Lionel, no!' ſhe ſaid to herſelf, 'I will not now betray you! I have loſt all!—and now the loſs to me is irreparable, ſhall I blaſt you yet further to my poor father, whoſe deepeſt ſigh is already for your miſconduct?'

The ſtory of Eugenia herſelf he learnt with true admiration, and gave to her magnanimity its deareſt mede, in her mother's promiſed, and his own immediate approbation.

But Sir Hugh, notwithſtanding all

Eugenia

Eugenia could urge in favour of Melmond, had heard her account with grief and reſentment. All, however, being actually ready for the double wedding, he could not, he ſaid, anſwer to his conſcience doing ſo much for the reſt, and refuſing the ſame for Indiana, whom he called upon to accept or reject the preparations made for her couſin.

Indiana ſtood fluttering for a few minutes between the exultation of being the firſt bride, and the mortification of marrying a man without fortune or title. But the obſervation of Sir Hugh, upon the oddity of her marrying the laſt, ſhe was piqued with a moſt earneſt ambition to reverſe. Nor did Melmond himſelf go for nothing in this affair, as all ſhe had of heart he had been the firſt to touch.

She retired for a ſhort conference with Miſs Margland, who was nearly in an equal dilemma, from unwillingneſs to diſpoſe of her beautiful pupil without a title, and from eagerneſs to quit Cleves, which

which ſhe thought a convent for dullneſs, and a priſon for confinement. Melmond had ſtrongly in his favour the received maxim amongſt match-makers, that a young lady without fortune has a leſs and leſs chance of getting off upon every public appearance, which they call a public failure: their joint deliberations were, however, interrupted by an abrupt intruſion of Molly Mill, who announced ſhe had juſt heard that Miſs Dennel was going to be married.

This information ended the diſcuſſion. The diſgrace of a bridal appearance anticipated in the nighbourhood by ſuch a chit, made Indiana haſtily run down ſtairs, and tell her uncle that the merit of Melmond determined her to refuſe every body for his ſake.

A man and horſe, therefore, at break of day the next morning, was ſent off by Eugenia to Southampton with theſe words:

To FREDERIC MELMOND, *Esq;*

You will be welcome, Sir, at Cleves, where you will forget, I hope, every painful ſenſation, in the happineſs which awaits you, and diſmiſs all retroſpection, to return with ſincerity the ſerene friendſhip of

EUGENIA TYROLD.

Mr. Tyrold now viſited Cleves with only his younger daughter, and excuſed the non-appearance there, for the preſent, of Camilla; acknowledging that ſome peculiar incidents, which he could not yet explain, kept Mandlebert away, and muſt poſtpone the celebration of the marriage.

The vexation this gave Sir Hugh, redoubled his anxiety to break to him the evil by degrees, if to break it to him at all ſhould become indiſpenſable.

CHAP. VIII.

A Hint for Debtors.

MR. Tyrold was well aware that to keep from Sir Hugh the affliction of Camilla, he muſt keep from him Camilla herſelf: for though her ſighs ſhe could ſuppreſs, and her tears diſperſe, her voice had loſt its tone, her countenance its gaiety; her eyes no longer ſparkled, her very ſmiles betrayed anguiſh. He was the laſt to wonder at her ſufferings, for Edgar was nearly as dear to him as herſelf; but he knew not, that, added to this annihilation of happineſs, her peace was conſumed by her ſecret knowledge of the blows yet impending for himſelf and for her uncle. Concealment, always abhorrent to her nature, had, till now, been unknown even to her thoughts; and its weight, from a ſpecies of culpability that ſeemed attached to

 its

its practice, was, at times, more dreadful to bear than the loſs even of Edgar himſelf. The latter blackened every proſpect of felicity; but the former, ſtill more tremendous to the pure principles in which ſhe had been educated, ſeemed to ſtrike even at her innocence. The firſt wiſh of an ingenuous mind is to anticipate even enquiry; the feeling, therefore, that moſt heavily weighs it down, is any fear of detection.

While they were at breakfaſt the following morning, the ſervant brought in the name of Dr. Marchmont.

Camilla felt nearly fainting. Why he was come—whence—whether Edgar accompanied him—or ſent by him any meſſage—whether he were returned to Beach Park—or ſailed for the Continent ——were doubts that preſſed ſo faſt, and ſo vehemently upon her mind, that ſhe feared to quit the room leſt ſhe ſhould meet Edgar in the paſſage, and feared ſtill more to continue in it, leſt Dr. Marchmont ſhould enter without him.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold, who participated in all her feelings, and ſhared the ſame ideas, gently committed her to Lavinia, and went into his ſtudy to the doctor.

His own illuſion was there quickly deſtroyed. The looks of Dr. Marchmont boded nothing that was happy. They wore not their cuſtomary expreſſion. The gravity of Mr. Tyrold ſhewed a mind prepared for ill news, if not already oppreſſed with it, and the doctor, after a few general ſpeeches, delivered the letter from Edgar.

Mr. Tyrold received it with a ſecret ſhuddering: "Where," he ſaid, "is Mandlebert at preſent?"

"I believe, by this time — at the Hague,"

This ſentence, with the grieved, yet ſtill air and tone of voice which accompanied it, was death at once to every flattering hope: he immediately read the letter, which, conceived in the tendereſt terms of reverence and affection, took a ſhort and ſimple, though touchingly reſpectful

ſpectful leave of the purpoſed connection, and demoliſhed at once every diſtant view of future conciliation.

He hung his head a moment, and ſighed from the bottom of his heart; but the reſignation which he ſummoned upon every ſorrow was never deaf to his call, and when he had ſecretly ejaculated a ſhort and ſilent prayer for fortitude to his beloved wife, he turned calmly to the doctor, and began converſing upon other affairs.

Dr. Marchmont preſumed not to manifeſt the commiſeration with which he was filled. He ſaw the true chriſtian, enduring with humility misfortune, and the reſpectable parent ſupporting the dignity of his daughter by his own. To the firſt character, complaint was forbidden; to the ſecond, it would have been degrading. He looked at him with veneration, but to ſpare further uſeleſs and painful efforts, ſoon took leave.

Mr. Tyrold, ſhaking hands with him, ſaid, as they were parting, "when you write

write to Mandlebert, assure him of my constant affection. The world, Dr. Marchmont is too full of real evil, for me at least, to cause one moment of unnecessary uneasiness to any of its poor pilgrims. 'Tis strange, my dear doctor, this is not more generally considered, since the advantage would be so reciprocal from man to man. But wrapt up in our own short moment, we forget our neighbour's long hour! and existence is ultimately embittered to all, by the refined susceptibility for ourselves that monopolizes our feelings."

Doctor Marchmont, who in this last sentence construed a slight reflection upon Edgar, expressively answered, "Our sensibility for others is not always dormant, because not apparent.—How much of worth and excellence may two characters separately possess, where yet there are disuniting particles which impede their harmonizing with each other!"

Mr. Tyrold, powerfully struck, saw now the general nature of the conceptions

tions which had cauſed this lamented breach. He could not concur, but he would not attempt to controvert: opinion in this caſe muſt have even the precedence of juſtice. If Edgar thought his daughter of a diſpoſition with which his own could not ſympathiſe, it were vain to expatiate upon her virtues or her ſweetneſs; that one doubt previouſly taken might mar their aſſimilating efficacy. Comprehending, therefore, the cauſe at large, he deſired no detail; the words of Dr. Marchmont, though deciſive, were not offenſive, and they parted perfect friends, each perceiving, yet forgiving, that each caſt upon the other the error of falſe reaſoning; Edgar to the one, and Camilla to the other, appearing faultleſs in the ſeparation.

But not in the taſks which ſucceeded were their offices as eaſily to be compared. Dr. Marchmont wrote to Edgar that all was quietly relinquiſhed, and his meaſures were honourably acquited; while Mr. Tyrold, ſhut up in his ſtudy, ſpent

ſpent there ſome of the ſevereſt minutes of his life, in ſtruggling for the equanimity he covetted to pronounce to his daughter this laſt doom. Pity for her ſuſpence accelerated his efforts, and he then ſent for her down ſtairs.

His utmoſt compoſure, in ſuch an interview, was highly neceſſary for both. The pale and trembling Camilla advanced with downcaſt eyes; but when he took her in his arms, and kiſſed her, a ſudden ray of hope ſhot acroſs her quick imagination, and ſhe looked up: an inſtant was now ſufficient to rectify her miſtake. The tenderneſs of her father wore no air of congratulation, it was the mere offspring of compaſſion, and the woe with which it was mixt, though mild, though patient, was too potent to require words for explanation.

The glance ſufficed; her head dropt, her tears in torrents bathed his boſom; and ſhe retired to Lavinia while yet neither of them had ſpoken.

Mr. Tyrold, contented with virtuous

exertions, demanded not impoſſibilities; he left to nature that firſt grief which too early exhortation or controul rather inflames than appeaſes. He then brought her back to his apartment.

He conjured her, there, to remember that ſhe grieved not alone; that where the tears flowed not ſo faſt from the eyes, the ſources were not dry whence they ſprung, and that bridled ſorrow was ſometimes the moſt ſuffering.

"Alas, my deareſt father, to think you mourn too—and for me!—will that leſſen what I feel?"

"Yes, my dear child, by a generous duty it will point out to watch that the exceſs of one affliction involve you not in another."

"What a motive," ſhe anſwered, "for exertion! If the ſmalleſt part of your happineſs—of my honoured mother's—depends upon mine, I ſhall be unhappy, I think, no more!"

A guſh of tears ill accorded with this fond declaration; but Mr. Tyrold, without

out noticing them, kindly replied, "Let your filial affection, my child, check the inordinacy of your affliction, and I will accept with pleasure for your virtuous mother, and with thanks for myself, the exertion which, beginning for our sakes, may lead you to that self denial which is the parent of our best human actions, and approximates us the most to what is divine."

Broken-hearted as was Camilla, her sorrows would, at least apparently, have abated from consolation so tender, if all she felt had been known; if no latent and lurking evil had hung upon her spirits, defeating all argument, and blighting all comfort, by the cruel consciousness of concealed mischief, which while incessantly she studied the best moment for revealing, accident might prematurely betray.

Upon this subject her thoughts were unremittingly bent, till, in a few days time, she received a letter from Mrs. Mittin, informing her she had just seen the money-

money-lender, Mr. Clykes, who, finding her ſo much under age, would not undertake the buſineſs for leſs than ten per cent. nor without a free premium of at leaſt twenty pounds.

The latter demand, ſo entirely out of her power to grant, gave to her the mental ſtrength ſhe had yet ſought in vain; and determining to end this baneful ſecret, ſhe ſeized her own firſt moment of emotion to relate to her father the whole of her diſtreſſes, and caſt herſelf upon his mercy.

I ſhall be happier, ſhe cried, much happier, as, with tottering ſteps, ſhe hurried to the ſtudy; he will be lenient, I know;—and even if not, what diſpleaſure can I incur ſo ſevere as the eternal apprehenſion of doing wrong?

But her plan, though well formed, had fixed upon an ill-timed moment for its execution. She entered the room with an agitation which rather ſought than ſhunned remark, that ſome enquiry might make an opening for her confeſſion: but

Mr. Tyrold was intently reading a letter, and examining ſome papers, from which he raiſed not his eyes at her approach. She ſtood fearfully before him till he had done; but then, ſtill not looking up, he leant his head upon his hand, with a countenance ſo diſturbed, that, alarmed from her deſign, by the apprehenſion he had received ſome ill tidings from Liſbon, ſhe aſked, in a faint voice, if the foreign poſt were come in?

"I hope not!" he anſwered: "I ſhould look with pain, at this moment, upon the hand of your unhappy mother!"

Camilla, affrighted, knew not now what to conjecture; but gliding into her pocket the letter of Mrs. Mittin, ſtood ſuſpended from her purpoſe.

"What a reception," he preſently added, "is preparing for that nobleſt of women when her exile may end! That epoch, to which I have looked forward as the brightener of my every view upon earth—how is it now clouded!"

Giving her, then, the letter and papers;

"The

"The ſon," he ſaid, "who once I had hoped would prove the guardian of his ſiſters, the honour of his mother's days, the future prop of my own—See, Camilla, on how ſandy a foundation mortal man builds mortal hopes!"

The letter was from a very reſpectable tradeſman, containing a complaint that, for the three years Lionel had been at the Univerſity, he had never paid one bill, though he continually ordered new articles: and begging Mr. Tyrold would have the goodneſs to ſettle the accounts he encloſed; the young gentleman, after fixing a day for payment, having ſuddenly abſconded without notice to any one.

"The ſum, you ſee," continued Mr. Tyrold, "amounts to one hundred and ſeventy-one pounds; a ſum, for my income, enormous. The allowance I made this cruel boy, was not only adequate to all his proper wants, and reaſonable deſires, but all I could afford without diſtreſſing myſelf, or injuring my

other children: yet it has ſerved him, I imagine, but for pocket money! The immenſe ſums he has extorted from both his uncles, muſt have been ſwallowed up at a gaming table. Into what wretched courſes has he run! Theſe bills, large as they are, I regard but as forerunners of others; all he has received he has ſquandered upon his vices, and to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, I may expect an encreaſing liſt of his debts, from his hatter, his hoſier, his ſhoe-maker, his taylor,—and whoever he has employed.

Camilla, overwhelmed with internal ſhame, yet more powerful than grief itſelf, ſtood motionleſs. Theſe expences appeared but like a ſecond part of her own, with her milliner, her jeweller, and her haberdaſher; which now ſeemed to herſelf not leſs wanton in extravagance.

Surpriſed by her entire ſilence, Mr. Tyrold looked up. Her cheeks, rather livid than pale, and the deep diſmay of her countenance, extremely affected him. The kindneſs of his embraces relieved

her

her by melting her into tears, though the ſpeech which accompanied them was, to her conſciouſneſs, but reproach: "Let not your ſiſterly feelings thus ſubdue you, my deareſt Camilla. Be comforted that you have given us no affliction yourſelf, ſave what we muſt feel for your own undeſervedly altered proſpects. No unthinking imprudence, no unfeeling ſelfiſhneſs, has ever, for an inſtant, driven from your thoughts what you owe to your duty, or weakened your pleaſure in every endearing filial tie. Let this chear you, my child; and let us all try to ſubmit calmly to our general diſappointment."

Praiſe thus ill-timed, rather probed than healed her wounds. Am I puniſhed? am I puniſhed? She internally exclaimed; but could not bear to meet the eyes of her father, whoſe indulgence ſhe felt as if abuſing, and whoſe good opinion ſeemed now but a deluſion. Again, he made her over to the gentle Lavinia for comfort, and fearing ſerious

ill effects from added misery, exerted himself, from this time, to appear chearful when she was present.

His predictions failed not to be fulfilled: the application made by one creditor, soon reached every other, and urged similar measures. Bills therefore, came in daily, with petitions for payment; and as Lionel still wanted a month or two of being of age, his creditors depended with confidence upon the responsibility of his father.

Nor here closed the claims springing from general ill conduct. Two young men of fashion, hard pressed for their own failures, stated to Mr. Tyrold the debts of honour owing them from Lionel: and three notorious gamesters, who had drawn in the unthinking youth to his ruin, enforced the same information, with a hint that, if they were left unsatisfied, the credit of the young man would fall the sacrifice of their ill treatment.

The absence of Mrs. Tyrold at this period,

period, by ſparing her daily difficulty as well as pain, was rejoiced in by her huſband; though never ſo ſtrongly had he wanted her aiding counſel, her equal intereſt, and her conſoling participation. Obliged to act without them, his deliberation was ſhort and deciſive for his meaſures, but long and painful for their means of execution. He at once determined to pay, though for the laſt time, all the trades people; but the manner of obtaining the money required more conſideration.

The bills, when all collected, amounted to ſomething above five hundred pounds, which was but one hundred ſhort of his full yearly income.

Of this, he had always contrived to lay by an hundred pounds annually, which ſum, with its accumulating intereſt, was deſtined to be divided between Lavinia and Camilla. Eugenia required nothing; and Lionel was to inherit the paternal little fortune. The portion of Mrs. Tyrold, which was ſmall, the eſtate

of her father having been almoſt all entailed upon Mr. Relvil, was to be divided equally amongſt her children.

To take from the little hoard which, with ſo tender a care, he had heaped for the daughters, ſo large a ſhare for the ſon, and to anſwer demands ſo unduly raiſed, and ill deſerved, was repulſive to his inclination, and ſhocked his ſtrong ſenſe of equal juſtice. To apply to Mr. Relvil would be prepoſterous; for though upon him dwelt all his ultimate hopes for Lionel, he knew him, at this moment, to be ſo ſuffering and ſo irritated by his means, that to hear of any new miſdemeanours might incenſe him to an irrevocable diſinheritance.

With regard to Sir Hugh, nothing was too much to expect from his generous kindneſs; yet he knew that his bountiful heart had always kept his income from overflowing; and that, for three years paſt, Lionel had drained it without mercy. His preparations, alſo, for the double marriages had, of late, much

much ſtraitened him. To take up even the ſmalleſt part of what, in leſs expenſive times, he had laid by, he would regard as a breach of his ſolemn vow, by which he imagined himſelf bound to leave Eugenia the full property ſhe would have poſſeſſed, had he died inſtantly upon making it. Reaſon might have ſhewn this a tie of ſupererogation; but where any man conceived himſelf obeying the dictates of his conſcience, Mr. Tyrold held his motives too ſacred for diſpute.

The painful reſult of this afflicting meditation, was laying before his daughters the whole of his difficulties, and demanding if they would willingly concur in paying their brother's bills from their appropriate little ſtore, by adopting an altered plan of life, and ſevere ſelf-denial of their preſent eaſe and elegance, to aid its ſpeedy replacement.

Their ſatisfaction in any expedient to ſerve their brother that ſeemed to fall upon themſelves, was ſincere, was even

joyful: but they jointly beſought that the ſum might be freely taken up, and deducted for ever more from the hoard; ſince no earthly gratification could be ſo great to them, as contributing their mite to prevent any deprivation of domeſtic enjoyment to their beloved parents.

His eyes gliſtened, but not from grief; it was the pleaſure of virtuous happineſs in their purity of filial affection. But though he knew their ſincerity, he would not liſten to their petition. "You are not yet," ſaid he, "aware what your future calls may be for money. What I have yet been able to ſave, without this unexpected ſeizure, would be inadequate to your even decent maintenance, ſhould any accident ſtop ſhort its encreaſe. Weep not, my dear children! my health is ſtill good, and my proſpect of lengthened life ſeems fair. It would be, however, a temporal folly as well as a ſpiritual preſumption, to forget the precarious tenure of human exiſtence. My life, my dear girls, will be happier, without being

ſhorter, for making proviſions for its worldly ceſſation."

"But, Sir! but my father!" cried Camilla, hanging over him, and loſing in filial tenderneſs her perſonal diſtreſſes; "if your manner of living is altered, and my dear mother returns home and ſees you relinquiſhing any of your ſmall, your temperate indulgencies, may it not yet more embitter her ſufferings and her diſpleaſure for the unhappy cauſe? For her ſake then, if not for ours"——

"Do not turn away, deareſt Sir!" cried Lavinia; "what mother ever merited to have her peace the firſt ſtudy of her children, if it is not ours?"

"O Providence benign!" ſaid Mr. Tyrold, folding them to his heart, "how am I yet bleſſed in my children!—True and excellent daughters of my invaluable wife—this little narration is the ſolace I ſhall have to offer for the grief I muſt communicate."

He would not, however, hearken to their propoſition; his peace, he ſaid, re-

quired not only immediate meaſures for replacing what he muſt borrow, but alſo that no chaſm ſhould have lieu in funding his uſual annual ſum for them. All he would accept was the ſame ſevere forbearance he ſhould inſtantly practice himſelf, and which their mother, when reſtored to them, would be the firſt to adopt and improve. And this, till its end was anſwered, they would all ſteadily continue, and then, with chearful ſelf-approvance, reſume their wonted comforts.

Mr. Tyrold had too frequent views of the brevity of human life to poſtpone, even from one ſun to another, any action he deemed eſſential. A new general ſyſtem, therefore, immediately pervaded his houſe. Two of the ſervants, with whom he beſt could diſpenſe, were diſcharged; which hurt him more than any other privation, for he loved, and was loved by every domeſtic who lived with him. His table, always ſimple though elegant, was now reduced to plain neceſ-

ſaries;

ſaries; he parted with every horſe, but one to whoſe long ſervices he held himſelf a debtor; and whatever, throughout the whole œconomy of his ſmall eſtabliſhment, admitted ſimplifying, deducting, or aboliſhment, received, without delay, its requiſite alteration or diſmiſſion.

Theſe new regulations were quietly, but completely, put in practice, before he would diſcharge one bill for his ſon; to whom, nevertheleſs, though his conduct was ſtrict, his feelings were ſtill lenient. He attributed not to moral turpitude his errours nor his crimes, but to the prevalence of ill example, and to an unjuſtifiable and dangerous levity, which irreſiſtibly led him to treat with mockery and trifling the moſt ſerious ſubjects. The puniſhment, however, which he had now drawn upon himſelf, would yet, he hoped, touch his heart.

But the debts called debts of honour, met not with ſimilar treatment. He anſwered with ſpirited reſentment demands

mands he deemed highly flagitious, counſelling thoſe who ſent them, when next they applied to an unhappy family to whoſe calamities they had contributed, to enquire firſt if its principles, as well as its fortune, made the hazards of gaming amongſt its domeſtic reſponſibilities.

CHAP. IX.

A Lover's Eye.

THE ſerenity of virtue would now again have made its abode the breaſt of Mr. Tyrold, but for the conſtant wretchedneſs to which he ſaw his daughter a prey. With the benigneſt pity he ſtrove to revive her; a pity unabated by any wonder, unalloyed with any blame. His wonder fell all upon Edgar, whom he conſidered as refining away mortal happineſs, by diſſatisfaction that it was not divine; but his cenſure, which he reſerved wholly for vice, exonerated them both. Still however, he flattered himſelf that ere long, to her youthful mind and native chearfulneſs, tranquillity, if not felicity, would imperceptibly return, from ſuch a union for exertion of filial and ſiſterly duties: that induſtry would ſweeten reſt, virtue gild privation, and ſelf-

ſelf-approvance convert every ſacrifice into enjoyment.

But peace ſuch as this was far from her boſom. While the deſertion of Edgar had tolled the death bell to all her hopes, an unremitting contention diſturbed her mind, whether to avow or conceal her ſituation with regard to the money-lender. The reflections of every night brought a diſſatisfaction in her conduct, which determined her upon an openneſs the moſt undiſguiſed for the following morning: but timidity, and the deſire of reprieve from the fearful taſk, again, the following morning, regularly poſtponed her purpoſe.

In the firſt horror occaſioned by her father's diſtreſs from the bills of her brother, ſhe wrote a ſupplicating letter to Mrs. Mittin, to intreat ſhe would endeavour to quiet her creditors till ſhe could arrange ſomething for their payment. And while this produced a correſpondence replete with danger, difficulty, and impropriety, a new circumſtance

ſtance occurred, which yet more cruelly embittered her conflicting emotions. Lavinia, in the virtuous eagerneſs of her heart to forward the general œconomy, inſiſted wholly to relinquiſh, for this year, her appropriate allowance; declaring that, by careful management, ſhe could diſpenſe with any thing new, and that the very few expences ſhe might find utterly unavoidable, ſhe would demand from time to time as they occurred. Camilla, at this propoſition, retreated, in agony, to her chamber. To make the ſame was impoſſible; for how, then, find intereſt for the money-lender? yet to withſtand ſo juſt an example, ſeemed a diſgrace to every duty and every feeling.

Lavinia, who, in her countenance and abrupt departure, read the new diſtreſs ſhe had incautiouſly excited, with a thouſand ſelf-reproaches followed her. She had conſidered but the common cauſe when ſhe ſpoke, without weighing the ſtrange appearance of not being ſeconded by her ſiſter: But her mind was amongſt

amongſt the laſt to covet the narrow praiſe of inſidious compariſon; and her concern for the propoſal ſhe had made, when ſhe ſaw its effect, was as deep as that of Camilla in hearing it, though not attended with the ſame aggravations.

Mr. Tyrold remained utterly ſurprized. The generous and diſintereſted nature of Camilla, made it impoſſible to ſuſpect her reſtrained by a greater love of money than Lavinia; and he could not endure to ſuppoſe her late viſits to public places, had rendered perſonal œconomy more painful. But he would make no enquiry that might ſeem a reproach; nor ſuffer any privation or contribution that was not chearful and voluntary.

* * * *

The purchaſes for the wedding of Miſs Dennel being now made, that young lady came down to the country to ſolemnize her nuptials, accompanied by Mrs.

Mrs. Mittin, who inſtantly viſited Camilla. She could ſettle nothing, ſhe ſaid, with the money-lender, without the premium; but ſhe had coaxed all the creditors, by aſſuring them, that, as the debtor was a great heireſs, they were certain of their money when ſhe came to her eſtate. Camilla could not endure to owe their forbearance to a falſhood; though to convince Mrs. Mittin of her errour, in contradiction to the aſſertion of Lionel, was a vain attempt. The buſineſs, however, preſſed; and to keep back theſe but too juſt claimants was her preſent moſt fervent deſire. Mrs. Mittin was amongſt the moſt expert of expedient-mongers, and ſoon ſtarted a method for raiſing the premium. She aſked to look at what Camilla poſſeſſed of trinkets: and the prize ear-rings of Tunbridge, the ear-rings and necklace of Southampton, and ſeveral ſmall toys occaſionally given her, were collected. The locket ſhe alſo demanded, to make weight; but neither

that,

that, nor the peculiar gifts, as keep-ſakes, of her father, mother, or uncle, conſiſting of a ſeal, a ring, and a watch, would ſhe part with. What ſhe would relinquiſh, however, Mrs. Mittin diſpoſed of to one of her numerous friends; but they raiſed only, when intrinſically valued, ſixteen pounds. Lavinia then inſiſted upon coming forward with a contribution of every trinket ſhe was worth, ſave what had the ſame ſacred motives of detention: and the twenty pounds, without any ceremony of acknowledgment, were delivered to Mr. Clykes; who then took into his own hands the payment of the hundred and eighteen pounds; for which he received a bond, ſigned by Camilla, and witneſſed by Mrs. Mittin; and another note of hand, promiſing ten per cent. intereſt for the ſum, till the principal were repaid. Theſe two notes, he acknowledged, were mere pledges of honour, as the law would treat her as an infant: but he never acted without them, as they prevented miſtakes in private dealings.

This

This important affair arranged, Camilla felt ſomewhat more at eaſe; ſhe was relieved from hourly alarms, and left the miſtreſs to make her confeſſion as circumſtances directed. But ſhe obtained not for nothing the agency of Mrs. Mittin, who was not a character to leave ſelf out of conſideration in her tranſactions for others; and at every viſit made at Etherington from this time, ſhe obſerved ſomething in the apparel of Camilla that was utterly old faſhioned, or too mean for her to wear; but which would do well enough for herſelf, when vamped up, as ſhe knew how. Her obligations and inexperience made it impoſſible to her to reſiſt, though, at this ſeaſon of ſaving care, ſhe gave up nothing which ſhe could not have rendered uſeful, by induſtry and contrivance.

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During this unhappy period at Etherington, a brighter, though not unclouded ſcene,

ſcene, was exhibited at Cleves. Melmond arrived; he was permitted to pay his addreſſes to the fair Indiana, and believed felicity celeſtial accorded to him even upon earth.

But this adored object herſelf ſuffered ſome ſevere repining at her fate, when ſhe ſaw, from her window, her lover gallop into the park without equipage, without domeſtics, and mounted on a hired horſe. The grimacing ſhrugs of Miſs Margland ſhewed ſhe entered into this mortification; and they were nearly conſpiring to diſmiſs the ignoble pretender, when a letter, which he modeſtly ſent up, from his ſiſter, inviting Indiana to paſs a few weeks in Groſvenor Square, once again ſecured the intereſt of the brother. She ſuffered, therefore, Sir Hugh to hand her down ſtairs, and the enamoured Melmond thought himſelf the moſt bleſt of men.

The ſight of ſuch eager enjoyment, and the really amiable qualities of this youth, ſoon completely reconciled the Baronet

Baronet to this new buſineſs; for he ſaw no reaſon, he ſaid, in fact, why one niece had not as good a right to be married firſt as another. The generous and ſentimental Eugenia never ceaſed her kind offices, and ſteadily wore an air of tolerable chearfulneſs all day, though her pillow was nightly wetted with tears for her unfortunate lot.

Nor, with all her native equanimity and acquired philoſophy, was this a ſituation to bring back ſerenity. The enthuſiaſtic raptures of Melmond elevated him, in her eyes, to ſomething above human; and while his adoration of Indiana preſented to her a picture of all ſhe thought moſt faſcinating, his grateful ſoftneſs of reſpect to herſelf, was penetratingly touching to her already conquered heart.

Indiana, meanwhile, began ere long, to catch ſome of the pleaſure ſhe inſpired. The paſſionate animation of Melmond, ſoon not only reſumed its firſt power, but became even eſſential to her

her. No one elſe had yet ſeemed to think her ſo completely a goddeſs, except Mr. Macderſey, whom ſhe ſcarce expected ever to ſee again. With Melmond ſhe could do nothing that did not make her appear to him ſtill more lovely: and though her whims, thus indulged, became almoſt endleſs, they but kindled with freſh flame his admiration. If ſhe fretted, he thought her all ſenſibility; if ſhe pouted, all dignity; if her laughter was unmeaning, ſhe was made up of innocent gaiety: if what ſhe ſaid was ſhallow, he called her the child of pure nature; if ſhe were angry, how becoming was her ſpirit! if illiberal, how noble was her frankneſs! Her perſon charmed his eye, but his own imagination framed her mind, and while his enchanted faculties were the mere ſlaves of her beauty, they perſuaded themſelves they were vanquiſhed by every other perfection.

* * * *

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold had not yet related Edgar's defection to Sir Hugh; though from the moment the time of hope was paſt, he wiſhed to end that of expectation. But the preſſure of the affairs of Lionel detained him at Etherington, and he could not bear to give grief to his brother, till he could ſoften its effect by the conſolation of ſome reſidence at Cleves. This time now arrived; and the next day was fixed for his painful taſk, in which he meant to ſpare Camilla any ſhare, when Jacob begged immediate admittance into the ſtudy, where Mr. Tyrold and his daughters were drinking tea.

His ſcared look inſtantly announced ill news. Mr. Tyrold was alarmed, Lavinia was frightened, and Camilla exclaimed, "Jacob, ſpeak at once!"

He begged to ſit down.

Camilla ran to get him a chair.

"Is my brother well, Jacob?" cried Mr. Tyrold.

"Why, pretty well, conſidering, Sir,—but theſe are vaſt bad times for us!"

"O! if my uncle is but well," cried Camilla, relieved from her firſt dreadful doubt, "all, I hope, will do right!"

"Why, ay, Miſs," ſaid Jacob, ſmiling, "I knew you'd be maſter's beſt comfort; and ſo I told him, and ſo he ſays, for that matter himſelf, as I've got to tell you from him. But, for all that, he takes on prodigious bad. I never ſaw him in the like way, except juſt that time when Miſs Geny had the ſmall pox."

They all ſupplicated him to forbear further comments, and then gathered, that a money-agent, employed by young Lynmere, had juſt arrived at Cleves; where, with bitter complaints, he related that, having been duped into believing him heir to Sir Hugh Tyrold, he had been prevailed with to grant him money, from time to time, to pay certain bills, contracted not only there, but in London,

don, for goods ſent thence by his order, to the amount of near thirteen hundred pounds, without the intereſt, of which he ſhould give a ſeparate account; that he had vainly applied to the young gentleman for re-imburſement, who finally aſſured him he was juſt diſinherited by his uncle. No hope, therefore, remained to ſave him from the ruin of this affair, but in the compaſſion of the Baronet, which he now came to moſt humbly ſolicit.

While Mr. Tyrold, in ſilent ſurpriſe and concern, liſtened to an account that placed his brother in difficulties ſo ſimilar to his own, Camilla, ſinking back in her chair, looked pale, looked almoſt lifeleſs. The hiſtory of the debts ſhe already knew, and had daily expected to hear; but the circumſtance of the money-lender, and the deluſion concerning the inheritance, ſo reſembled her own terrible, and yet unknown ſtory, that ſhe felt perſonally involved in all the ſhame and horror of the relation.

Mr. Tyrold, who believed her ſuffer-

ing all for her uncle, made further enquiries, while Lavinia tenderly ſuſtained her. "Don't take on ſo, dear Miſs," ſaid Jacob, "for all our hope is in you, as Maſter and I both ſaid; and he bid me tell your papa, that if he'd only give young 'Squire Mandlebert a jog, to egg him on, that he might not be ſo ſhilly ſhally, as ſoon as ever the wedding's over, he'd accept his kind invitation to Beech Park, and bide there till he got clear, as one may ſay."

Mr. Tyrold now required no aſſigned motive for the exceſſive diſtreſs of his daughter, and haſtened to turn Jacob from this too terribly trying ſubject, by ſaying, "My brother then means to pay theſe demands?"

"Lauk, yes, Sir! his honour pays every thing as any body aſks him; only he ſays he don't know how, becauſe of having no more money, being ſo hard run with all our preparations we have been making this laſt fortnight."

Camilla, with every moment encreaſ-

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ing agitation, hid her face againſt Lavinia; but Mr. Tyrold, with ſome energy, ſaid: "The intereſt, at leaſt, I hope he will not diſcharge; for thoſe dangerous vultures, who lie in wait for the weak or erring, to encourage their frailties or vices, by affording them means to purſue them, deſerve much ſeverer puniſhment, than merely loſing a recompenſe for their iniquitous ſnares."

This was quite too much for the already diſordered Camilla; ſhe quitted her ſiſter, glided out of the room, and delivered herſelf over as a prey no longer to ſorrow but remorſe. Her conduct ſeemed to have been preciſely the conduct of Clermont, and ſhe felt herſelf dreadfully implicated as one of the *weak or erring*, guilty of *frailties or vices*.

That an uncle ſo dearly loved ſhould believe ſhe was forming an eſtabliſhment which would afford him an aſylum during his difficulties, now every proſpect of that eſtabliſhment was over, was

ſo heart-piercing a circumſtance, that to her father it ſeemed ſufficient for the whole of what ſhe endured. He made her over, therefore, to Lavinia, while he haſtened to Cleves; for Jacob, when he had ſaid all he was ordered to ſay, all he had gathered himſelf, and all he was able to ſuggeſt, finiſhed with letting him know that his maſter begged he would ſet out that very moment.

The time of his abſence was ſpent by Camilla in an anguiſh that, at his return, ſeemed quite to have changed her. He was alarmed, and redoubled his tenderneſs; but his tenderneſs was no longer her joy. He knows not, ſhe thought, whom he careſſes; knows not that the wounds juſt beginning to heal for the ſon, are ſoon to be again opened for the daughter!

Yet her affections were all awake to enquire after her uncle; and when ſhe heard that nothing could ſo much ſooth him as her ſight, all fear of his comments, all terror of exertion, ſubſided in the

the poſſible chance of conſoling him: and Mr. Tyrold, who thought every act of duty led to chearfulneſs, ſent to deſire the carriage might fetch her the next morning.

He paſſed ſlightly over to Camilla the ſcene he had himſelf gone through; but he confeſſed to Lavinia its difficulty and pain. Sir Hugh had acknowledged he had drawn his bankers dry, yet had merely current caſh to go on till the next quarter, whence he intended to deduct the further expences of the weddings. Nevertheleſs, he was determined upon paying every ſhilling of the demand, not only for the debts, but for all the complicate intereſt. He would not liſten to any reaſoning upon this ſubject, becauſe, he ſaid, he had it upon his conſcience that the firſt fault was his own, in letting poor Clermont leave the kingdom, without clearing up to him that he had made Eugenia his excluſive heireſs. It was in vain Mr. Tyrold pointed

out, that no future hopes of wealth could exculpate this unauthorized extravagance in Clermont, and no diſſipation in Clermont could apologize for the clandeſtine loan, and its illegal intereſt: "The poor boy," ſaid he, "did it all, knowing no better, which how can I expect, when I did wrong myſelf, being his uncle? Though, if I were to have twenty more nephews and nieces in future, the firſt word I ſhould ſay to them would be to tell them I ſhould give them nothing; to the end that having no hope, they might all be happy one as another." All, therefore, that was left for Mr. Tyrold, was to counſel him upon the beſt and ſhorteſt means of raiſing the ſum; and for this purpoſe, he meant to be with him again the next day.

This affair, however, with all its reproach for the paſt, and all its ſacrifices for the time to come, by no means ſo deeply affected Sir Hugh as the blow Mr. Tyrold could no longer ſpare concerning Edgar.

Edgar. It ſunk to his heart, diſpirited him to tears, and ſent him, extremely ill, to bed.

The chaiſe came early the next morning, and Mr. Tyrold had the pleaſure to ſee Camilla exert herſelf to appear leſs ſad. Lavinia was alſo of the party, as he meant to ſtay the whole day.

Eugenia met them in the hall, with the welcome intelligence that Sir Hugh, though he had paſſed a wretched night, was now ſomewhat better, and conſiderably cheared, by a viſit from his old Yorkſhire friend, Mr. Weſtwyn.

Nevertheleſs, Sir Hugh diſmiſſed him, and every body elſe, to receive Camilla alone.

She endeavoured to approach him calmly, but his own unchecked emotions ſoon overſet her borrowed fortitude, and the interview proved equally afflicting to both. The cruel miſchiefs brought upon him by Clermont, were as nothing in the balance of his misfortunes, when oppoſed to the ſight of

ſorrow upon that face which, hitherto, had ſo conſtantly enlivened him as an image of joy: and with her, every ſelf-diſappointment yielded, for the moment, to the regret of loſing ſo precious a bleſſing, as offering a refuge, in a time of difficulty, to an uncle ſo dear to her.

Mr. Tyrold would not ſuffer this ſcene to be long uninterrupted; he entered, with a chearing countenance, that compelled them to dry their tears, and told them the Weſtwyns could not much longer be left out, though they remained, well contented, for the preſent, with Miſs Margland and his other daughters. "Melmond and Indiana," added he, ſmiling, "ſeem at preſent not beings of this lower ſphere, nor to have a moment to ſpare for thoſe who are."

"That, my dear brother," anſwered the Baronet, "is all my comfort; for as to all the reſt of my marrying, you ſee what it's come to! who could have thought of young Mr. Edgar's turning out in the ſame way? I can't ſay but what

what I take it pretty unkind of him, letting me prepare at this rate for nothing; beſides Beech Park's being within but a ſtone's throw, as one may ſay, as well as his own agreeableneſs. However, now I've ſeen a little more of the world, I can't ſay I find much difference between the good and the bad, with reſpect to their all doing alike. The young boys now-a-day's, whatever's come to 'em, don't know what they'd be at. They think nothing of diſappointing a perſon if once they've a mind to change their minds. All one's preparations go for nothing; which they never think of."

Mr. Tyrold now prevailed for the re-admiſſion of Mr. Weſtwyn, who was accompanied by his ſon, and followed by the Cleves family.

The cheeks of Camilla recovered their uſual hue at the ſight of Henry, from the various intereſting recollections which occurred with it. She was ſeen herſelf with their original admiration, both by the father and the ſon, though with the

former it was now mingled with anger, and with the latter no longer gilded with hope. Yet the complaints againſt her, which, upon his arrival, Mr. Weſtwyn meant to make, were ſoon not merely relinquiſhed, but transformed into pity, upon the view of her dejected countenance, and ſilent melancholy.

The Baronet, however, revived again, by ſeeing his old friend, whoſe humour ſo much reſembled his own, that, in Yorkſhire, he had been always his firſt favourite. Each the children of untutored nature, honeſt and open alike in their words and their dealings, their characters and their propenſities were nearly the ſame, though Sir Hugh, more ſelf-formed, had a language and manner of his own; and Mr. Weſtwyn, of a temper leſs equal and leſs gentle, gave way, as they aroſe, to ſuch angry paſſions as the indulgent Baronet never felt.

"My dear friend," ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "you don't take much notice of my Hal, though, I'll give you my word, you

you won't ſee ſuch another young fellow every day. However, it's as well not, before his face, for it might only make him think himſelf ſomebody: and that, while I am alive, I don't intend he ſhould do. I can't bear a young fellow not dutiful. I've always a bad opinion of him. I can't ſay he pleaſes me."

"My dear Weſtwyn," anſwered the Baronet, "I've no doubt but what maſter Hal is very good, for which I am truly glad. But as to much over rejoicing, now, upon the ſcore of young boys, it's what I can't do, ſeeing they've turned out ſo ill, one after another, as far as I have had to do with them: for which, however, I hope I bear 'em no malice. They've enough to anſwer for without that, which, I hope, they'll think of in time."

"Why to be ſure, Sir Hugh, if you ſet about thinking of a young fellow by the pattern of my friend Clermont, I can't ſay I'm much ſurpriſed you don't care to give him a good word; I can't

ſay

ſay I am. I am pretty much of the ſame way of thinking. I love to ſpeak the truth." He then took Mr. Tyrold apart, and ran on with a hiſtory of all he had gathered, while at Leipſic, of the conduct and way of life of Clermont Lynmere. "He was a diſgrace," ſaid he, "even to the Engliſh name, as a Profeſſor told me, that I can't remember the name of, it's ſo prodigious long; but, if it had not been for my ſon, he told me, they'd have thought all the Engliſh young fellows good for nothing, except extravagance, and eating and drinking! 'They'd all round have got an ill name,' ſays he, 'if it had not been for your ſon,' were his words which I ſhall never forget. I ſent him over a noble pipe of Madeira, which I'd juſt got for myſelf, as ſoon as I came home. I took to him very much, I can't ſay but I did; he was a very good man; he had prodigiouſly the look of an Engliſhman. He ſaid Hal was an ornament to the univerſity. I took it very well of him. I

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wiſh he had not ſuch a hard name. I can never call it to mind. I hate a hard name. I can never ſpeak it without a blunder."

Sir Hugh now, who had been talking with Henry, called upon Mr. Weſtwyn, to beg his pardon for not ſpeaking of him more reſpectfully, ſaying: "I ſee he's quite agreeable, which I ſhould have noticed from the firſt, only being what I did not know; which I hope is my excuſe; my head, my dear friend, not getting on much, in point of quickneſs: though I can't ſay it's for want of pains, ſince you and I uſed to live ſo much together; but to no great end, for I always find myſelf in the back, however it happens: which your ſon, Maſter Hal, is, I ſee, quite the contrary."

Mr. Weſtwyn was ſo much gratified by this praiſe, that he immediately confeſſed the ſcheme and wiſh he had formed of marrying Hal to Camilla, only for her not approving it. Sir Hugh proteſted

teſted nothing could give him more pleaſure than ſuch a connexion, and ſignificantly added, he had other nieces, beſides Camilla.

"Why, yes," ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "and I can't keep from looking at 'em; I like 'em all mightily. I'm a great friend to taking from a good ſtock. I chuſe to know what I'm about. That girl at Southampton hit my fancy prodigiouſly. But I'm not for the beauty. A beauty won't make a good wife. It takes her too much time to put her cap on. That little one, there, with the hump, which I don't mind, nor the limp, neither, I like vaſtly. But I'm afraid Hal won't take to her. A young man don't much fancy an ugly girl. He's always hankering after ſomething pretty. There's that other indeed, Miſs Lavinia, is as handſome a girl as I'd wiſh to ſee. And ſhe ſeems as good, too. However, I'm not for judging all by the eye. I'm paſt that. An old man ſhould not play the fool. Which I wiſh ſomebody would

would whiſper to a certain Lord that I know of, that don't behave quite to my mind. I'm not fond of an old fool: nor a young one neither. They make me ſick."

Sir Hugh heard and agreed to all this, with the ſame ſimplicity with which it was ſpoken; and, ſoon after, Yorkſhire becoming their theme, Mr. Tyrold had the pleaſure of ſeeing his brother ſo much re-animated by the revival of old ſcenes, ideas, and connexions, that he heartily joined in preſſing the Mr. Weſtwyn's to ſpend a fortnight at Cleves, to which they conſented with pleaſure.

CHAP. X.

A Bride's Reſolves.

WITH every allowance for a grief in which ſo deeply he ſhared, Mr. Tyrold felt nearly bowed down with ſorrow, when he obſerved his own tenderneſs abate of its power to conſole, and his exhortations of their influence with his miſerable daughter, whoſe complicated afflictions ſeemed deſperate to herſelf, and to him nearly hopeleſs.

He now began to fear the rigid œconomy and retirement of their preſent lives might add ſecret diſguſt or fatigue to the diſappointment of her heart. He ſighed at an idea ſo little in uniſon with all that had hitherto appeared of her diſpoſition; yet remembered ſhe was very young and very lively, and thought that, if caught by a love of gayer ſcenes than Etherington afforded,

forded, ſhe was at a ſeaſon of life which brings its own excuſe for ſuch venial ambition.

He mentioned, therefore, with great kindneſs, their excluſion from all ſociety, and propoſed making an application to Mrs. Needham, a lady high in the eſteem of Mrs. Tyrold, to have the goodneſs to take the charge of carrying them a little into the world, during the abſence of their mother. "I can neither exact nor deſire," he ſaid, "to ſequeſter you from all amuſement for a term ſo utterly indefinite as that of her reſtoration; ſince it is now more than ever deſirable to regain the favour of your uncle Relvil for Lionel, who has reſiſted every profeſſion for which I have ſought to prepare him; though his idle and licentious courſes ſo little fit him for contentment with the ſmall patrimony he will one day inherit."

The ſiſters mutually and ſincerely declined this propoſition; Lavinia had too much employment to find time ever

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ſlow of paſſage; and Camilla, joined to the want of all ſpirit for recreation, had a dread of appearing in the county, leſt ſhe ſhould meet with Sir Sedley Clarendel, whoſe two hundred pounds were amongſt the evils ever preſent to her. The money which Eugenia meant to ſave for this account had all been given to Lionel; and now her marriage was at an end, and no particular ſum expected, ſhe muſt be very long in replacing it; eſpecially as Jacob was firſt to be conſidered; though he had kindly proteſted he was in no haſte to be paid.

Mr. Tyrold was not ſorry to have his propoſition declined; yet ſaw the ſadneſs of Camilla unabated, and ſuggeſted, for a tranſient diverſity, a viſit to the Grove; enquiring why an acquaintance began with ſo much warmth and pleaſure, ſeemed thus utterly relinquiſhed. Camilla had herſelf thought with ſhame of her apparently ungrateful neglect of Mrs. Arlbery; but the five guineas ſhe had borrowed, and forgotten to pay, while ſhe

ſhe might yet have aſked them of Sir Hugh, and which now ſhe had no ability any where to raiſe, made the idea of meeting with her painful. And thus, overwhelmed with regret and repentance for all around, her ſpirits gone, and her heart ſunk, ſhe deſired never more, except for Cleves, to ſtir from Etherington.

Had he ſeen the leaſt ſymptom of her revival, Mr. Tyrold would have been gratified by her ſtrengthened love of home; but this was far from being the caſe; and, upon the marriage of Miſs Dennel, which was now celebrated, he was glad of an opportunity to force her abroad, from the neceſſity of making a congratulatory viſit to the bride's aunt, Mrs. Arlbery.

The chariot, therefore, of Sir Hugh being borrowed, ſhe was compelled into this exertion; which was ill repaid by her reception from Mrs. Arlbery, who, hurt as well as offended by her long abſence and total ſilence, wore an air of the

moſt

moſt chilling coldneſs. Camilla felt ſorry and aſhamed; but too much diſturbed to attempt any palliation for her non-appearance, and remiſſneſs of even a note or meſſage.

The room was full of morning viſitors, all collected for the ſame complimentary purpoſe; but ſhe was relieved with reſpect to her fears of Sir Sedley Clarendel, in hearing of his tour to the Hebrides.

Her mournful countenance ſoon, however, diſperſed the anger of Mrs. Arlbery. "What," cried ſhe, "has befallen you, my fair friend? if you are not immeaſurably unhappy, you are very ſeriouſly ill."

"Yes,—no,—my ſpirits—have not been good—" anſwered ſhe, ſtammering; —"but yours may, perhaps, aſſiſt to reſtore them."

The compoſition of Mrs. Arlbery had no particle of either malice or vengeance; ſhe now threw off, therefore, all reſerve, and taking her by the hand, ſaid: "ſhall I keep

I keep you to ſpend the day with me? Yes, or no? Peace or war?"

And without waiting for an anſwer, ſhe ſent back the chariot, and a meſſage to Mr. Tyrold, that ſhe would carry home his daughter in the evening.

"And now, my faithleſs Fair," cried ſhe, as ſoon as they were alone, "tell me what has led you to this abominable fickleneſs? with me, I mean! If you had grown tired of any body elſe, I ſhould have thought nothing ſo natural. But you know, I ſuppoſe, that the ſame thing we philoſophiſe into an admirable good joke for our neighbours, we moraliſe into a crime againſt ourſelves."

"I thought," ſaid Camilla, attempting to ſmile, "none but country couſins ever made apologies?"

"Nay, now, I muſt forgive you without one word more!" anſwered Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, and ſhaking hands with her; "a happy citation of one *bon mot*, is worth any ten offences. So, you ſee, you have nine to commit, in ſtore, clear

of all damages. But the pleaſure of finding one has not ſaid a good thing only for once, thence to be forgotten and die away in the winds, is far greater than you can yet awhile conceive. In the firſt pride of youth and beauty, our attention is all upon how we are looked at. But when thoſe begin to be ſomewhat on the wane—when that barbarous time comes into play, which revenges upon poor miſerable woman all the airs ſhe has been playing upon ſilly man—our ambition, then, is how we are liſtened to. So now, cutting ſhort reproach and excuſe, and all the wearying round of explanation, tell me a little of your hiſtory ſince we laſt met."

This was the laſt thing Camilla meant to undertake: but ſhe began, in a heſitating manner, to ſpeak of her little debt. Mrs. Arlbery, eagerly interrupting her, inſiſted it ſhould not be mentioned; adding: "I go on vaſtly well again; I am breaking in two ponies, and building a new phaeton; and I ſhall ſoon pay for both

both, without the ſmalleſt inconvenience, —except juſt pinching my ſervants, and ſtarving my viſitors. But tell me ſomething of your adventures. You are not half ſo communicative as Rumour, which has given me a thouſand details of you, and married you and your whole ſet to at leaſt half a dozen men a piece, ſince you were laſt at the Grove. Amongſt others, it aſſerts, that my old Lord Valhurſt was ſeriouſly at your feet? That prating Mrs. Mittin, who faſtened upon my poor little niece at Tunbridge, and who is now her factotum, pretends that my lord's own ſervants ſpoke of it publicly at Mrs. Berlinton's."

This was a fact that, being thus divulged, a very few queſtions made impoſſible to deny; though Camilla was highly ſuperior to the indelicacy and ingratitude of repaying the preference of any gentleman by publiſhing his rejection.

"And what in the world, my dear child," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "could pro-

voke you to ſo wild an action as refuſing him?"

"Good Heaven, Mrs. Arlbery!"

"O, what—you were not in love with him? I believe not!—but if he was in love with you, take my word for it, that would have done quite as well. 'Tis ſuch a little while that ſame love laſts, even when it is begun with, that you have but a few months to loſe, to be exactly upon a par with thoſe who ſet out with all the quivers of Cupid, darting from heart to heart. He has ſtill fortune enough left for a handſome ſettlement; you can't help out-living him, and then, think but how delectable would be your ſituation! Freedom, money at will, the choice of your own friends, and the enjoyment of your own humour!"

"You would but try me, my dear Mrs. Arlbery; for you cannot, I'm ſure, believe me capable of making ſo ſolemn an engagement for ſuch mercenary hopes, and ſelfiſh purpoſes."

"This

"This is all the romance of falſe reaſoning. You have not ſought the man, but the man you. You would not have ſolicited his acceptance, but yielded to his ſolicitation of yours. The balance is always juſt, where force is not uſed. The man has his reaſons for chuſing you; you have your reaſons for ſuffering yourſelf to be choſen. What his are, you have no buſineſs to enquire; nor has he the ſmalleſt right to inveſtigate yours."

This was by no means the ſtyle in which Camilla had been brought up to think of marriage; and Mrs. Arlbery preſently added: "You are grave? yet I ſpeak but as a being of the world I live in: though I addreſs one that knows nothing about it. Tell me, however, a little more of your affairs. What are all theſe marriages and no marriages, our neighbourhood is ſo buſy in making and unmaking?"

Camilla returned the moſt brief and quiet anſwers in her power; but was too late to ſave the delicacy of Eugenia in

concealing her late double disappointments, the abortive preparations of Sir Hugh having travelled through all the adjoining country. "Poor little dear ugly thing!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, "she must certainly go off with her footman; —unless, indeed, that good old pedant, who teaches her that vast quantity of stuff she will have to unlearn, when once she goes a little about, will take compassion upon her and her thousands, and put them both into his own pockets."

This raillery was painful nearly to disgust to Camilla; who frankly declared she saw her sister with no eyes but those of respect and affection, and could not endure to hear her mentioned in so ridiculous a manner.

"Never judge the heart of a wit," answered she, laughing, "by the tongue! We have often as good hearts, ay, and as much good nature, too, as the careful prosers who utter nothing but what is right, or the heavy thinkers who have

too

too little fancy to ſay any thing that is wrong. But we have a pleaſure in our own rattle that cruelly runs away with our diſcretion."

She then more ſeriouſly apologized for what ſhe had ſaid, and declared herſelf an unaffected admirer of all ſhe had heard of the good qualities of Eugenia.

Other ſubjects were then taken up, till they were interrupted by a viſit from the young bride, Mrs. Liſſin.

Jumping into the room, "I'm juſt run away," ſhe cried, "without ſaying a word to any body! I ordered my coach myſelf, and told my own footman to whiſper me when it came, that I might get off, without ſaying a word of the matter. Dear! how they'll all ſtare when they miſs me! I hope they'll be frightened!"

"And why ſo, you little chit? why do you want to make them uneaſy?"

"O! I don't mind! I'm ſo glad to have my own way, I don't care for any thing elſe. Dear, how do you do, Miſs

Camilla Tyrold? I wonder you have not been to ſee me! I had a great mind to have invited you to have been one of my bride's maids. But papa was ſo monſtrous croſs, he would not let me do hardly any thing I liked. I was never ſo glad in my life as when I went out of the houſe to be married! I'll never aſk him about any one thing as long as I live again. I'll always do juſt what I chuſe."

"And you are quite ſure Mr. Liſſin will never interfere with that reſolution?"

"O, I ſha'n't let him! I dare ſay he would elſe. That's one reaſon I came out ſo, juſt now, on purpoſe to let him ſee I was my own miſtreſs. And I told my coachman, and my own footman, and my maid, all three, that if they ſaid one word, I'd turn 'em all away. For I intend always to turn 'em away when I don't like 'em. I ſhall never ſay any thing to Mr. Liſſin firſt, for fear of his meddling. I'm quite determined I won't be croſſed any more, now I've ſervants

vants of my own. I'm ſure I've been croſſed long enough."

Then, turning to Camilla, "Dear," ſhe cried, "how grave you look! Dear, I wonder you don't marry too! When I ordered my coach, juſt now, I was ready to cry for joy, to think of not having to aſk papa about it. And to-day, at breakfaſt, I dare ſay I rung twenty times, for one thing or another. As faſt as ever I could think of any thing, I went to ringing again. For when I was at papa's, every time I rang the bell, he always aſked me what I wanted. Only think of keeping one under ſo!"

"And what in the world ſaid Mr. Liſſin to ſo prodigious an uproar?"

"O, he ſtared like any thing. But he could not ſay much: I intend to uſe him to it from the firſt, that he may never plague me, like papa, with aſking me what's the reaſon for every thing. If I don't like the dinner to-day, I'll order a new one, to be dreſſed for me on purpoſe. And Mr. Liſſin, and papa, and

Mrs. Mittin, and the reſt of 'em, may eat the old one. Papa never let me order the dinner at home; he always would know what there was himſelf, and have what he choſe. I'm reſolved I'll have every thing I like beſt, now, every day. I could not get at the cook alone this morning, becauſe ſo many of 'em were in the way; though I rung for her a dozen times. But to-morrow, I'll tell her of ſome things I intend to have the whole year through; in particular, currant tarts, and minced veal, and maſhed potatoes. I've been determined upon that theſe three years, for againſt I was married."

Then, taking Camilla by the hand, ſhe begged ſhe would accompany her to next room, ſaying, "Pray excuſe me, aunt Arlbery, becauſe I want to talk to Miſs Tyrold about a ſecret."

When they came to another apartment, after carefully ſhutting the door, "Only think," ſhe cried, "Miſs Camilla Tyrold, of my marrying Mr. Liſſin

at

at laſt! Pray did you ever ſuſpect it? I'm ſure I did not. When papa told me of it, you can't think how I was ſurpriſed. I always thought it would have been Colonel Andover, or Mr. Macderſey, or elſe Mr. Summers; unleſs it had been Mr. Wiggan; or elſe your brother; but Mr. Liſſin never once came into my head, becauſe of his being ſo old. I dare ſay he's ſeven and twenty! only think!—But I believe he and papa had ſettled it all along, only papa never told it me, till juſt before hand. I don't like him much; do you?"

"I have not the pleaſure to know him: but I hope you will endeavour to like him better, now."

"I don't much care whether I do or not, for I ſhall never mind him. I always determined never to mind a huſband. One minds one's papa becauſe one can't help it: But only think of my being married before you! though you're ſeventeen years old—almoſt eighteen, I dare ſay—and I'm only juſt fifteen. I

could not help thinking of it all the time I was dreſſing for a bride. You can't think how pretty my dreſs was. Papa made Mrs. Mittin buy it, becauſe, he ſaid, ſhe could get every thing ſo cheap: but I made her get it the deareſt ſhe could, for all that. Papa's monſtrous ſtingy."

This ſecret conference was broken up by a violent ringing at the gate, ſucceeded by the appearance of Mr. Liffin, who, without any ceremony, opened the door of the chamber into which the ladies had retired.

"So, ma'am!" ſaid he, viſibly very angry, "I have the pleaſure at laſt to find you! dinner has waited till it is ſpoilt, and I hope, therefore, now, you will do us the favour to come and ſit at the head of your table."

She looked frightened, and he took her hand, which ſhe had not courage to draw back, though in a voice that ſpoke a ſob near at hand, "I'm ſure," ſhe cried, "this is not being treated like a

married woman! and I'm ſure if I'd known I might not do as I like, and come out when I'd a mind, I would not have married at all!"

Mr. Liffin, with little or no apology to Mrs. Arlbery, then conveyed his fair bride to her coach.

"Poor ſimple girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery. "Mr. Liffin, who is a country ſquire of Northwick, will ſoon teach her another leſſon, than that of ordering her carriage juſt at dinner time! The poor child took it into her head that, becauſe, upon marrying, ſhe might ſay, 'my houſe, 'my coach,' and 'my ſervants,' inſtead of 'my papa's;' and ring her bell for who ſhe pleaſed, and give her own orders, that ſhe was to arrive at complete liberty and independence, and that her huſband had merely to give her his name, and lodge in the ſame dwelling: and ſhe will regard him ſoon, as a tyrant and a brute, for not letting her play all day long the part of a wild ſchool girl, juſt come home for the holidays."

The reſt of the viſit paſſed without further inveſtigation on the part of Mrs. Arlbery, or embarraſſment on that of Camilla; who found again ſome little pleaſure in the converſation which, at firſt, had ſo much charmed, and the kindneſs which even her apparent neglect had not extinguiſhed.

* * * *

Mrs. Arlbery, in two days, claimed her again. Mr. Tyrold would not permit her to ſend an excuſe, and ſhe found that lady more kindly diſpoſed to her than ever; but with an undiſguiſed compaſſion and concern in her countenance and manner. She had now learnt that Edgar was gone abroad; and ſhe had learnt that Camilla had private debts, to the amount of one hundred and eighteen pounds.

The ſhock of Camilla, when ſpoken to upon this ſubject, was terrible. She ſoon gathered, ſhe had been betrayed by

Mrs. Mittin, who, though ſhe had made the communication as a profound ſecret to Mrs. Arlbery, with whom ſhe had met at Mrs. Liſſin's, there was every reaſon to ſuppoſe would whiſper it, in the ſame manner, to an hundred perſons beſides.

Mrs. Arlbery, ſeeing her juſt uneaſineſs, promiſed, in this particular, to obviate it herſelf, by a conference with Mrs. Mittin, in which ſhe would repreſent, that her own ruin would be the conſequence of divulging this affair, from the general opinion which would prevail, that ſhe had ſeduced a young lady under age, to having dealings with a uſurer.

Camilla, deeply colouring, accepted her kind offer; but was forced upon a confeſſion of the tranſaction; though with a ſhame for her truſt in ſuch a character as Mrs. Mittin, that made her deem the relation a penance almoſt adequate to its wrong.

CHAP. XI.

The Workings of Sorrow.

THE viſit of the Weſtwyns to Sir Hugh ſhewed Lavinia in ſo favourable a light, that nothing leſs than the ſtrong prepoſſeſſion already conceived for Camilla could have guarded the heart of the ſon, or the wiſhes of the father, from the complete captivation of her modeſt beauty, her intrinſic worth, and the chearful alacrity, and virtuous ſelf-denial, with which ſhe preſided in the new œconomy of the rectory. But though the utter demolition of hope played with Henry its uſual part of demoliſhing, alſo, half the fervour of admiration, he ſtill felt, in conſequence of his late failure, a diſtaſte of any ſimilar attempt: and Mr. Weſtwyn, unbribed by the high praiſe of his ſon, which had won him in Camilla, left him maſter of his

his choice. Each, however, found a delight in the Tyrold ſociety, that ſeconded the wiſhes of the Baronet to make them lengthen their viſit.

The retrenchments, by which the debts of Clermont were to be paid, could no longer, nevertheleſs, be deferred; and Mr. Tyrold was juſt ſetting out for Cleves, to give his counſel for their arrangement, when his daughters were broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin.

Camilla could ſcarcely look at her, for diſpleaſure at her conduct; but ſoon obſerved ſhe ſeemed herſelf full of reſentment and ill humour. She deſired a private interview; and Camilla then found, that Mrs. Arlbery had not only repreſented her fault, and frightened her with its conſequences, but occaſioned, though moſt undeſignedly, new diſturbances and new dangers to herſelf: for Mrs. Mittin at length learnt, in this conference, with equal certainty, ſurpriſe, and provocation, that the inheritance of Sir Hugh was poſitively and entirely

tirely ſettled upon his youngeſt niece; and that the denials of all expectation on the part of Camilla, which ſhe had always taken for cloſeneſs, conveyed but the ſimple truth. Alarmed leſt ſhe ſhould incur the anger of Mr. Clykes, who was amongſt her moſt uſeful friends, ſhe had written him word of the diſcovery, with her concern at the miſtake: and Mr. Clykes, judging now he had no chance of the gratuity finally promiſed for *honour* and *ſecreſy*, and even that his principal was in danger, had ſent an enraged anſwer, with an imperious declaration, that he muſt either immediately be repaid all he had laid out, or receive ſome ſecurity for its being refunded, of higher value than the note of a minor of no fortune nor expectations.

Mrs. Mittin proteſted ſhe did not know which way to turn, ſhe was ſo ſorry to have diſobliged ſo good a friend; and broke forth into a vehement inveçtive againſt Mr. Dubſter, for pretending he knew the truth from young Squire Tyrold himſelf.

Long

Long as was her lamentation, and satisfied as she always felt to hear her own voice, her pause still came too soon for any reply from Camilla, who now felt the discovery of her situation to be inevitable, compulsatory and disgraceful. Self-upbraidings that she had ever listened to such an expedient, assailed her with the cruellest poignancy, mingling almost self-detestation with utter despair.

In vain Mrs. Mittin pressed for some satisfaction; she was mute from inability to devise any; till the coachman of Mr. Lissin sent word he could wait no longer. She then, in a broken voice, said, "Be so good as to write to Mr. Clykes, that if he will have the patience to wait a few days, I will prepare my friends to settle my accounts with him."

Mrs. Mittin then, recovering from her own fright in this business, answered, "O, if that's the case, my dear young lady, pray don't be uneasy, for it grieves me to vex you; and I'll promise you I'll coax

coax my good friend to wait ſuch a matter as that; for he 's a vaſt regard for me; he'll do any thing I aſk him, I know."

She now went away; and Lavinia, who ran to her ſiſter, found her in a ſtate of diſtreſs, that melted her gentle heart to behold: but when ſhe gathered what had paſſed, "This diſcloſure, my deareſt Camilla," ſhe cried, "can never be ſo tremendous as the inceſſant fear of its diſcovery. Think of that, I conjure you! and endeavour to bear the one great ſhock, that will lead to after peace and eaſe."

"No, my dear ſiſter, peace and eaſe are no more for me!—My happineſs was already buried;—and now, all that remained of conſolation will be cut off alſo, in the loſt good opinion of my father and mother! — that deſtroyed — and Edgar gone — what is life to me?—I barely exiſt!"

"And is it poſſible you can even a moment

moment doubt their forgiveneſs? dear as you are to them, cheriſhed, beloved!—"

"No—not their forgiveneſs—but their eſteem, their confidence, their pleaſure in their daughter will all end!—think, Lavinia, of my mother!—when ſhe finds I, too, have contributed to the diſtreſs and diſturbance of my father—that on my account, too, his ſmall income is again ſtraitened, his few gratifications are diminiſhed—O Lavinia! how has ſhe ſtrove to guard her poor tottering girl from evil! And how has her fondneſs been always the pride of my life! What a concluſion is this to her cares! what a reward to all the goodneſs of my father!"

In this ſtate of deſperate wretchedneſs, ſhe was ſtill incapable to make the avowal which was now become indiſpenſable, and which muſt require another loan from the ſtore her father held ſo ſacred. Lavinia had even leſs courage; and they determined to apply to Eugenia, who, though

though as ſoftly feeling as either, mingled in her character a ſort of heroic philoſophy, that enabled her to execute and to endure the hardeſt taſks, where ſhe thought them the demand of virtue. They reſolved, therefore, the next morning, to ſend a note to Cleves for the carriage, and to commit the affair to this inexperienced and youthful female ſage.

Far from running, as ſhe was wont, to meet her father upon his entrance, Camilla was twice ſent for before ſhe could gain ſtrength to appear in his preſence; nor could his utmoſt kindneſs enable her to look up.

The heart of Mr. Tyrold was penetrated by her avoidance, and yet more ſunk by her ſight. His beſt hopes were all defeated of affording her parental comfort, and he was ſtill to ſeek for her revival or ſupport.

He related what had paſſed at Cleves, with the accuſtomed openneſs with which he converſed with his children as his friends. Clermont, he ſaid, was arrived, and

and had authenticated all the accounts, with ſo little of either ſhame or ſenſe, that a character leſs determined upon indulgence than that of Sir Hugh, muſt have revolted from affording him ſuccour, if merely to mortify him into repentance. The manner of making payment, however, had been the difficult diſcuſſion of the whole day. Sir Hugh was unequal to performing any thing, though ready to conſent to every thing. When he propoſed the ſale of ſeveral of his numerous horſes, he objected, that what remained would be hard worked: when he mentioned diminiſhing his table, he was afraid the poor would take it ill, as they were uſed to have his orts: and when he talked of diſcharging ſome of his ſervants, he was ſure they would think it very unkind. "His heart," continued Mr. Tyrold, "is ſo bountiful, and ſo full of kindneſs, that he pleads his tender feelings, and regretting wiſhes, againſt the ſound reaſon of hard neceſſity.

ſity. What is right, however, muſt only in itſelf ſeek what is pleaſant; and there, when it ceaſes to look more abroad, it is ſure to find it."

He ſtopt, hearing a deep ſigh from Camilla, who ſecretly ejaculated a prayer that this ſentence might live, henceforward, in her memory. He divined the wiſh, which devoutly he echoed, and continued:

"There is ſo little, in fine, that he could bear to relinquiſh, that, with my utmoſt efforts, I could not calculate any retrenchment, to which he will agree, at more than an hundred a year. Yet his ſcruples concerning his vow reſiſt all the entreaties of our diſintereſted Eugenia, to either ſell out for the ſum, or cut down any trees in Yorkſhire. Theſe difficulties, too potent for his weak frame, were again ſinking him into that deſpondence which we ſhould all ſedulouſly guard againſt, as the moſt prevailing of foes to active virtue, when, to relieve him,

him, I made a propoſal which my dear girls will both, I truſt, find peculiar pleaſure in ſeconding."

Camilla had already ſtrove to raiſe her drooping head, conſcience ſtruck at what was ſaid of deſpondence; and now endeavoured to join in the chearful confidence expreſſed by Lavinia, that he could not be miſtaken.

"The little hoard, into which already we have broken for Lionel," he went on, "I have offered to lend him for preſent payment, as far as it will go, and to receive it again at ſtated periods. In the mean while, I ſhall accept from him the ſame intereſt as from the bank. For this I am to have alſo ſecurity. I run no riſk of the little all I have to leave to my two girls."

He now looked at them both, expecting to ſee pleaſure even in Camilla, that what was deſtined, hereafter, for herſelf, could prove of the ſmalleſt utility to Sir Hugh: but his diſappointment, and her ſhock

ſhock were equal. Too true for the moſt tranſitory diſguiſe, the keeneſt anguiſh ſhot from her eye; and Mr. Tyrold, amazed, ſaid: "Is it Camilla who would draw back from any ſervice to her uncle?"

"Ah no!" cried ſhe, with claſped hands, "I would die to do him any good! and O!—that my death at this moment"——

She ſtopt, affrighted, for Mr. Tyrold frowned. A frown upon a face ſo conſtantly benign, was new, was awful to her; but ſhe inſtantly recollected his condemnation of wiſhes ſo deſperate, and fearfully taking his hand, beſought his forgiveneſs.

His brow inſtantly reſumed its ſerenity. "I have nothing," ſaid he, "my deareſt child, to forgive, from the moment you recollect yourſelf. But try, for your own ſake, to keep in mind, that the current ſorrows, however acute, of current life, are but uſeleſsly aggravated by

by vain wiſhes for death. The ſmalleſt kind office better proves affection than any words, however elevated."

The conference here broke up; ſomething incomprehenſible ſeemed to Mr. Tyrold to be blended with the grief of Camilla; and though from her birth ſhe had manifeſted, by every opportunity, the moſt liberal diſregard of wealth, the ſomething not to be underſtood ſeemed always to have money for its object. What this might be, he now fervently wiſhed to explore; yet ſtill hoped, by patient kindneſs, to receive her confidence voluntarily.

Camilla now was half dead; Lavinia could with difficulty ſuſtain, but by no poſſible means revive her. What a period was this to diſcloſe to her Father that ſhe muſt deprive him, in part, even of his promiſed ſolace in his intended aſſiſtance to his brother, to ſatisfy debts of which he ſuſpected not the exiſtence!

When forced down ſtairs, by a ſummons to ſupper, Mr. Tyrold, to conſole her for his momentary diſpleaſure, redoubled his careſſes; but his tenderneſs only made her weep yet more bitterly, and he looked at her with a heart rent with anguiſh. For Lavinia, for Eugenia, he would have felt ſimilar grief; but their far leſs gay, though equally innocent natures, would have made the view of their affliction leſs ſtrikingly oppreſſive. Camilla had, hitherto, ſeemed in the ſpring of joy yet more than of life. Anxiety flew at her approach, and animation took its place. Nothing could ſhake his reſignation; yet to behold her conſtant ſadneſs, ſeverely tried his fortitude. To ſee tears trickling inceſſantly down the pale cheeks ſo lately blooming; to ſee her youthful countenance wear the haggard expreſſion of care; to ſee life, in its wiſh and purpoſes ſeem at an end, 'ere, in its ordinary calculation, it was reckoned to have begun, drew him from

from every other conſideration, and filled his whole mind with monopolizing apprehenſion.

He now himſelf preſſed her, for change of ſcene, to accept an invitation ſhe had received from Mrs. Berlinton to Groſvenor Square, whither Indiana was going in a few days, to ſpend a fortnight or three weeks before her marriage. But ſhe declined the excurſion, as not more unſeaſonable in its expence, than ungenial to her feelings.

* * * *

The following morning, while they were at their melancholy breakfaſt, a letter arrived from Liſbon, which Mr. Tyrold read with viſible diſturbance, exclaiming, from time to time, "Lionel, thou art indeed puniſhed!"

The ſiſters were equally alarmed, but Lavinia alone could make any enquiry.

Mr. Tyrold then informed them, their uncle Relvil had juſt acknowledged

to their Mother, that he could no longer, in juſtice, conceal that, previouſly to his quitting England, he had privately married his houſe-keeper, to induce her to accompany him in his voyage: and that, during his firſt wrath upon the detection of Lionel, he had diſinherited him in favour of a little boy of her own, by a former marriage, whom they had brought with them to Liſbon.

Mr. Tyrold, though it had been his conſtant ſtudy to bring up his children without any reference to their rich uncles, had never internally doubted, but that the bachelor brother of Mrs. Tyrold would leave his fortune to the ſon of his only ſiſter, who was his ſole near relation. And Lionel, he knew, in defiance of his admonitions, had built upon it himſelf, rather as a certainty than a hope. "He will now ſee," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "his preſumption, and feel, by what he ſuffers, what he has earned. Yet culpable as he has been, he is now, alſo, unfortunate; and where crimes are followed by puniſhment, it is not for

morta!

mortal man to harbour unabating reſentment. I will write a few lines of comfort to him."

Camilla, in this conceſſion, experienced all ſhe could feel of ſatisfaction; but the ſhort ſenſation died away at the laſt words of the letter of her Mother, which Mr. Tyrold read aloud.

"You, I well know, will immediately in this evil, find for yourſelf, and impart to our children, ſomething of inſtruction, if not of comfort. Shall I recollect this without emulation? No, I will bear up from this ſtroke, which, at leaſt, permits my return to Etherington; where, in the boſom of my dear family, and ſupported by its honoured chief, I will forget my voyage, my painful abſence, and my diſappointment, in exertions of practical œconomy, ſtrict, but not rigid, which our good children will vie with each other to adopt: ſedulous, all around, to ſhew in what we can moſt forbear. I hope almoſt immediately to claim my ſhare in theſe labours, which ſuch motives will

make light, and ſuch companions render precious."

In agony paſt repreſſion at theſe words, Camilla glided out of the room. The return of her Mother was now horrour to her, not joy; her ſhattered nerves could not bear the interview, while under a cloud threatening to burſt in ſuch a ſtorm; and ſhe entreated Lavinia to tell her Father that ſhe accepted his propoſal for going to Mrs. Berlinton's; "and there," ſhe cried, "Lavinia, I will wait, till Eugenia has told the dreadful hiſtory that thus humbles me to the duſt!"

Lavinia was too timid to oppoſe reaſon to this ſuffering; and Mr. Tyrold, already cruelly apprehenſive the obſcurity of their recluſe lives contributed to her depreſſion, and believing ſhe compared her preſent privations to the loſt elegancies of Beech Park, ſighed heavily, yet ſaid he was glad ſhe would remove from a ſpot in which reminiſcence was ſo painful. This was not, indeed, he added, the period he ſhould have ſelected for her viſiting

viſiting the capital, or reſiding at Mrs. Berlinton's; but ſhe was too much touched by the ſtate of her family, not to be guarded in her expences; and the preſſure of her even augmenting ſadneſs, was heavier upon his mind than any other alarm.

The conſcience-ſtruck Camilla could make no profeſſion, no promiſe; nor yet, though ardently wiſhing it, refuſe his offered advance of her next quarter's allowance, leſt ſhe ſhould be reduced again to the neceſſity of borrowing.

This ſtep once decided, brought with it ſomething like a gloomy compoſure. "I ſhall avoid," ſhe cried, "at leaſt, with my Mother, theſe killing careſſes of deluded kindneſs that break my heart with my Father. She, too, would ſoon diſcover there was ſomething darker in my ſadneſs than even grief! She would be ſure that even my exquiſite loſs could not render me ungrateful to all condolement; ſhe would know that a daughter whom ſhe had herſelf reared and inſtructed,

would bluſh ſo unceaſingly to publiſh any perſonal diſappointment, let her feel it how ſhe might. O my loved Mother! how did the delight of knowing your kind expectations keep me, while under your guidance in the way I ought to go! O Mother of my heart! what a grievous diſappointment awaits your ſad return! To find, at the firſt opening of your virtuous ſchemes of general ſaving —that I, as well as Lionel, have involved my family in debts—that I, as well as Clermont, have committed them clandeſtinely to a uſurer!"

Lavinia undertook to give Eugenia proper inſtructions for her commiſſion; but news arrived, the next day, that Sir Hugh would take no denial to Eugenia's being herſelf of the party. This added not, however, to the courage of Camilla for ſtaying, and her next determination was to reveal the whole by letter.

Mr. Tyrold would not ſend her to Cleves to take leave, that her uncle might not be tempted to exerciſe his wonted,

wonted, but now no longer convenient generoſity, nor yet be expoſed to the pain of withholding it. "You will go, now, my dear girl," he ſaid, "in your priſtine ſimplicity, and what can ſo every way become you? It is not for a ſcheme of pleaſure, but for a ſtimulus to mental exertion, I part with you. When you return, your excellent Mother will aid your taſk, and reward its labour. Remember but, while in your own hands, that open œconomy, ſpringing from diſcretion, is always reſpected. It is falſe ſhame alone that begets ridicule."

Weeping and ſilent ſhe heard him, and his fears gained ground that her diſappointment, joined to a view of gayer life, had robbed Etherington of all charms to her. Bitterly he regretted he had ever ſuffered her to leave his roof, though he would not now force her ſtay. Compulſion could only detain her perſon; and might heighten the diſguſt of her mind.

The little time which remained was given wholly to packing and preparing; and continued employment hid from Mr. Tyrold her emotion, which encreaſed every moment, till the carriage of Sir Hugh ſtopt at the gate. Loſt, then, to all ſenſation, but the horrour of the avowal that muſt intervene 'ere they met again, with incertitude if again he would ſee her with the ſame kindneſs, ſhe flew into his arms, rather agoniſed than affectionate; kiſſed his hands with fervour, kiſſed every ſeparate finger, reſted upon his ſhoulder, hid her face in his boſom, caught and preſſed to her lips even the flaps of his coat, and ſcarce reſtrained herſelf from bending to kiſs his feet; yet without uttering a word, without even ſhedding a tear.

Strangely ſurpriſed, and deeply affected, Mr. Tyrold, ſtraining her to his breaſt, ſaid: "Why, my dear child, why, my deareſt Camilla, if thus agitated by our parting, do you leave me?"

This queſtion brought her to recollection, by the impoſſibility ſhe found to anſwer it; ſhe tore herſelf, therefore, away from him, embraced Lavinia, and hurried into the coach.

BOOK X.

CHAP. I.

A Surprise.

CAMILLA ſtrove to check her grief upon entering the carriage, in which Miſs Margland had again the charge of the young party; but the interrogatory of her Father, *Why will you leave me?* was mentally repeated without ceaſing. Ah! why, indeed! thought ſhe, at a moment when every filial duty called more than ever for my ſtay!—Well, might he not divine the unnatural reaſon! can I believe it myſelf?—Believe ſuch an hour arrived?—when my Mother—the beſt of Mothers!—is expected—when ſhe returns to her family, Ca-

milla ſeeks another abode! is not this a dream? and may I not one day awake from it?

Miſs Margland was in the higheſt good humour at this expedition: and Indiana was ſtill enraptured to viſit London, from old expectations which ſhe knew not how to relinquiſh; though they were fixed to no point, and as fantaſtic as vague. Eugenia, whoſe dejection had made Sir Hugh preſs her into the party, found nothing in it to revive her; and Camilla entered Groſvenor-ſquare with keen diſſatisfaction of every ſort. The cautions of Edgar againſt Mrs. Berlinton broke into all the little relief ſhe might have experienced upon again ſeeing her. She had meant to keep his final exhortations conſtantly in her mind, and to make all his opinions and counſels the rule and meaſure of her conduct: but a cruel perverſity of events ſeemed to caſt her every action into an apparent defiance of his wiſhes.

Mrs. Berlinton, who, in a manſion the moſt

moſt ſplendid, received her with the ſame gentle ſweetneſs ſhe had firſt ſought her regard, was delighted by the unexpected ſight of Eugenia, whoſe viſit had been ſettled too late to be announced by letter; and careſſed Indiana immediately as a ſiſter. Miſs Margland, who came but for two days, ſought with much adulation to obtain an invitation for a longer ſtay; but Mrs. Berlinton, though all courteſy and grace, incommoded herſelf with no ſociety that ſhe did not find pleaſing.

Melmond, who had accompanied them on horſeback, was eager to engage the kindneſs of his ſiſter for Indiana; and Mrs. Berlinton, in compliment to her arrival, refuſed all parties for the evening, and beſtowed upon her an almoſt undivided attention.

This was not quite ſo pleaſant to him in proof as in hope. Paſſionleſs, in this caſe, herſelf, the deluſions of beauty deceived not her underſtanding; and half an hour ſufficed to ſhew Indiana to be frivolous,

frivolous, uncultivated, and unmeaning. The perfection, nevertheleſs, of her face and perſon, obviated either wonder or cenſure of the choice of her brother; though ſhe could not but regret that he had not ſeen with mental eyes the truly ſuperior Eugenia.

The wretched Camilla quitted them all as ſoon as poſſible, to retire to her chamber, and ruminate upon her purpoſed letter. She meant, at firſt, to write in detail; but her difficulties accumulated as ſhe weighed them. "What a ſeaſon," cried ſhe, "to ſink Lionel ſtill deeper in diſgrace! What a treachery, after voluntarily aſſiſting him, to complain of, and betray him! ah! let my own faults teach me mercy for the faults of others!" yet, without this acknowledgment, what exculpation could ſhe offer for the origin of her debts? and all ſhe had incurred at Tunbridge?. thoſe of Southampton ſhe now thought every way unpardonable. Even were ſhe to relate the vain hopes which had

had led to the expence of the ball dreſs, could ſhe plead, to an underſtanding like that of her Mother, that ſhe had been deceived and played upon by ſuch a woman as Mrs. Mittin? "I am aſtoniſhed now myſelf," ſhe cried, "at that paſſive facility!—but to me, alas, thought comes only with repentance!" The Higden debt, both for the rent and the ſtores, was the only one at which ſhe did not bluſh, ſince, great as was her indiſcretion, in not enquiring into her powers before ſhe plighted her ſervices, it would be palliated by her motive.

Vainly ſhe took up her pen; not even a line could ſhe write. "How enervating," ſhe cried, "is all wrong!" I have been, till now, a happy ſtranger to fear! Partially favoured, and fondly confiding, I have looked at my dear Father, I have met my beloved Mother, with the ſame courage, and the ſame pleaſure that I looked at and met my brother and my ſiſters, and only with more reverence. How miſerable a change! I ſhudder now

at

at the preſence of the moſt indulgent of Fathers! I fly with guilty cowardice from the fondeſt of Mothers!"

Eugenia, when able, followed her; and had no ſooner heard the whole hiſtory, than, tenderly embracing her, ſhe ſaid, "Let not this diſtreſs ſeem ſo deſperate to you, my deareſt ſiſter! your own account points out to me how to relieve it, without either betraying our poor Lionel, or further weighing down our already heavily burthened friends."

"And how, my dear Eugenia?" cried Camilla, with fearful gratitude, and involuntarily reviving by the moſt diſtant idea of ſuch a project.

By adopting, ſhe ſaid, the ſame means that had been invented by Mrs. Mittin. She had many valuable trinkets, the annual offerings of her munificent uncle, the ſale of which would go far enough, ſhe could not doubt, towards the payment of the principal, to induce the money-lender to accept intereſt for the reſt, till the general affairs of

of their houſe were re-eſtabliſhed; when what remained of the ſum could be diſcharged, without difficulty, by herſelf; now no longer wanting money, nor capable of receiving any pleaſure from it, but by the pleaſure ſhe might give.

Camilla preſſed her in her arms, almoſt kneeling with fond acknowledgments, and accepted, without heſitation, her generous offer.

"All then, is arranged," ſaid Eugenia, with a ſmile ſo benign it ſeemed nearly beautiful; "and to friendſhip, and each other, we will devote our future days. My ſpirits will revive in the revival of Camilla. To ſee her again gay will be renovation to my uncle; and who knows, my dear ſiſter, but our whole family may again be bleſt, 'ere long, with peace?"

* * * *

The next morning they ſent off a note to the money-lender, whoſe direction

Camilla

Camilla had received from Mrs. Mittin, entreating his patience for a fortnight, or three weeks, when he would receive the greateſt part of his money, with every ſpecies of acknowledgment.

Camilla, much relieved, went to ſit with Mrs. Berlinton, but on entering the dreſſing room, was ſtruck by the ſight of Bellamy, juſt quitting it.

Mrs. Berlinton, upon her appearance, with a look of ſoft rapture approaching her, ſaid: "Felicitate me, lovelieſt Camilla!—my friend, my choſen friend is reſtored to me, and the ſociety for which ſo long I have ſighed in vain, may be once more mine!"

Camilla, ſtartled, exclaimed with earneſtneſs, "My deareſt Mrs. Berlinton, pardon me, I entreat—but is Mr. Bellamy known to Mr. Berlinton?"

"No!" anſwered ſhe, diſdainfully; "but he has been ſeen by him. Mr. Berlinton is a ſtranger to merit or taſte; and Alphonſo, to him, is but as any other man."

"They

"They are, however, acquainted with each other?" ſaid Camilla.

Mrs. Berlinton anſwered, that, after her marriage, ſhe remained three months in Wales with her aunt, where Bellamy was travelling to view the country, and where, almoſt immediately after that unhappy enthralment, ſhe firſt knew him, and firſt learnt the ſoothing charms of friendſhip; but from that period they had met no more, though they had conſtantly correſponded.

Camilla was now firſt ſenſible to all the alarm with which Edgar had hitherto ſtrove to impreſs her in vain. The impropriety of ſuch a connexion, the danger of ſuch a partiality, filled her with wonder and diſturbance. She heſitated whether to relate or not the adventure of Bellamy with her ſiſter; but the ſtrong repugnance of Eugenia to having it named, and the impoſſibility of proving the truth of the general opinion of his baſe ſcheme, decided her to ſilence. Upon the plans and the ſentiments,

ſentiments, however, of Mrs. Berlinton herſelf, ſhe ſpared not the extremeſt ſincerity; but ſhe gained no ground by the conteſt, though ſhe loſt not any kindneſs by the attempt.

At dinner, ſhe felt extremely diſturbed by the re-appearance of Bellamy, whom alone, ſhe found, had been excepted by Mrs. Berlinton, in the orders of general denial to company. He ſeemed, himſelf, much ſtruck at the ſight of Eugenia, who bluſhed and looked embarraſſed by his preſence. He did not, however, addreſs her; he confined his attentions to Mrs. Berlinton, or Miſs Margland.

The former received them with diſtinguiſhing ſoftneſs; the latter, at firſt, diſdainfully repelled them, from the general belief at Cleves of his attempted elopement with Eugenia; but afterwards, finding ſhe was left wholly to a perſon who had no reſources for entertaining her, namely, herſelf,—and knowing Eugenia ſafe while immediately under her eye,

eye, ſhe deigned to treat him with more conſideration.

The opera was propoſed for the evening, Mrs. Berlinton, having both tickets and her box at the ſervice of her fair friends, as the lady with whom ſhe had ſubſcribed was out of town. Indiana was enchanted, Miſs Margland was elevated, and Eugenia not unwilling to ſeek ſome recreation, though hopeleſs of finding it. But Camilla, notwithſtanding ſhe was lightened, at this moment, from one of her moſt corroſive cares, was too entirely miſerable for any ſpecies of amuſement. The ſame ſtrong feelings that gave to pleaſure, when ſhe was happy, ſo high a zeſt, rendered it nearly abhorrent to her, when grief had poſſeſſion of her mind.

After dinner, when the ladies retired to dreſs, Camilla, with ſome uneaſineſs, conjured Eugenia to avoid renewing any acquaintance with Bellamy.

Eugenia bluſhing, while a tear ſtarted into

into either eye, ſaid ſhe was but too well guarded from Bellamy, through a late tranſaction; which had exalted her to a ſummit of happineſs, from which ſhe could never now deſcend to any new plan of life, beyond the ſingle ſtate and retirement.

* * * *

At night, the whole party went to the Opera, except Camilla, who, in ſpending the evening alone, meant to ruminate upon her affairs, and arrange her future conduct: but Edgar, his virtues, and his loſs, took imperious poſſeſſion of all her thoughts; and while ſhe dwelt upon his honour, his ſincerity, and his goodneſs, and traced, with cheriſhed recollection, every ſcene in which ſhe had been engaged with him, he and they recurred to her as viſions of all earthly felicity.

Awakened from theſe reveries, by the ſound of the carriage, and the rapping at the ſtreet door, ſhe was haſtening down

down ſtairs to meet her ſiſter, when ſhe heard Melmond call out from the coach: "Is Miſs Eugenia Tyrold come home?"

"No;" the man anſwered; and Melmond exclaimed; "Good Heaven!—I muſt run then back to the theatre. Do not be alarmed, my Indiana, and do not alarm Miſs Camilla, for I will not return without her."

They all entered but himſelf; while Camilla, fixed to the ſtair upon which ſhe had heard theſe words, remained ſome minutes motionleſs. Then, tottering down to the parlour, with a voice hollow from affright, and a face pale as death, ſhe tremulouſly articulated, "where is my ſiſter?"

They looked all aghaſt, and not one of them, for ſome time, was capable to give any account that was intelligible. She then gathered that, in coming out of the theatre, to get to the coach, they had miſſed her. None of them knew how, which way, in what manner.

"And

"And where's Mr. Bellamy?" cried ſhe, in an agony of apprehenſion; "was he at the Opera? where—where is he?"

Miſs Margland looked diſmayed, and Mrs. Berlinton amazed, at this interrogatory; but they both ſaid he had only been in the box at the beginning of the Opera, and afterwards to help them out of the crowd.

"And who did he help? who? who?" exclaimed Camilla.

"Me,—firſt—" anſwered Miſs Margland,—" and, when we got into a great crowd, he took care of Miſs Eugenia too." She then added, that in this crowd, both ſhe and Eugenia had been ſeparated from Mrs. Berlinton and Indiana, who by Melmond and another gentleman had been handed ſtraight to the carriage, without difficulty; that ſoon after, ſhe had loſt the arm of Bellamy, who, by ſome miſtake, had turned a wrong way; but ſhe got to the coach by herſelf; where they had waited full half an hour, Melmond running to and

fro and ſearching in every direction, but in vain, to find Eugenia. Nor had Bellamy again appeared. They then came home, hoping he had put her into a chair, and that ſhe might be arrived before them.

"Dreadful! dreadful!" cried Camilla, ſinking on the floor, "ſhe is forced away! ſhe is loſt!"

When again her ſtrength returned, ſhe deſired that ſome one might go immediately to the houſe or lodgings of Bellamy, to enquire if he were come home.

This was done by a footman, who brought word he had not been ſeen there ſince ſix o'clock in the evening, when he dreſſed, and went out.

Camilla now, confirmed in her horrible ſurmiſe, was nearly frantic. She bewailed her ſiſter, her father, her uncle; ſhe wanted herſelf to ruſh forth, to ſearch Eugenia in the ſtreets; ſhe could ſcarce be detained within, ſcarce kept off from entire delirium.

CHAP. II.

A Narrative.

IT was four o'clock in the morning when Melmond returned. Camilla ruſhed to the ſtreet-door to meet him. His ſilence and his mournful air announced his ill ſucceſs. She wrung her hands in anguiſh, and beſought him to ſend inſtantly an expreſs to Etherington, with the fatal tidings.

He went himſelf to the neareſt ſtables, deſiring ſhe would prepare a letter while he got a man and horſe for the journey.

In ſcrawling and indiſtinct characters ſhe then wrote:

"O my Father—our Eugenia has diſappeared! ſhe was loſt laſt night at the Opera—Mr. Bellamy was conducting her to Mrs. Berlinton's coach—but we have ſeen neither of them ſince!—what—what muſt we do?"

Melmond wrote the addreſs, which her hand could not make legible; and Miſs Margland prepared for the poſt a laboured vindication to Sir Hugh of her own conduct upon this occaſion.

Indiana was long gone to bed. She was really very ſorry; but ſhe was really much tired; and ſhe could do, as ſhe ſaid, no good.

But Mrs. Berlinton felt an alarm for Eugenia, and an aſtoniſhment concerning Bellamy, that would fully have wakened her faculties, had ſhe been wholly unmoved by the miſery of Camilla. Far other was, however, her nature, gentle, compaſſionate, and ſympathiſing; and her own internal diſturbance, though great even beyond her own conception why, ſunk at ſight of the exceſs of wretchedneſs which diſordered her poor friend.

There could be but one poſſible opinion of this diſaſtrous adventure, which was, that Bellamy had ſpirited this young creature away, to ſecure her fortune, by her

her hand. Melmond again went forth, to make enquiry at all the ſtables in London, for any carriage that might have been hired for a late hour. And at ſix o'clock, in great perturbation, he came back, ſaying, he had juſt traced that ſhe was put into a chaiſe and four from a hackney coach; that the chaiſe was hired in Piccadilly, and engaged for a week. He was now determined to ride poſt himſelf in the purſuit, that, if any accidental delay retarded them, he might recover her before ſhe arrived at Gretna Green, whither he could not doubt ſhe was to be conveyed: but as ſhe could not be married by force, his preſence might yet be in time to prevent perſecution, or foul play.

Camilla nearly embraced him with tranſport at this ray of hope, and, leaving his tendereſt condolements for Indiana, whom he implored his ſiſter to watch ſedulouſly, he galloped northwards.

His heart was moſt ſincerely in the

buſineſs; what he owed to the noble conduct which the high ſentiments and pure regard of Eugenia had dictated, had excited a tender veneration, which made him hold his life as too ſmall an offering to be refuſed for her ſervice, if its ſacrifice could eſſentially ſhew his gratitude. And often his ſecret mind had breathed a wiſh, that her love of literature had been inſtilled into her couſin; though he ſtudiouſly checked, as profane, all that was not admiration of that moſt exquiſite workmanſhip of nature.

Mrs. Berlinton wanted not to be told this proceeding was wrong, yet ſtill found it impoſſible to perſuade herſelf Eugenia would not ſoon think it right; though Eugenia was the creature that ſhe moſt revered in the whole world, and though, with Bellamy himſelf ſhe felt irritated and diſappointed.

Camilla in every evil reverted to the loſs of Edgar, whoſe guardian care, had ſhe preſerved him, would have preſerved, ſhe thought, her loved Eugenia.

The

The expreſs from Etherington brought back only a few lines written by Lavinia, with an account that Mr. Tyrold, in deep miſery, was ſetting out poſt for Scotland.

A week paſt thus in ſuſpence, nearly intolerable to Camilla, before Melmond returned.

Always upon the watch, ſhe heard his voice, and flew to meet him in the dreſſing room. He was at the feet of Indiana, to whom he was pouring forth his ardent lamentations at this long deprivation of her ſight.

But joy had evidently no part in his tenderneſs; Camilla ſaw at once depreſſion and evil tidings, and, ſinking upon a chair, could ſcarcely pronounce, "Have you not then found her?"

"I have left her but this minute," he anſwered, in a tone the moſt melancholy.

"Ah! you have then ſeen her! you have ſeen my deareſt Eugenia?—O, Mr. Melmond, why have you left her at all?"

It was long before he could anſwer; he beſought her to compoſe herſelf; he

expreſſed the extremeſt ſolicitude for the uneaſineſs of Indiana, whoſe eternal interruptions of "Dear! where is ſhe?—Dear! why did not ſhe come back?—Dear! who took her away?" he attributed to the agitation of the fondeſt friendſhip, and conjured, while tears of terror ſtarted into his eyes, that ſhe would moderate the exceſs of her ſenſibility. It ſeems the peculiar province of the lover, to transfuſe all that he himſelf moſt prizes, and thinks praiſe-worthy, into the breaſt of his choſen object; nor is he more blind to the defects with which ſhe may abound, than prodigal in gifts of virtues which exiſt but in his own admiration.

"And my Father? my poor Father!" cried Camilla, "you have ſeen nothing of my Father?"

"Pardon me; I have juſt left him alſo."

"And not with Eugenia."

"Yes; they are together."

Rapture now defied all apprehenſion with Camilla; the idea of Eugenia reſtored

ſtored to her Father, was an idea of entire happineſs; but her joy affected Melmond yet more than her alarm: he could not let her faſten upon any falſe expectations; he bid his ſiſter aid him to ſupport Indiana, and then, with all the gentleneſs of the ſincereſt concern, confeſſed that Eugenia was married before ſhe was overtaken.

This was a blow for which Camilla was ſtill unprepared. She concluded it a forced marriage; horror froze her veins, her blood no longer flowed, her heart ceaſed to beat, ſhe fell lifeleſs on the ground.

Her recovery was more ſpeedy than it was happy, and ſhe was aſſiſted to her chamber, no longer aſking any queſtions, no longer deſiring further information. All was over of hope: and the particulars ſeemed immaterial, ſince the cataſtrophe was as irreverſible as it was afflicting.

Mrs. Berlinton ſtill attended her, grieved for her ſuffering, yet believing that Eugenia would be the happieſt of

women; though an indignation the moſt forcible mingled with her ſurpriſe at the conduct of Bellamy.

This dread ſort of chaſm in the acuteneſs of the feelings of Camilla laſted not long; and Mrs. Berlinton then brought from Melmond the following account.

With the utmoſt ſpeed he could uſe, he could not, though a ſingle horſeman, overtake them. They never, as he learnt by the way, remitted their journey, nor ſtopt for the ſmalleſt refreſhment but at ſome cottage. At length, in the laſt ſtage to Gretna Green, he met them upon their return. It was eaſy to him to ſee that his errand was vain, and the knot indiſſolubly tied, by the blinds being down, and the eaſy air with which Bellamy was looking around him.

Eugenia ſat back in the chaiſe with a handkerchief to her eyes. He ſtopt the vehicle, and told Bellamy he muſt ſpeak with that lady. "That lady, Sir," he proudly anſwered, "is my wife; ſpeak to

her, therefore; - - - but in my hearing." Eugenia at this dropt her handkerchief, and looked up. Her eyes were ſunk into her head by weeping, and her face was a living picture of grief. Melmond loudly exclaimed: "I come by the authority of her friends, and I demand her own account of this tranſaction." "We are now going to our friends," replied he, "ourſelves, and we ſhall ſend them no meſſages." He then ordered the poſtillion to drive on, telling him at his peril to ſtop no more; Eugenia, in a tone but juſt audible, ſaying: "Adieu, Mr. Melmond! Adieu!"

To have riſked his life in her reſcue, at ſuch a moment, ſeemed to him nothing, could he but more certainly have aſcertained her own wiſhes, and real ſituation: but as ſhe attempted neither reſiſtance nor remonſtrance, he concluded Bellamy ſpoke truth; and if they were married, he could not unmarry them; and if they were going to her friends, they were doing all he could now exact.

He reſolved, however, to follow, and if they ſhould turn any other road, to call for aſſiſtance till he could inveſtigate the truth.

They ſtopt occaſionally for refreſhments at the uſual inns, and travelled no more in the dark; but Bellamy never loſt ſight of her; and Melmond, in watching, obſerved that ſhe returned to the chaiſe with as little oppoſition as ſhe quitted it, though weeping always, and never, for a voluntary moment, uncovering her face. Bellamy ſeemed always moſt aſſiduous in his attentions: ſhe never appeared to repulſe him, nor to receive from him any comfort.

On the ſecond days journey, juſt as Bellamy had handed her from the chaiſe, at the inn where they meant to dine, and which Melmond, as uſual, entered at the ſame time, he ſaw Mr. Tyrold—hurrying, but ſo ſhaking he could ſcarcely ſupport himſelf, from a parlour, whence he had ſeen them alight, into the paſſage. The eyes, ever downcaſt, of Eugenia, perceived him not,

not, till ſhe was claſped, in mute agony, in his arms. She then looked up, ſaw who it was, and fainted away. Bellamy, though he knew him not, ſuppoſed who he might be, and his reverend appearance ſeemed to impreſs him with awe. Nevertheleſs, he was himſelf ſeizing the now ſenſeleſs Eugenia, to convey her to ſome room; when Mr. Tyrold, reviving from indignation, fixed his eyes upon his face, and ſaid: "By what authority, Sir, do you preſume to take charge of my daughter?"—"By the authority," he anſwered, "of a huſband." Mr. Tyrold ſaid no more; he caught by the arm of Melmond, though he had not yet ſeen who he was, and Bellamy carried Eugenia into the firſt vacant parlour, followed only by the woman of the houſe.

Melmond then, reſpectfully, and filled with the deepeſt commiſeration, ſought to make himſelf known to Mr. Tyrold; but he heard him not, he heeded no one; he ſat down upon a trunk, accidentally, in the paſſage where all this had

paſſed, ſaying, but almoſt without ſeeming conſcious that he ſpoke aloud: "This, indeed, is a blow to break both our hearts!" Melmond then ſtood ſilently by, for he ſaw, by his folded hands and uplighted eyes, he was ejaculating ſome prayer: after which, with a countenance more firm, and limbs better able to ſuſtain him, he roſe, and moved towards the parlour into which the fainting Eugenia had been carried.

Melmond then again ſpoke to him by his name. He recollected the voice, turned to him, and gave him his hand, which was of an icy coldneſs. "You are very kind, Mr. Melmond," he ſaid; "my poor girl"—but ſtopt, checking what he meant to add, and went to the parlour-door.

It was locked. The woman of the houſe had left it, and ſaid, the lady was recovered from her fit. Mr. Tyrold, from a thouſand feelings, ſeemed unable to demand admiſſion for himſelf: he deſired

fired Melmond to ſpeak, and claim an audience alone for him with his daughter.

Bellamy opened the door with a look evidently humbled and frightened, yet affecting perfect eaſe. When Melmond made known his commiſſion, Eugenia, ſtarting up, exclaimed: "Yes, yes! I will ſee my dear Father alone!—and O! that this poor frame might ſink to reſt on his loved boſom!"

"In a moment! in a moment!" cried Bellamy, motioning Melmond to withdraw; "tell Mr. Tyrold he ſhall come in a moment."

Melmond was forced to retreat; but heard him haſtily ſay, as again he faſtened the door, "My life, O Eugenia! is in your hands—and is it thus you requite my ardent love and conſtancy?"

Mr. Tyrold now would wait but a few minutes: it was palpable Bellamy feared the interview; and he could fear it but from one motive: he ſent him, therefore, word by Melmond, that if he did not immediately retire, and leave him

to

to a conference alone with his daughter, he would apply no more for a meeting till he claimed it in a court of juſtice.

Bellamy ſoon came out, bowed obſequiouſly to Mr. Tyrold, who paſſed him without notice, and who was then for half an hour ſhut up with Eugenia. Longer Bellamy could not endure; he broke in upon them, and left the room no more.

Soon after, Mr. Tyrold came out, his own eyes now as red as thoſe of the weeping bride. He took Melmond apart, thanked him for his kindneſs, but ſaid nothing could be done. He entreated him therefore to return to his own happier affairs; adding, "I cannot talk upon this miſerable event. Tell Camilla, her ſiſter is, for the preſent, going home with me—though not, alas! alone! Tell her, too, I will write to her upon my arrival at Etherington."

"This," concluded Mrs. Berlinton, "is all my brother has to relate; all that for himſelf he adds, is, that if ever, to ſomething

ſomething human, the mind of an angel was accorded—that mind ſeems enſhrined in the heart of Eugenia!"

Nothing that Camilla had yet experienced of unhappineſs, had penetrated her with feelings of ſuch deadly woe as this event. Eugenia, from her childhood, had ſeemed marked by calamity: her ill health, even from infancy, and her ſubſequent misfortunes, had excited in her whole houſe the tendereſt pity, to which the uncommon character with which ſhe grew up, had added reſpect and admiration. And the ſtrange, and almoſt continual trials ſhe had had to encounter, from the period of her attaining her fifteenth year, which, far from ſouring her mind, had ſeemed to render it more perfect, had now nearly ſanctified her in the eſtimation of them all. To ſee her, therefore, fall, at laſt, a ſacrifice to deceit or violence,—for one, if not both, had palpably put her into the poſſeſſion of Bellamy, was a grief more piercingly wounding than all ſhe had yet ſuffered. Whatever

ſhe

ſhe had perſonally to bear, ſhe conſtantly imagined ſome imprudence or impropriety had provoked; but Eugenia, while ſhe appeared to her ſo blameleſs, that ſhe could merit no evil, was ſo amiable, that willingly ſhe would have borne for her their united portions.

How it had been effected, ſince force would be illegal, ſtill kept amazement joined to ſorrow, till the promiſed letter arrived from Mr. Tyrold, with an account of the tranſaction.

Eugenia, parted from Miſs Margland by Bellamy, in the crowd, was obliged to accept his protection, which, till then, ſhe had refuſed, to reſtore her to her company. The coach, he ſaid, he knew, had orders to wait in Pall Mall, whither the other ladies would be conveyed in chairs, to avoid danger from the ſurrounding carriages. She deſired to go, alſo, in a chair: but he hurried her by quick ſurprize into a hackney-coach, which, he ſaid, would be more ſpeedy, and bidding the man drive to Pall Mall,

ſeated

ſeated himſelf oppoſite to her. She had not the moſt remote ſuſpicion of his deſign, as his behaviour was even coldly diſtant, though ſhe wondered Pall Mall was ſo far off, and that the coachman drove ſo faſt, till they ſtopt at a turnpike—— and then, in one quick and decided moment, ſhe comprehended her ſituation, and made an attempt for her own deliverance—but he prevented her from being heard.—And the ſcenes that followed ſhe declined relating. Yet, what ſhe would not recount, ſhe could not, to the queſtions of her Father, deny, that force, from that moment, was uſed, to repel all her efforts for obtaining help, and to remove her into a chaiſe.

Mr. Tyrold required to hear nothing more, to eſtabliſh a proſecution, and to ſeize her, publickly, from Bellamy. But from this ſhe recoiled. "No, my dear Father," ſhe continued, the die is caſt! and I am his!—Solemn has been my vow! ſacred I muſt hold it!"

She then briefly narrated, that though violence

violence was uſed to ſilence her at every place where ſhe ſought to be reſcued, every interval was employed, by Bellamy, in the humbleſt ſupplications for her pardon, and moſt paſſionate proteſtations of regard, all beginning and all ending in declaring, that to live longer without her was impoſſible, and pledging his ardent attachment for obtaining her future favour; ſpending the period from ſtage to ſtage, or turnpike to turnpike, in kneeling to beſeech forgiveneſs for the deſperation to which he was driven, by the moſt cruel and hopeleſs paſſion that ever ſeized the heart of man. When they were near their journey's end, he owned that his life was in her hands, but he was indifferent whether he loſt it from the miſery of living without her, or from her vengeance of this laſt ſtruggle of his deſpair. She aſſured him his life was ſafe, and offered him pardon upon condition of immediate reſtoration to her friends; but, ſuddenly producing a piſtol, "Now then," he ſaid, "O! amiable object of

of my conſtant love! bleſs me with your hand, or prepare to ſee me die at your feet!" And, with a terrifying oath, he bound himſelf not to loſe her and outlive her loſs. She beſought him to be more reaſonable, with the gentleſt prayers; but his vehemence only encreaſed; ſhe offered him every other promiſe he could name; but he preferred death to every other ſhe ſhould grant. She then pronounced, though in trembling, a poſitive refuſal. Inſtantly he lifted up his piſtol, and calling out; "Forgive, then, O hard-hearted Eugenia, my uncontroulable paſſion, and ſhed a tear over the corpſe I am going to proſtrate at your feet!" was pointing it to his temple, when, overcome with horror, ſhe caught his arm, exclaiming; "Ah! ſtop! I conſent to what you pleaſe!" It was in vain ſhe ſtrove afterwards to retract; one ſcene followed another, till he had bound her by all ſhe herſelf held ſacred, to reſcue him from ſuicide, by conſenting to the union. He found

found a perſon who performed the marriage ceremony on the minute of her quitting the chaiſe. She uttered not one word; ſhe was paſſive, ſcared, and ſcarce alive; but reſiſted not the eventful ring, with which he encircled her finger, and ſeemed rouſing as from a dream, upon hearing him call her his wife. He profeſſed eternal gratitude, and eternal devotion; but no ſooner was all conflict at an end, than, conſigning herſelf wholly to grief, ſhe wept without intermiſſion.

When Mr. Tyrold had heard her hiſtory, abhorrence of ſuch barbarous force, and deteſtation of ſuch foul play upon the ingenuous credulity of her nature, made him inſiſt, yet more ſtrongly, upon taking legal meaſures for procuring an immediate ſeparation, and ſubſequent puniſhment; but the reiterated vows with which, ſince the ceremony, he had bound her to himſelf, ſo forcibly awed the ſtrict conſcientiouſneſs of her principles, that no repreſentations could abſolve her opinion of what ſhe now held her duty; and while

while ſhe confeſſed her unhappineſs at a connection formed by ſuch cruel means, ſhe conjured him not to encreaſe it, by rendering her, in her own eſtimation, perjured.

"Patiently, therefore," continued Mr. Tyrold, "we muſt bear, what vainly we ſhould combat, and bow down to thoſe calamities of which the purpoſe is hidden, nor fancy no good is anſwered, becauſe none is obvious. Man develops but little, though he experiences much. The time will come for his greater diffuſion of knowledge; let him meet it without dread, by uſing worthily his actual portion. I reſign myſelf, therefore, with reverence to this blow; though none yet has ſtruck ſo hardly at my heart. We muſt now do what we can for this victim to her own purity, by ſeeking means to ſecure her future independence, and by bettering —if poſſible!—her betrayer. What a daughter, what a ſiſter, what a friend, has her family thus loſt! How will your poor Mother receive ſuch killing tidings! Misfortune,

fortune, ſickneſs, and poverty, ſhe has heroiſm to endure; but innocence oppreſſed through its own artleſſneſs, and inexperience duped by villainy, will ſhake her utmoſt firmneſs, and haraſs into diſorder her, as yet, unbroken powers of encountering adverſity. Alas!—no evils that viſited the early years of this loved child, have proved to her ſo grievous as the large fortune with which they were followed! We repined, my Camilla, at the deprivation you ſuſtained at that period.—We owe to it, perhaps, that you have not as treacherouſly been betrayed!

"How has the opening promiſe of our Eugenia more than anſwered our fondeſt expectations! Her knowledge is ſtill leſs uncommon than her ſimplicity, her philoſophy for herſelf than her zeal in the ſervice of others. She is ſingular with ſweetneſs, peculiar, yet not impracticable; generous without parade, and wiſe without conſciouſneſs. Yet now, ſo ſacrificed ſeems all,—that I dwell upon her excellencies as if enumerating them over her tomb!"

A letter from Lavinia contained ſome further particulars. Their Father, ſhe ſaid, finding the poor victim reſolute, meant to ſpare Sir Hugh all that was poſſible of the deteſtable craft of Bellamy; and Eugenia was already ſtruggling to recover her natural ſerenity, that ſhe might appear before him without endangering his own. Bellamy talked of nothing but love and rapture; yet the unſuſpicious Eugenia was the only perſon he deceived; for ſo little from the heart ſeemed either his looks or his expreſſions, that it was palpable he was acting a part, to all who believed it poſſible words and thoughts could be divided.

A poſtſcript to this letter was added by Eugenia herſelf.

"Ah, my Camilla!---where now are all our ſweet promiſed participations?—But let me not talk of myſelf; nor do you, my affectionate ſiſter, dwell upon me at this period. One thing I undertook ſhall yet be performed; the moment I am able to go to Cleves, I will

deliver, through Lavinia, what I mentioned. Does any thing elſe remain that is yet in my power? Tell me, my Camilla, and think but with what joy you will give joy again to your

EUGENIA."

Broken hearted over theſe letters, Camilla ſpent her time in their perpetual peruſal, in wiping from them her tears, and preſſing with fond anguiſh to her lips the ſignature of her hapleſs ſiſter, ſelf-beguiled by her own credulous goodneſs, and ſelf-devoted by her conſcientious ſcruples.

CHAP. III.

The Progreſs of Diſſipation.

MR. Clykes, by the promiſed payment and reward, being for the preſent appeaſed, Camilla ſtill admitted ſome hope of waiting a more favourable moment for her cruel confeſſion. She received, alſo, a little, though mournful, reprieve from terror, by a letter from Liſbon, written to again poſtpone the return of Mrs. Tyrold, at the earneſt requeſt of Mr. Relvil; and ſhe flattered herſelf that, before her arrival, ſhe ſhould be enabled to reſume thoſe only duties which could draw her from deſpondence. She lived, meanwhile, wholly ſhut up from all company, conſigned to penitence for her indiſcretions, to grief for the fate of her ſiſter, and to waſting regret of her own cauſeleſsly loſt felicity.

Indiana ſmiled not more ſweetly upon

Melmond, for Miſs Margland's adviſing her to conſider in time, whether the promiſes made by Miſs Eugenia Tyrold would be binding to Mrs. Bellamy. She ſaw, nevertheleſs, no good, ſhe ſaid, it could do her couſin, that ſhe ſhould neglect ſuch an opportunity of ſeeing London: and Miſs Margland, in aid of this deſire, ſpared ſo much trouble to Mrs. Berlinton, who ſoon wearied of Indiana, that ſhe had the ſatisfaction of being invited to remain in Groſvenor-ſquare till the two young ladies returned into the country.

Mrs. Berlinton, who indulged, in full extent, every feeling, but inveſtigated none, had been piqued and hurt to extreme unhappineſs at the late conduct of Bellamy. Attracted by his fine perſon, and caught by the firſt flattery which had talked to her of her own, ſhe had eaſily been captivated by his deſcription of the ſympathy which united, and penetrated by his lamentations at the deſtiny which parted them. His requeſt for her friend-

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ſhip had been the firſt circumſtance, after her marriage, which had given her any intereſt in life; and ſoon, with the common effect of ſuch dangerous expedients to while away chagrin, had occupied all her thoughts, and made the reſt of the univerſe ſeem to her as a blank. But their continued ſeparation from each other, made the day ſoon too long for mere regret; and her pliant mind, in this ſtate of vacancy, had readily been bent to the new purſuit preſſed upon her by Mrs. Norfield; which, however, upon the re-appearance of Bellamy, would ſpeedily have given way to the reſumption of his influence, had not his elopement with Eugenia left her again all at large. It deſtroyed an illuſion ſtrong though not definable; demoliſhed a friendſhip ill conceived, and worſe underſtood; and brought with it a diſappointment which confu ed all her ideas. To be inactive was, however, impoſſible; ſimplicity, once given up, returns to the diſſipated no more; or returns but when

experience brings conviction, That all is hollow where the heart bears no part; all is peril where principle is not the guide.

The Faro Table was now re-opened, and again but too powerfully ſharpened the faculties which mortification had blunted. A company the moſt miſcellaneous compoſed her evening aſſemblies, which were ſoon, nevertheleſs, amongſt the moſt faſhionable, as well as crowded of the metropolis. Whatever there, is new and ſplended, is ſure of a run for at leaſt a ſeaſon. Enquiries into what is right, or ſtrictures upon what is wrong, rarely moleſt popularity, till the riſe of ſome freſher luminary gives faſhion another abode.

Calamity requires not more fortitude than pleaſure. What ſhe began but to divert diſappointment and laſſitude, ſhe continued to attain celebrity; and the company which Faro and Faſhion brought together, ſhe ſoon grew ambitious to collect by motives of more appropriate

propriate flattery. All her aim, now, was to be univerſally alluring; and ſhe looked from object to object, in ſmiling diſcourſe, till one by one, every object could look only at her: and the grace and ſoftneſs which had been ſecretly bewitching while ſhe had the dignity to keep admiration aloof, were boldly declared to be invincible, ſince ſhe permitted ſuch profeſſions to reach her ear.

Long ſurrounded by gazing admirers, ſhe became now encircled by avowed adorers; and what for victory ſhe had eſſayed, ſhe purſued ardently for pleaſure. Coquetry is as faſcinating to thoſe who practiſe it, as to thoſe whom it ſeduces; and ſhe found herſelf, ſhortly, more happy by a conqueſt effected by wiles and by art, than by any devotion paid ſtraight forward, and uncourted. The generality of her new ambition protected it from permanent ill conſequences; aiming at every one, ſhe cared for no one; mortified by Bellamy, ſhe reſolved to mortify others, and in pro-

portion as her ſmiles grew ſofter her heart became harder.

Indiana, at this period, immerſed at once from the moſt private retreat into the gayeſt vortex of pleaſure, thought herſelf in the upper regions, where happineſs, compoſed by her own ideas, conſiſted of perpetual admiration to unfading beauty: but though the high qualities with which the devotion of Melmond had gifted her, had enſlaved his reaſon and underſtanding from ſuſpecting that ſo fair a form could encloſe aught ſhort of its own perfection, his heart was ſtruck, and all his feelings were offended, when he ſaw her capable of diſſipation upon a ſeaſon of calamity to Eugenia; Eugenia, whom though he could not love, he venerated; Eugenia, whoſe nature he thought divine, though her perſon, unhappily, was but too human; Eugenia, to whom he owed the union upon which hung all his wiſhes . . . to ſeek pleaſure while Eugenia ſuffered, was aſtoniſhing, was incomprehenſible. He felt as if every principle of

 his

his love were violated; he looked another way, to diſguiſe his ſhock;—but when he looked at her again, it was forgotten.

* * * *

Camilla ſoon after learnt, from Lavinia, that Sir Hugh had been deeply affected by the hiſtory of the elopement, though it had been ſoftened to him by all poſſible means, at the deſire of the heroic Eugenia herſelf; who would now own to no one the force with which ſhe had been carried off. Bellamy continued the moſt unremitting demonſtrations of affection, which ſhe received with gentleneſs, and appeared entirely to credit as ſincere; but he had already abſolutely refuſed a reſidence offered for them both at Cleves, and made Eugenia herſelf aſk a ſeparate proviſion of her uncle, though ſhe could not even a moment pretend that the deſire was her own. Sir Hugh, nevertheleſs, had yielded; and notwithſtanding

ſtanding his preſent embarraſſments from Clermont, had inſiſted upon ſettling a thouſand pounds a year upon her immediately; in conſequence of which, Bellamy had inſtantly taken a houſe at Belfont, to which they were already removing. Eugenia had recovered her gentle fortitude, ſeemed to ſubmit to her deſtiny, and repined ſolely ſhe could not, yet, keep her engagement with reſpect to the trinkets, which though ſhe had openly told Bellamy were promiſed to a friend, he had ſeized to pack up, and ſaid, "he could not re-deliver till they were arranged in their new dwelling." But ſhe charged Lavinia to expreſs her hopes that the detention would not laſt long.

* * * *

When the given three weeks expired, Indiana, infatuated with London, begged and obtained leave to ſtretch her reſidence there to a month.

Eugenia

Eugenia was now ſettled at Belfont; but ſtill Camilla received no intelligence of the promiſed boon, and ſpent her lingering hours in her chamber, no longer even invited thence, except at meals, by Mrs. Berlinton; whoſe extreme and encreaſing diſſipation, from firſt allowing no time, took off, next, all deſire for ſocial life. Surpriſed and hurt, Camilla was called off a little from herſelf, through concern. She ſincerely loved Mrs. Berlinton, whom it was difficult to ſee and know with indifference, and ſhe ſoftly repreſented to her how ill ſhe felt at eaſe in the falling off ſhe experienced in her partiality.

Mrs. Berlinton tenderly embraced her, proteſting ſhe was dear to her as ever; and feeling, while ſhe ſpoke, her firſt affection return; but not a moment had ſhe to beſtow from her new mode of life: ſome party was always formed which ſhe had not force of mind to break; an internal reſtleſsneſs, from the want of ſome right purſuit, joined to a diſap-

pointment ſhe could not own, made that party induce another; and though none gave her real pleaſure, which her ſtrong, however undiſciplined and unguided feelings, ſhut out from ſuch a ſpecies of vague life, all gave employment to expectation, and were preferable to a regret at once conſuming and mortifying.

Her gentleneſs, however, and her returned perſonal kindneſs, encouraged Camilla to repeat her admonitions, and engage aſſiſtance from Melmond; who, at any other period, would, uncalled, have given his whole attention to a ſiſter dear at once to his honour and his heart; but Indiana more than occupied, ſhe engroſſed him. She now expected an adoration ſo unremitting, that if ſhe ſurpriſed his eyes turned any other way even a moment, ſhe reproached him with abated love, and it was the buſineſs of a day to obtain a reconciliation.

Gratefully, however, at the inſtigation of Camilla, he reſumed the vigilance with which, upon her firſt entering London

don the preceding year, he had attended to all the actions of his ſiſter. But the difference already produced by the effect of flattery, the hardening of example, and the ſway of uncontrolled early power, aſtoniſhed and alarmed him. At her firſt ſetting out, ſhe had hearkened to all counſel, frightened by every repreſentation of danger, and humbled by every remonſtrance againſt impropriety. But ſhe now heard him with little or no emotion; and from beginning to liſten unmoved, ſoon proceeded to reply and reſiſt. A ſearch, rather than a love, of pleaſure had ſeized her young mind, which had now gained an aſcendant that rendered conteſt leſs ſhocking, than yielding would have been painful.

The tribulation of Melmond at this ill ſucceſs, reſted not ſolely upon his ſiſter; he ſaw yet more danger for Indiana, who now ſeemed ſcarce to live but while arraying, or diſplaying herſelf. His paſſion had loſt its novelty, and her eyes

eyes loſt their beaming pleaſure in liſtening to it; and the regard he had fondly expected to take place of firſt extacy, he now found unattainable, from want of all materials for its ſtructure. His diſcourſe, when not of her beauty, but ſtrained her faculties; his reading, when compelled to hear it, but wearied her intellects. She had no genius to catch his meaning, and no attention to ſupply its place.

Deeply he now thought of Eugenia, with that regret ever attached to frail humanity, for what is removed from poſſible poſſeſſion. The purity of her love, the cultivation of her mind, and the nobleneſs of her ſentiments, now bore forth a contraſt to the general mental and intellectual littleneſs of Indiana, which made him blame the faſtidious eyes, that could dwell upon her face and form; and feel that, even with the matchleſs Indiana, he muſt ſigh at their mutual perverſity of fate.

Nor

Nor miſſed he more in ſoul, than Indiana in adoration, who turned from what ſhe now reſented as coldneſs, to the violent praiſes of Macderſey, who became, at this period, a frequenter of Mrs. Berlinton's aſſemblies. She underſtood not the inevitable difference of the altered ſituation; that he who was accepted might be grateful, but could not be anxious; and that Melmond, while in ſuſpenſe, wore the ſame impaſſioned air, and ſpoke the ſame impaſſioned feelings as Macderſey. To her, all ſeemed the change not from doubt to ſecurity, but from love to inſenſibility.

To live always at her feet, while he thought her all-divine, was his own firſt joy and greateſt pride: but when once he found his goddeſs had every mortal imperfection, his homage ceaſed, with amazement that ever it could have been excited. Thoſe eyes, thought he, which I have gazed at whole days with ſuch unreflecting admiration; and whoſe ſhape, colour, ſize, and ſweet proportion ſtill hold

hold their pre-eminence, now, while retaining their firſt luſtre, have loſt all their illuſory charm! I meet them—but to deplore their vacancy of the ſoul's intelligence—I fondly—vainly ſeek!"

* * * *

Even when again the time arrived for returning to Cleves, Indiana, hanging languidly upon every minute ſhe could ſteal from it, petitioned for a few days more from the ever-granting Baronet, which, while by her devoted to coquetry, admiration, and dreſs, were conſumed by Camilla in almoſt every ſpecies of wretchedneſs. Mrs. Mittin wrote her word that Mr. Clykes was become more uneaſy than ever for his money, as ſhe had thought it indiſpenſable to acquaint him of the reports in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Tyrold had met with misfortunes, and was retrenching: if he could not, therefore, be paid quickly, he muſt put in his claims elſewhere.

The

The ſame poſt brought from Lavinia an account ſo afflicting of Eugenia, as nearly to annihilate even this deep perſonal diſtreſs. It was known, through Molly Mill, who, by the expreſs inſiſtance of Sir Hugh, continued to live with her young Miſtreſs, that Bellamy had already, at Belfont, caſt off the maſk of pretended paſſion, and groſsly demanded of her Miſtreſs to beg money for him of Sir Hugh; acknowledging, without ſcruple, large debts, that demanded ſpeedy payment, and preſſing her to aſk for the immediate poſſeſſion of the Yorkſhire eſtate. Her Miſtreſs, though mildly, always ſteadily refuſed; which occaſioned reproaches ſo rude and violent as almoſt to frighten her into fits; and ſo loud, that they were often heard by every ſervant in the houſe.

Camilla, at this dreadful hiſtory, grew nearly indifferent to all elſe, and would have relinquiſhed, almoſt unrepining, her expectations of perſonal relief, but that Lavinia, in the name of their unhappy ſiſter, bid her ſtill cheriſh them; aſſuring

ing her ſhe hoped yet to perform her engagement, as Mr. Bellamy never diſputed her already given promiſe, though he had miſlaid the key of the box in which the trinkets were depoſited.

Nor even here reſted the miſery of Camilla: another alarm ſtole upon her mind, of a nature the moſt dreadful.

Upon the firſt evening of this newly-granted ſtay, while ſhe was converſing alone with Mrs. Berlinton before the nocturnal *toilette* of that lady, a ſervant announced Mr. Bellamy. Mrs. Berlinton bluſhed high, evidently with as much of anger as ſurpriſe; Camilla haſtily withdrawing, to avoid an object abhorrent to her, wondered ſhe would admit him: yet, anxious for any intelligence that could relate to her ſiſter, enquired when he was gone, and ran towards the dreſſing-room to aſk what had paſſed: but before ſhe reached the door, the ſound of his voice re-entering the hall, and of his ſtep re-aſcending the ſtairs, made her fly into the adjoining apartment not to encounter

counter him; where the inſtant he had ſhut the door, and before ſhe could move, ſhe heard him exclaim, "You weep ſtill, my lovely friend? Ah! can one doubt ſo injurious remain upon your mind, as to ſuppoſe any thing but the cruel neceſſity of my misfortunes could have made me tarniſh our celeſtial friendſhip with any other engagement? Ah! look at her... and look at yourſelf!"

Camilla, who, at firſt, had been immoveable from conſternation, now recovered ſufficiently to get back to her room. But ſhe returned no more to Mrs. Berlinton, though Bellamy ſoon departed; her eagerneſs for information ſubſided in indignant ſorrow. That Eugenia, the injured, the ineſtimable Eugenia, ſhould be ſpoken of, by the very violator who had torn her from her friends, as a mere burthen attached to the wealth ſhe procured him, ſtruck at her heart as a poignard. And the impropriety to herſelf, and the wrong to Eugenia, of Mrs. Berlinton, in liſtening to ſuch a diſcourſe, totally

totally ſunk that lady in her eſteem; though it determined her, as a duty due to them all around, to repreſent what ſhe felt upon this ſubject: and the next day, the inſtant ſhe was viſible, ſhe begged an audience.

Mrs. Berlinton was penſive and dejected, but, as uſual, open and unguarded: ſhe began herſelf to ſpeak of the viſit of Bellamy, and to aſk why ſhe ran away.

Camilla, without anſwer or heſitation, related what ſhe had overheard; adding: "O, Mrs. Berlinton! can you ſuffer him to talk thus? Can you think of my injured Eugenia—lately your own favourite friend—and bear to hear him?"

"How injured, my ever-dear Camilla? Does ſhe know what he ſays? Can it hurt her unheard? Can it affect her unimagined? He but ſolaces his ſadneſs by a confidence he holds ſacred; 'tis the type of our friendſhip, now dearer, he ſays, than ever, ſince reciprocated by ſuch ſympathy."

"You affright me, Mrs. Berlinton! what

what a perverſion of reaſon to talk of ſympathy in your ſituations? Did Eugenia preſs him to the altar? Did any friends ſolicit the alliance? Oh, Mrs. Berlinton! think but a moment, and your own feeling mind will paint his conduct in colours I have not the ſkill to attain!"

"You are right!" cried ſhe, bluſhing in her unwilling conviction: "I know not how he could delude me to believe our fates reſembled. Certainly nothing can be leſs ſimilar."

Camilla was happy in this victory; but the following day, Bellamy, at the ſame hour was announced, and in the ſame manner was admitted; Camilla flying, and Mrs. Berlinton proteſting ſhe ſhould attack his miſtaken compariſon with ſeverity.

Severity, however, was a quality with which ſhe was unacquainted; Camilla, anxious in every way, haſtened to her when he was gone, but found her diſſolved in tender tears, ſhed, ſhe declared, in regret

gret of the uneaſineſs ſhe had given him, for he had now made her fully ſenſible his deſtiny alone was to blame.

The underſtanding of Camilla was highly ſuperior to being duped by ſuch flimſy ſophiſtry, which ſhe heard with added deteſtation of the character of Bellamy; yet perceived that no remonſtrance could prevent his admittance, and that every interview regularly deſtroyed the effect of every exhortation.

In this melancholy period, the ſole ſatisfaction ſhe received was through a letter written by Lionel from Oſtend, in which he told her that the dread of impriſonment, or want, in a foreign country, made him lead a life ſo parſimonious, ſo totally deprived of all pleaſure and all comfort, that he was almoſt conſumed with regret for the wilfulneſs with which he had thrown away his innumerable advantages; and ſo much ſtruck with the retroſpection of the wanton follies and vices which had involved him in ſuch diſhonour and ruin, that he began now to

think he had rather been mad than wicked;—ſo unmeaning, unreflecting, and unprovoked, as well as worthleſs, had been the courſe he had purſued.

Camilla ſent this letter immediately to her Father, who remitted to Lionel ſuch a ſum as muſt obviate diſtreſs, with ſuch intimation for the future as he hoped would beſt encourage more ſolid reformation.

Thus paſſed the time, improperly, or unhappily to all, till the third period fixed for the return to the country elapſed: and Camilla, finding the whole view of her journey abortive, ſaw the accumulated yet uſeleſs ſuffering involved through her ill-judged procraſtination. Yet, as Eugenia ſtill did not deſpair, even her confeſſion was unwritten; and as Miſs Margland and Indiana granted her requeſt of going round by Belfont, which ſhe had previouſly arranged from an ardent deſire to embrace her loved ſiſter, ſhe ſtill dwelt on a laſt hope from that interview.

CHAP. IV.

Hints upon National Prejudice.

WITH mingled diſquietude and diſtaſte, Melmond ſaw the reluctance of Indiana to quit town, and that he was leſs than a cypher with her upon the laſt evening's aſſembly, where, without deigning to beſtow one look upon him, ſhe chatted, ſmiled, and fluttered with every one elſe; undiſguiſedly betraying, that him whom ſhe ſhould ſoon have alone, and have always, ſhould not rob of even one precious moment this laſt ſplendid blaze of general admiration. He ſighed; and in common with the hapleſs perverſeneſs of mortals, thought he had *thrown away*, in Eugenia, *a gem richer than all her tribe!* (a)

Camilla, whoſe heart, however dead to joy, was invariably open to tenderneſs,

(a) Shakeſpeare.

was

was melted with fond emotions in the idea of again meeting her beloved Eugenia, and ready for her journey nearly with the light.

Soon after ſhe was dreſſed, a houſe maid, tapping at her door, ſaid, "Pray, Ma'am, is Miſs Lynmere with you?"

"No."

Preſently Miſs Margland came herſelf.

"Pray, Miſs Camilla, do you know any thing of Miſs Lynmere? It's the oddeſt thing in the world where ſhe can be!"

Camilla, now, went forth to aid the ſearch; Melmond, who was waiting to hand her into the carriage, looked amazed at the enquiry. It ſoon, however, was clear, that ſhe was no where in the houſe; and, after ſundry examinations and reſearches, one of the maids was brought to confeſs having aided her, in the middle of the night, to go into the ſtreet, where ſhe was handed into a poſt chaiſe by Mr. Macderſey.

Melmond appeared thunder ſtruck.

An action so unexpected at the period of a solemn engagement which waited but the journey to Cleves for being completed, seemed to him, at first, incredible. But, when Miss Margland exclaimed "O pursue her; Mr. Melmond! order your horse, and gallop to Scotland immediately!" he gravely, and rather drily answered: "By no means, Ma'am! The man who has the honour of her preference, is the only one who can have any hope to make her happy. I have no ambition for a hand that has been voluntarily held out to another."

He then returned, quietly, to his own lodgings; far more indignant than hurt at this abrupt conclusion of a connexion which, though it had opened to him as a promise of Elysium, was closing with every menace of mutual discontent.

Camilla was truly concerned; and not merely for the future risk run by her Cousin, in this rash flight, but for the new disappointment to her Uncle. She was obliged, however, to bestow her whole attention

attention upon Miſs Margland, whoſe tribulation was yet greater, and who, in loſing thus her pupil, loſt the expected reward of near thirteen years of unwilling attendance. She had, by no means, indeed, merited this treachery from Indiana, whom though incapable to inſtruct in much good, ſhe had ſedulouſly guarded from all evil.

To return to Sir Hugh without her charge, without indeed either of the young ladies who were put under her care, ſhe had not courage. Nor could Camilla ſo little feel for her diſtreſs as to requeſt it. An expreſs, therefore, was ordered to Cleves, for informing him of theſe ill tidings, with a very elaborate panegyric from Miſs Margland of her own conduct; and a deſire to know if ſhe ſhould remain in town till ſomething tranſpired concerning Indiana.

The expreſs was but juſt gone, when a packet, which ought to have arrived two days before, by the ſtage, was delivered to Camilla. Its intention was merely to

convey more ſpeedily a letter from Lavinia, containing the terrible information that Mr. Clykes had juſt been at Etherington himſelf, to deliver in his accounts, and preſs immediate payment! Their Father, Lavinia ſaid, conceived the whole ſome impoſition, till the man produced the paper ſigned by his daughter. She had then been called in, and obliged to confeſs her knowledge of the tranſaction. She would avoid, ſhe ſaid, particulars that could be only uſeleſsly afflicting; but the interview had ended in their Father's agreeing to pay, when it ſhould be poſſible, the ſums actually delivered to the creditors, and for which Mr. Clykes could produce their own receipts; but refuſing, poſitively and abſolutely, any gratuity whatſoever, from deteſtation of ſo dangerous and ſeductive a ſpecies of trade, as clandeſtine and illegal money-lending to minors: The man, much provoked, ſaid a friend of his had been uſed far more handſomely by Sir Hugh Tyrold; but finding his remonſtrances vain, acknowledged the

the law againſt him for the intereſt; but threatened to ſend in an account for his own trouble, in collecting and paying the bills, that he would diſpute, for validity, in any court of juſtice to which he could be ſummoned: and, in leaving the houſe, he menaced an immediate writ, if all he could legally claim were not paid the next day; unleſs a new bond were properly ſigned, with a promiſe to abide by that already drawn up. Their Father, ſhe was forced to confeſs, had now lent his every guinea, for the debts of Clermont, to Sir Hugh; and was at this inſtant, deliberating to whom he ſhould apply; but deſired, meanwhile, an exact ſtatement of the debts which this man had in commiſſion to diſcharge. The letter concluded with Lavinia's unfeigned grief in the taſk of writing it.

Camilla read it with a diſtraction that made it wholly unintelligible to her; yet could not read it a ſecond time; her eyes became dim, her faculties confuſed, and ſhe rather felt deprived of the power of

thinking, than filled with any new and dreadful ſubjects for rumination.

In this ſtate, the letter on the floor, her eyes ſtaring around, yet looking vacant, and ſearching nothing, ſhe was called to Lord O'Lerney, who begged the honour of a conference with her upon buſineſs.

She ſhook her head, in token of denial, but could not ſpeak. The ſervant looked amazed; yet brought her a ſecond meſſage, that his Lordſhip was extremely ſorry to torment her, but wiſhed to communicate ſomething concerning Mr. Macderſey.

She then faintly articulated, "I can ſee nobody."

Still the ſame dreadful vacuity ſuperſeded her ſenſibility, till, ſoon after, ſhe received a note from Lady Iſabella Irby, deſiring to be admitted to a ſhort converſation with her upon the part of Lord O'Lerney.

With the name of Lady Iſabella Irby recurred the remembrance that ſhe was a favourite

a favourite of Edgar—and burſting into tears, ſhe conſented to the interview; which took place immediately.

The terrible ſtate in which ſhe appeared was naturally, though not juſtly, attributed by her ladyſhip to the elopement of her Couſin: while Camilla, called by her ſight to ſofter regrets, beheld again, in mental view, the loved and gentle image of Edgar.

Lady Iſabella apologiſed politely, but briefly, for her intruſion, ſaying: "My Lord O'Lerney, whoſe judgment is never in any danger, but where warped by his wiſh of giving pleaſure, inſiſts upon it that you will be leſs incommoded by a quick forced admiſſion of me than of himſelf. Nobody elſe will think ſo: but it is not eaſy to refuſe him: ſo here I am. The motive of this intruſion you can but too readily divine. Lord O'Lerney is truly concerned at this raſh action in his kinſman, which he learnt by an accidental call at his lodgings, where various circumſtances had juſt made it known.

He could not reſt without deſiring to ſee ſome part of the young lady's family, and making an offer of his own beſt ſervices with reſpect to ſome arrangement for her future eſtabliſhment. It is for this purpoſe, you have been ſo importunately hurried; Lord O'Lerney wiſhing to make the firſt news that is ſent to Sir Hugh Tyrold leſs alarming, by ſtating, at once, what he can communicate concerning Mr. Macderſey."

Camilla, who only now recollected that Mr. Macderſey was related to Lord O'Lerney, was ſoftened into ſome attention, and much gratitude for his goodneſs, and for her Ladyſhip's benevolence in being its meſſenger.

"Will you, then," ſaid Lady Iſabella, "now you underſtand the purport of his viſit, ſee Lord O'Lerney himſelf? He can give you much better and clearer documents than I can; and it is always the beſt and ſhorteſt mode to deal with principals.

Camilla mechanically complied, and Lady

Lady Iſabella ſent her footman with a note to his Lordſhip, who was waiting at her houſe in Park-lane.

The diſcourſe ſtill fell wholly upon Lady Iſabella; Camilla, loſt alternately in miſery and abſence, ſpoke not, heard not; yet former ſcenes, though not preſent circumſtances, were brought to her mind by the object before her, and almoſt with reverence, ſhe looked at the favourite of Edgar, in whoſe ſweetneſs of countenance, good ſenſe, delicacy, and propriety, ſhe conceived herſelf reading every moment the cauſes of his approbation. Ah, why, thought ſhe, while unable to reply, or to liſten to what was ſaid, why knew I not this charming woman, while yet he took an intereſt in my conduct and connexions! Perhaps her gentle wiſdom might have drawn me into its own path! how would he have delighted to have ſeen me under ſuch influence! how now, even now,—loſt to him as I am!—would he generouſly rejoice, could he view the condeſcending

partiality of looks and manner that ſeem to denote her diſpoſition to kindneſs!

Lord O'Lerney ſoon joined them; and after thanking Camilla for granting, and his Ambaſſadreſs for obtaining him an audience, ſaid; "I have been eager for the honour of a conference with Miſs Tyrold, in the hope of ſomewhat alleviating the fears for the future, that may naturally join with diſpleaſure for the preſent, from the very unadviſed ſtep of this morning. But, however wrong the manner in which this marriage may be effected, the alliance in itſelf will not, I hope, be ſo diſadvantageous, as matches of this expeditious character prove in general. The actual poſſeſſions of Macderſey are, indeed, far beneath what Miſs Lynmere, with her uncommon claims, might demand; but his expectations are conſiderable, and well founded; and his family will all come forward to meet her, with every mark of reſpect, for which, as its head, I ſhall lead the way. He is honeſt, honourable, and good

good natured; not particularly endowed, with judgment or diſcretion, but by no means wanting in parts, though they are rather wild and eccentric."

His Lordſhip then gave a full and ſatisfactory detail of the preſent ſtate, and future hopes of his kinſman; and added, that it ſhould be his own immediate care to endeavour to ſecure for the fair bride a fixed ſettlement, from the rich old couſin who had long promiſed to make Macderſey his heir. He told Camilla to write this, without delay, to the young lady's Uncle, with full leave to uſe his name and authority.

"At all times," he continued, "it is neceſſary to be quick, and as explicit as poſſible, in repreſenting what can conciliate an adventure of this ſort, of which the clandeſtine meaſure implies on one ſide, if not on both, ſomething wrong; but moſt eſpecially it is neceſſary to uſe ſpeed where the flight is made with an Hibernian; for with the Engliſh in general, it is nearly enough that a man

ſhould be born in Ireland, to decide him for a fortune-hunter. If you lived, however, in that country, you would ſee the matter pretty equally arranged; and that there are not more of our pennyleſs beaux who return laden with the commodity of rich wives, than of thoſe better circumſtanced who bring home wives with more eſtimable dowries."

He then added, that it was from Miſs Lynmere herſelf he had learnt the reſidence of Camilla in Groſvenor Square; for, having made ſome acquaintance with her at one of Mrs. Berlinton's evening parties, he had heard ſhe was a niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold, and immediately enquired after her fair kinſwoman, whom he had ſeen at Tunbridge.

Camilla thanked him for remembering her; and Lady Iſabella, with a countenance that implied approbation in the remark, ſaid; "I have never once heard of Miſs Tyrold at the aſſemblies of this houſe."

She quietly replied ſhe had never been preſent

preſent at them; but a look of ſenſibility with which her eyes dropt, ſpoke more than ſhe intended, of concern at their exiſtence, or at leaſt frequency.

"Your lovely young Hoſteſs," ſaid Lord O'Lerney, "has entered the world at too early an hour to be aware of the ſurfeit ſhe is preparing herſelf, by this unremitting luxury of pleaſure; but I know ſo well her innocence and good qualities, that I doubt not but the error will bring its own cure, and ſhe will gladly return to the literary and elegant intercourſe, which ſhe has juſt now given up for one ſo much more tumultuous."

"I am glad you ſtill think ſo, my Lord;" ſaid Lady Iſabella, alſo looking down; "ſhe is a very ſweet creature, and the little I have ſeen of her, made me, while in her ſight, warmly her well-wiſher. Nevertheleſs I ſhould rather ſee any young perſon, for whom I was much intereſted, —unleſs endowed with the very remarkable forbearance of Miſs Tyrold,—under her influence after the period your Lordſhip

ſhip expects to return, than during its *interregnum!*"

Camilla diſavowed all claim to ſuch praiſe, bluſhing both for her friend and herſelf at what was ſaid. Lord O Lerney, looking concerned, pauſed, and then anſwered, "You know my partiality for Mrs. Berlinton: yet I always ſee with freſh reſpect the courage with which my dear Lady Iſabella caſts aſide her native reſerve and timidity, where ſhe thinks a hint—an intimation—may do good, or avert dangers."

His eye was then fixed upon Camilla, who ſurprized, turned haſtily to Lady Iſabella, and ſaw a tender compaſſion in her countenance, that confirmed the interpretation of Lord O'Lerney: joined with a modeſt confuſion that ſeemed afraid, or aſhamed, of what had eſcaped her.

Grateful for herſelf, but extremely grieved for the idea that ſeemed to have gone forth of Mrs. Berlinton, ſhe felt a tear ſtart into her eye. She chaced it,

with as little emotion as ſhe could ſhew; and Lord O'Lerney, with an air of gayer kindneſs, ſaid; "As we muſt now, Miſs Tyrold, account ourſelves to be ſomewhat allied, you permit me, I hope, to recommend my gallant Couſin to your protection with Sir Hugh? That he has his ſhare of the wildneſs, the blunders, the eccentricities, and the rhodomontade, which form, with you Engliſh, our ſtationary national character, muſt not be denied; but he has alſo, what may equally, I hope, be given us in the lump, generoſity, ſpirit, and good intentions. With all this----"

He was here interrupted; the door being ſuddenly burſt open by Mrs. Mittin, who entered, exclaiming, "Lord, Miſs, what a ſad thing this is! I declare it's put me quite into a quiver! And all Winchester's quite in an uproar, as one may ſay. You never ſee how every body's in a turmoil!"

Here ended the little interval of horrour in Camilla. Mrs. Mittin and Mr. Clykes ſeemed

ſeemed to her as one; yet that, already, her Couſin's elopement ſhould have ſpread ſo near home, ſeemed impoſſible. "When," ſhe cried, "were you in Wincheſter? And how came this affair known to you?"

"Known? why, my dear Miſs, it was there it all happened. I come through it with Mr. Dennel, who was ſo obliging as to bring me to town, for a little buſineſs I've got to do; and next week he'll take me back again; for as to poor little Mrs. Liſſin, ſhe'll be quite loſt without me. She don't know her right hand from her left, as one may ſay. But how ſhould ſhe, poor child? Why ſhe is but a baby. What's fifteen? And ſhe's no more."

"We'll talk of that," ſaid Camilla, colouring at her loquacious familiarity, "ſome other time." And attempted to beg Lord O'Lerney would finiſh what he was ſaying. But Mrs. Mittin, ſomewhat affronted, cried; "Lord, only think of your ſitting here, talking, and making yourſelf

yourſelf ſo comfortable, juſt as if nothing was the matter! when every body elſe is in ſuch a taking as never was the like! I muſt ſay, as to that, a gentleman more liked, and in more reſpect never was, I believe; and I can't ſay but what I'm very ſorry myſelf for what Mr. Clykes has done; however, I told you, you know, you'd beſt not provoke him; for though there can't be a better ſort of man, he'll leave no ſtone unturned to get his money."

"For Heaven's ſake," cried Camilla, ſtartled, "what----"

"What?---- Why, Lord, Miſs! don't you know your Papa's took up? He's put in Wincheſter Priſon, for that debt, you know."

The breath of Camilla inſtantly ſtopt, and ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs, ſhe ſunk upon the floor.

Lord O'Lerney quitted the room in great concern, to call ſome female aſſiſtants; but Lady Iſabella remained, contributing with equal tenderneſs and judgment

ment to her aid, though much perſonally affected by the incident.

Her recovery was quick, but it was only to deſpair; to ſcreams rather than lamentations, to cries rather than tears. Her reaſon felt the ſhock as forcibly as her heart: the one ſeemed tottering on its ſeat, the other burſting its abode. Words of alarming incoherency proclaimed the danger menacing her intellects, while agonies nearly convulſive diſtorted her features, and writhed her form.

Unaffectedly ſhocked, yet not venturing, upon ſo ſlight an acquaintance, to interfere, Lady Iſabella uttered gently but impreſſively her good wiſhes and concern, and glided away.

The nearly diſtracted Camilla ſaw not that ſhe went; and knew no longer that ſhe had been in the room. She held her forehead one moment; called for death the next; and the next wildly deprecated eternal puniſhment. But as the horrour nearly intolerable of this firſt abrupt

abrupt blow gave way, the desire of flying instantly to her Father was the symptom of restored recollection.

Hastening then to Miss Margland, she conjured her, by all that was most affecting, to set off immediately for Winchester. But Miss Margland, though she spared not the most severe attacks upon the already self-condemned and nearly demolished Camilla, always found something relative to herself that was more pressing than what could regard any other, and declared she could not stir from town till she received an answer from Sir Hugh.

Camilla besought at least to have the carriage; but of this she asserted herself at present the indisputable mistress, and as the express might come back in a few hours, with directions that she should set off immediately, she would not listen to parting with it. Camilla, frantic to be gone, flew then down stairs, and called to the porter in the hall, that some one should

ſhould inſtantly ſeek her a chaiſe, coach, or any conveyance whatever, that could carry her to Wincheſter.

She perceived not that Lady Iſabella, waiting for her footman, who had, accidentally, gone on further, upon ſome meſſage, now opened the door of the parlour, where Lord O'Lerney was converſing with her upon what had happened: ſhe was flying back, though not knowing whither nor which way ſhe turned, when Lord O'Lerney, gently ſtopping her, aſked, why ſhe would not, on ſuch an emergence, apply for the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton? Lady Iſabella ſeconded the motion, by a ſoft, but juſt hint, of the danger of her taking ſuch a journey, in a hired carriage, entirely unprotected.

She had ſcarce conſideration enough left to either thank or underſtand them, yet mechanically followed their counſel, and went to Mrs. Berlinton; Lord O'Lerney, deeply touched by her diſtreſs, ſending in a ſervant at the ſame time

time with his name, and following: while Lady Iſabella, too much intereſted to go till ſomething was decided, quietly ſhut herſelf into the parlour, there to wait his Lordſhip's information.

The requeſt for the carriage was, indeed, rather made by him than by Camilla, who, when ſhe entered the room, and would have ſpoken, found herſelf deprived of the power of utterance, and looked a picture of ſpeechleſs diſmay.

The tender feelings of Mrs. Berlinton were all immediately awakened by this ſight, and ſhe eagerly anſwered Lord O'Lerney, that both her carriage and herſelf ſhould be devoted to her diſtreſſed friend: yet, the firſt emotion over, ſhe recollected an engagement ſhe could not break, though one ſhe heſitated to mention, and at laſt only alluded to unexplained, though making known it was inſurmountable; while the colour, of which her late hours had robbed her lovely cheeks, returned to them as ſhe ſtammered her retractation.

The

The next day, however, ſhe was beginning to promiſe,—but Camilla, to whom the next minute ſeemed endleſs, flew down again to the hall, to ſupplicate the firſt footman ſhe could meet, to run and order any ſort of carriage he could find; with but barely ſufficient recollection to refrain running out with that view herſelf.

Lady Iſabella, again coming forth, entreated to know if there were any commiſſion, any poſſible ſervice ſhe could herſelf perform. Camilla thanked her, without knowing what ſhe ſaid; and Lord O'Lerney, who was deſcending the ſtairs, repeated ſimilar offers. But wild with affright, or ſhuddering with horrour, ſhe paſſed without hearing or obſerving him.

To ſee a young creature in a ſtate ſo deplorable, and to conſider her as travelling without any friend or ſupport, in ſo ſhaken a condition, to viſit an impriſoned Father, touched theſe benign obſervers with the ſincereſt commiſeration; and

and the connexion of a part of his family forming at this moment with a branch of her own, induced Lord O'Lerney to believe he was almoſt bound to take care of her himſelf. "And yet," ſaid he to Lady Iſabella, "though I am old enough to be her grandfather, the world, ſhould I travel with her, might impute my aſſiſtance to a ſpecies of admiration which I hope to experience no more—as witneſs my truſting myſelf ſo much with Lady Iſabella Irby!"

Lady Iſabella, from the quick coincidence of ſimilar feelings, inſtantly conceived his wiſhes, and pauſed to weigh their poſſibility. A ſhort conſideration was ſufficient for this purpoſe. It brought to her memory her various engagements; but it repreſented at the ſame time to her benevolence that they would be all, by the performance of one good action,

More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance:

She ſent, therefore, a meſſage after Camilla, entreating a ſhort conference.

Camilla

Camilla, who was trying to comprehend ſome further account from Mrs. Mitten, ſilently, but haſtily obeyed the call; and her look of wild anguiſh would have fixed the benign intention of Lady Iſabella, had it been wavering. In a ſimple phraſe, but with a manner the moſt delicate, her Ladyſhip then offered to conduct her to Wincheſter. A ſervice ſo unexpected, a goodneſs ſo conſoling, inſtantly brought Camilla to the uſe of her frightened away faculties, but with ſenſations of gratitude ſo forcible, that Lord O'Lerney with difficulty ſaved her from falling at the feet of his amiable friend, and with yet more difficulty reſtrained his own knees from doing her that homage. And ſtill the more ſtrongly he felt this active exertion, from the diſappointment he had juſt endured through the failure of his favourite Mrs. Berlinton.

No time was to be loſt; Lady Iſabella determined to do well what ſhe once undertook to do at all; ſhe went to Park-lane, to make known her excurſion,

tion, and arrange ſome affairs, and then inſtantly returned, in her own poſt-chaiſe and four horſes, for Camilla; who was driven from the metropolis.

CHAP. V.

The Operation of Terror.

LADY Iſabella, for the firſt two or three miles, left Camilla uninterruptedly to her own thoughts; ſhe then endeavoured to engage her in ſome diſcourſe, but was ſoon forced to deſiſt. Her miſery exceeded all meaſure of reſtraint, all power of effort. Her Father in priſon! and for her own debts! The picture was too horrible for her view, yet too adheſive to all her thoughts, all her feelings, all her faculties, to be removed from them a moment. Penetrated by what ſhe owed to Lady Iſabella, ſhe frequently took her hand, preſſed it between her own, preſſed it to her lips; but could ſhew her no other gratitude, and force herſelf to no other exertion.

It was ſtill early, they travelled poſt, and

and with four horſes, and arrived at Winchester before eight o'clock.

Shaking, ſhe entered the town, half fainting, half dead. Lady Iſabella would have driven ſtraight on to Etherington, which was but a ſtage further; but to enter the rectory, whence the Rector himſelf was torn — "No!" cried ſhe, "no! there where abides my Father, there alone will I abide! No roof ſhall cover my head, but that which covers his! I have no wiſh but to ſink at his feet — to crawl in the duſt — to confine myſelf to the hardeſt labour for the remnant of my miſerable exiſtence, ſo it might expiate but this guilty outrage!"

Lady Iſabella took not any advantage of the anguiſh that was thus burſting forth with ſecret hiſtory; ſhe was too delicate and too good to ſeize ſuch a moment for ſurpriſing confidence, and only enquired if ſhe had any friend in the town, who could direct her whither to go, and accompany as well as direct.

She knew no one with ſufficient intimacy to endure preſenting herſelf to them upon ſuch an occaſion; and preferred proceeding alone to the ſad and cruel interview. Lady Iſabella ordered the chaiſe to an hotel, where ſhe was ſhewn into a room up ſtairs, whence ſhe ſent one of her own ſervants to enquire out where debtors were confined, and if Mr. Tyrold were in cuſtody: charging him not to name, from whom or why he came, and begging Camilla to get ready a note to prepare her Father for the meeting, and prevent any affecting ſurpriſe. She then went to chuſe herſelf a chamber, determined not to quit her voluntary charge, till ſhe ſaw her in the hands of her own friends.

Camilla could not write: to kneel, to weep, to ſue, was all ſhe could bear to plan, to preſent to him the ſight of her hand writing ſhe had not courage.

Preſently ſhe heard a chaiſe drive rapidly through the inn gate: it might be him, perhaps releaſed; ſhe flew down the

ſtairs with that wild hope; but no ſooner had deſcended them, than a dread of his view took its place, and ſhe ran back: ſhe ſtopt, however, in the landing place, to hear who entered.

Suddenly a voice ſtruck her ear that made her ſtart; that vibrated quick to her heart, and there ſeemed to arreſt the ſprings of life: ſhe thought it the voice of her Mother——

It ceaſed to ſpeak; and ſhe dropt on one knee, inwardly, but fervently praying her ſenſes might deceive her.

Again, however, and more diſtinctly, it reached her; doubt then ceaſed, and terrour next to horrour took its place. What was ſaid ſhe knew not, her trepidation was too great to take in more than the ſound.

Proſtrate ſhe fell on the floor; but hearing a waiter ſay, "Up ſtairs, madam, you may have a room to yourſelf." She ſtarted, roſe, and ruſhing violently back to the apartment ſhe had quitted, bolted herſelf in; exclaiming "I am not wor-

thy to ſee you, my Mother! I have caſt my Father into priſon—and I know you will abhor me!"

She then ſat down againſt the door, to liſten if ſhe were purſued; ſhe heard a footſtep, a female ſtep; ſhe concluded it that of her Mother; "She can come," cried ſhe, "but to give me her malediction!" And flew frantic about the room, looking for any means of eſcape, yet perceiving only the window, whence ſhe muſt be daſhed to deſtruction.

She now heard a hand upon the lock of the door. "O that I could die! that I could die!" ſhe cried, madly advancing to the window, and throwing up the ſaſh, yet with quick inſtinctive repentance pulling it down, ſhuddering and exclaiming: "Is there no death for me but murder —no murder but ſuicide?"

A voice now found its way through her cries to her ear, that ſaid, "It is me, my dear Miſs Tyrold; will you not admit me?"

It was Lady Iſabella; but her Mother might

might be with her: ſhe could not, however, refuſe to open the door, though deſperately ſhe ſaid to herſelf: If ſhe is there, I will paſs her, and ruſh into the ſtreets!

Seeing, however, Lady Iſabella alone, ſhe dropt on her knees, ejaculating "Thank Heaven! thank Heaven! one moment yet I am ſpared!"

"What is it, my dear Miſs Tyrold," ſaid Lady Iſabella, "that cauſes you this ſudden agony? what can it be that thus dreadfully diſorders you?"

"Is ſhe with you?" cried ſhe, in a voice ſcarce audible, "does ſhe follow me? does ſhe demand my Father?"

"Riſe, dear madam, and compoſe yourſelf. If you mean a Lady whom this minute I have paſſed, and whoſe countenance ſo much reſembles yours, that I thought her at once ſome near relation, ſhe is juſt gone from this houſe."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" again ejaculated the proſtrate Camilla; "My Mother is ſpared a little longer the

dreadful ſight of all ſhe muſt now moſt abominate upon earth!"

She then begged Lady Iſabella inſtantly to order the chaiſe, and return to town.

"On the contrary," anſwered her Ladyſhip, extremely ſurpriſed at ſo wild a requeſt, "Let me rather, myſelf, carry you to your family."

"O no, Lady Iſabella, no!" cried Camilla, ſpeaking with frightful rapidity, and ſhaking in every limb, "all now is changed. I came to wait upon my Father — to humble myſelf at his feet — not to obtrude myſelf upon my Mother! — O Lady Iſabella! — I ſhall have broken her heart — and I dare not offend her with my ſight!"

Lady Iſabella, with the moſt judicious gentleneſs, endeavoured to render her more reaſonable. "I pretend not," ſhe ſaid, "to decide upon your ſituation, though I comprehend its general affliction: yet ſtill, and at all events, its termination muſt be a meeting. Suffer me,

me, therefore, rather to haſten than retard ſo right a meaſure. Allow of my mediation, and give me the infinite pleaſure of leaving you in the hands of your friends."

Camilla, though ſcarcely able to articulate her words, declared again the motive to her journey was at an end; that her Father had now one to watch, ſoothe, and attend him, who had none of her dreadful drawbacks to conſoling powers; and that ſhe would remain at Mrs. Berlinton's till ſummoned home by their immediate commands.

Lady Iſabella began pleading their own rights to decide if or not the meeting ſhould be deferred: but wildly interrupting her, "You know not," ſhe cried, "what it is you aſk. I have not nerves, I have not hardineſs to force myſelf into ſuch a preſence. An injured Father - - - an offended Mother - - - O Lady Iſabella! if you knew how I adore—and how I have ruined them! - - -"

"Let me go to them from you, myſelf;

let me repreſent your ſituation. They are now probably together. That Lady whom I ſaw but from the ſtairs, though her countenance ſo much ſtruck me, and whom I now conclude to be Mrs. Tyrold, ſaid, as ſhe paſſed, I ſhall walk; I only want a guide;"——

"They had not, then, even met!" cried Camilla, ſtarting up with freſh horror; "ſhe is but juſt arrived—has but juſt been at Etherington—and there heard—that her huſband was in priſon—and in priſon for the debts of her daughter! her guilty---perhaps reprobated daughter!"—

Again, wringing her hands, half diſtracted, "O, that the earth," ſhe cried, "had received me, ere I quitted the parental roof! Innocent I had then died, beloved, regretted,—no ſhame would have embittered my Father's ſorrow—no wrath my Mother's—no culpable miſconduct would have blighted with diſgrace their ſo long—long wiſhed-for meeting!"

The

The compaſſionating, yet judicious Lady Iſabella, willing to ſhorten the ſufferings ſhe pitied, made yet another effort to prevent this unadviſed return, by propoſing they ſhould both ſleep this night at Wincheſter, that Camilla might gather ſome particulars of her family, and ſome compoſure for herſelf, to better judge what ſtep to purſue. But all deſire of meeting was now converted into horrour; ſhe was too much known in the neighbourhood to eſcape being recognized if ſhe ſtayed till the morning, and her ſhattered intellects, ſhe declared, could not bear paſſing a whole night in expectation of a diſcovery through ſome accident. "Have I not already," cried ſhe, "heard her voice and fled its ſound? Judge then, Lady Iſabella, if I can preſent myſelf before her! No, I muſt write, firſt. I have a long and dreadful hiſtory to relate——and then, when ſhe has heard it—and when the rectory has again its reverend maſter—and when they find ſome little palliation, where

now they can ſee only guilt—and when all is committed without diſguiſe to their goodneſs—their mercy—they may ſay to me perhaps themſelves: Unhappy Camilla! thou haſt paid thy juſt penalty; come home, then, to thy parent's roof, thou penitent child!"

Lady Iſabella knew too little of the characters with which ſhe had to deal, to judge if it would be right to inſiſt any further: ſhe ordered, therefore, freſh horſes to her chaiſe, and as ſoon as her footman came back, who brought the now uſeleſs direction where Mr. Tyrold was to be found, they galloped out of Wincheſter.

At Alton they ſtopt to ſleep; and, her immediate terrour removed, ſhe became more ſenſible of what ſhe owed to Lady Iſabella, to whom, in the courſe of the evening, ſhe recounted frankly the whole hiſtory of her debts, except what related to Lionel.

"Your Ladyſhip hears me," ſaid ſhe, in concluſion, "with the patience of benevolence,

benevolence, though I fear, with the cenſure of all judgment. What evils have accrued from want of conſideration and foreſight! My errours have all been doubled by concealment — every miſchief has been augmented by delay. O, Lady Iſabella! how ſad an example ſhall I add to your powers of benign inſtruction! — From day to day, from hour to hour, I planned expedients, where I ought to have made confeſſions! To avoid one dreadful—but direct evil, what I have ſuffered has been nearly intolerable—what I have inflicted, unpardonable!"

Lady Iſabella, much touched by her openneſs and confidence, repaid them by all that compaſſion could ſuggeſt, or that a ſincere diſpoſition towards eſteem could anticipate of kindneſs. She gathered the amount of the ſum for which Mr. Tyrold was confined, and beſought Camilla to let it leſs weigh upon her ſpirits, as ſhe could herſelf undertake that Lord O'Lerney would accommodate him with it

it immediately, and wait his perfect leiſure for re-payment. "I have known him," ſaid ſhe, "from a child, and have always ſeen, with reſpect and admiration, the prompt pleaſure with which he rather ſeizes than accepts every opportunity to do good."

Camilla returned the moſt grateful thanks; but acknowledged ſhe had no apprehenſion but that the writ would immediately be withdrawn, as the county was almoſt filled with friends to her Father, who would come forward upon ſuch an occaſion. "What reſts thus upon my mind," ſaid ſhe, "and what upon his—and upon my Mother's will reſt—is the diſgrace—and the cauſe! the one ſo public, the other ſo clandeſtine! And beſides, though this debt will be eaſily diſcharged, its payment by a loan is but incurring another: and how that is to be paid, I know not indeed. Alas! Lady Iſabella!—the Father I. have thus dreadfully involved, has hitherto, throughout his exemplary life, held it a ſacred duty

duty to adapt his expences to his income!"

Again Lady Iſabella gave what conſolation ſhe could beſtow; and in return for her truſt, ſaid ſhe would ſpeak to her with ſincerity upon a point of much delicacy. It was of her friend, Mrs. Berlinton; "who now," ſaid ſhe, "you are not, perhaps, aware, is become a general topic of diſcourſe. To the platonics, with which ſhe ſet out in life, ſhe has, of late, joined coquetry; nor even there ſtops the ardour with which ſhe ſeeks to animate her exiſtence; to two characters, hitherto thought the moſt contradictory, the ſentimental and the flirting, ſhe unites yet a third, till now believed incompatible with the pleaſures and purſuits of either; this, I need not tell you, is that of a gameſtreſs. And when to three ſuch attributes is added an open averſion to her huſband, a profeſſed, an even boaſted hatred of his perſon, his name, his very being—what hope can be entertained, be her heart, her intentions what

what they may, that the various dangers ſhe ſets at defiance, will not ultimately take their revenge, and ſurpriſe her in their trammels?"

Edgar himſelf ſeemed, to Camilla, to be ſpeaking in this repreſentation; and that idea made it catch her attention, in the midſt of her utmoſt miſery. She urged, however, all ſhe knew, and could ſuggeſt, in favour of Mrs. Berlinton; and Lady Iſabella expreſſed much concern in occaſioning her any painful ſenſations. "But who," ſaid ſhe, "can ſee you thus nearly, and not be intereſted in your happineſs? And I have known, alas!—though I am ſtill under thirty, inſtances innumerable of ſelf-deluded young women, who, truſting to their own pure intentions, have neither feared nor heeded the dangers which encircled them, till imperceptibly, from the inſidious influence of levity, they have purſued the very courſe they began with diſclaiming, and followed the very ſteps from

from which at firſt they unaffectedly recoiled."

Inſtructed and grateful, though incapable of being tranquiliſed, Camilla the next day reached Groſvenor Square long before her fair friend had left her downy pillow. Lady Iſabella exacted a promiſe to be informed of her proceedings, and, loaded with merited acknowledgments, returned to her own manſion.

Camilla took poſſeſſion of the firſt room in which ſhe found a pen and ink, and wrote inſtantly to Lavinia a ſhort, rapid, and incoherent letter, upon the diſtraction of her mind at the dreadful calamity ſhe had occaſioned her Father, and the accumulated horrours to which her Mother had returned. She durſt not preſent herſelf before them uncalled, not even by letter; but ſhe would live in the ſtricteſt retirement and penance till they ordered her home, for which epoch, not more longed than dreaded, ſhe beſought her ſiſter's mediation.

This ſent off, ſhe forced herſelf to wait upon

upon Miſs Margland, who had received an anſwer from Cleves to continue in town till Indiana wrote or re-appeared. She was put immediately into uncommon good-humour, by the ill ſucceſs at the journey of Camilla, which ſhe proteſted was exactly what ſhe expected.

Camilla then ſtrove to recollect all ſhe had been told by Lord O'Lerney of Mr. Macderſey, and to relate it to Miſs Margland, who, pleaſed and ſurpriſed, undertook to write it to Sir Hugh.

To three days of dreadful ſuſpenſe ſhe now ſaw herſelf inevitably condemned, in waiting an anſwer from Lavinia: but as her eyes were opened to remark, by the admonitions of Lady Iſabella, and her attention was called back to the earlier cautions of Edgar, her time, though ſpent with miſery, hung not upon her unoccupied. She thought herſelf called upon by every tie of friendſhip, faithfully and courageouſly to repreſent to Mrs. Berlinton her impropriety of conduct with

with regard to Bellamy, and the reports that were ſpread abroad to her more general diſadvantage.

Her reception from that Lady, ſhe had thought, for the firſt time, cold. She had welcomed her, indeed, with an accuſtomed embrace, but her kindneſs ſeemed ſtrained, her ſmile was faint, and the eyes which ſo ſoftly uſed to ſecond it, were averted.

As ſoon as they were alone together, Camilla took her hand; but, without returning its preſſure, Mrs. Berlinton preſented her with a new poem for her evening's amuſement.

Camilla put it down, but while heſitating how to begin, Bellamy was announced. She ſtarted, and flew away, but returned when he was gone, and begged a conference.

Mrs. Berlinton anſwered certainly; though ſhe looked embarraſſed, and added not immediately, as ſhe was obliged to dreſs for the evening.

Camilla entreated ſhe might ſpeak with her before dinner the next day.

To

To this ſhe received a gentle aſſent: but no interview at the time appointed took place; and when at dinner they met, no notice was taken of the neglect.

She now ſaw ſhe was pointedly avoided. Her courage, however, was called upon, her gratitude was indebted for paſt kindneſſes, and her honour felt a double engagement. The opportunity therefore ſhe could not obtain by requeſt, ſhe reſolved to ſeize by ſurpriſe.

Bellamy was again, however, announced; but the moment that, from her own chamber, ſhe heard him deſcend the ſtairs, ſhe flew to the dreſſing-room, and abruptly entered it.

The ſurpriſe ſhe gave was not greater than that ſhe received. Mrs. Berlinton, her fine eyes ſtreaming with tears, and her white hands uplifted with an air of ſupplication, was evidently in an act of devotion. Camilla drew back, and would have retired, but ſhe haſtily dried her eyes, and ſaid: "Miſs Tyrold? Do you want me? where's Miſs—Miſs Margland?"

"Ah!

"Ah! my deareſt Mrs. Berlinton! my friend, as I had hoped, and by me, ſurely I truſt loved for ever," cried Camilla, throwing her arms round her neck, "why this ſorrow? why this diſtance? why this unkind avoidance?"

Mrs. Berlinton, who, at firſt, had ſhrunk from her embrace, now fell, in trembling agitation, upon her breaſt. Camilla hoped this was the inſtant to improve; when ſhe appeared to be, herſelf, calling religion to her aid, and when the tenderneſs of her appeal ſeemed to bring back a movement of her firſt partiality. "Suffer, ſuffer me," ſhe therefore cried, "to ſpeak to you now! hear me, my dear and amiable friend, with the ſweetneſs that firſt won my affection!"

"Mrs. Berlinton, affrighted, drew back, acknowledging herſelf unhappy; but ſhrinking from all diſcourſe, and ſtarting when Camilla named Bellamy, with a confuſion ſhe vainly ſtrove to repreſs.

Unhackneyed in the world as was Camilla,

milla, her underſtanding and ſenſe of right ſtood here in the place of experience, to point out the danger and impropriety ſurrounding her friend; and catching her by the gown, as ſhe would have quitted the room, "Mrs. Berlinton," ſhe emphatically cried, "if you perſiſt in this unhappy, this perilous intercourſe, you riſk your reputation, you riſk my ſiſter's peace, you riſk even your own future condemnation!—O forgive me, forgive me! I ſee how I have affected you—but you would liſten to no milder words!"

Mrs. Berlinton had ſunk upon a chair, her hands claſped upon her forehead, and tears running rapidly down her cheeks. Brought up with religious terrours, yet ill inſtructed in religious principles, the dread of future puniſhment nearly demoliſhed her, though no regular creed of right kept her conſiſtently or ſyſtematically in any uniform exerciſe of good. But thus forcibly ſurpriſed into ſudden conſcientious recollections, ſhe betrayed, rather

rather than opened her heart, and acknowledged that she was weeping at a denial she had given to Bellamy; who, molested by the impossibility of ever conversing with her undisturbed, had entreated her to grant him, from time to time, a few hours society, in a peaceful retirement. "Nor should I—nor could I—" she cried, "refuse him—for I have every reliance in his honour—but that the guilty world, ignorant of the purity of our friendship, might causelessly alarm my brother for my fame. And this, and the fear of any—though so groundless—uneasiness to your sister, makes me resist his powerful eloquence, and even my own notions of what is due to our exalted league of friendship."

Camilla listened with horrour to this avowal, yet saw, with compassion, that her friend endeavoured to persuade herself she was free from wrong; though with censure that she sought to gloss over, rather than investigate, every doubt to the contrary: but while fear was predominant

minant for the event of such a situation to herself, abhorrence filled her whole mind against Bellamy, in every part, every plan, and every probability of the business.

"O Mrs. Berlinton!" she cried, "conquer this terrible infatuation, which obscures danger from your sight, and right from your discernment! Mr. Bellamy is married; and if you think, yourself, my sister would be hurt to know of these unhallowed leagues and bonds, you must be sure, with the least reflection, that they are wrong; you too, are married; and if Mr. Melmond would join with the world in contemning the extraordinary project you mention, you must feel, with the least reflexion, it ought not to be granted. Even were you both single, it would be equally improper, though not so wide spreading in its mischief. I have committed many errours; yet not one of them wilfully, or against conviction: nevertheless, the ill consequences that have ensued, tear me at this moment with

with repentant ſorrow:—Ah! think then, what you—ſo tender, ſo ſuſceptible, ſo feeling, will ſuffer, if with your apprehenſions all awake, you liſten to any requeſt that may make my ſiſter unhappy, or involve your deſerving brother in any difficulty or hazard!"

Mrs. Berlinton was now ſubdued. Touched, terrified, and convinced, ſhe embraced Camilla, wept in her arms, and promiſed to ſee Bellamy no more.

The next day arrived an anſwer from Lavinia, long, minute, and melancholy, but tenderly affectionate and replete with pity.

"Ah, my ſiſter," ſhe began, "we cannot yet meet! Our Mother is in no ſtate to bear any added emotion. The firmneſs of her whole character, the fortitude of her whole life, hitherto unbroken by any paſſion, and ſuperior to any misfortune, have both given way, ſuddenly and dreadfully, to the ſcene following her arrival."

She then went back to particulars.

Mr. Clykes, ſhe had heard, finding his bill for his own trouble poſitively refuſed, had conceived the Tyrold family in danger of bankruptcy, by the general rumours of the joint claimants of Lionel and Clermont; and imagining he had no time to loſe, hoped by an arreſt to frighten their Father to terms, in order to obviate the diſgrace of ſuch a meaſure. Their Father would however, hear of none, nor pay any thing above the exact amount of the ſigned receipts of the various creditors; and ſubmitted to the confinement, in preference to applying to any friend to be his bail, till he could conſult with a lawyer. He was already at Wincheſter, where he had given Clykes a meeting, when the writ was ſerved againſt him. He ſent a diſpatch to Etherington, to prevent any ſurpriſe at his not returning, and to deſire the affair might not travel to Cleves, where Lavinia was then with Sir Hugh. This note, addreſſed to the upper ſervant, fell into the hands of Mrs. Tyrold herſelf, the next evening, upon her

her ſudden arrival. She had been thus unexpectedly brought back by the news of the flight of Bellamy with Eugenia: her brother was ſtill ill; but every conſideration gave way to the maternal; and in the hope to yet reſcue her daughter from this violator, ſhe ſet off in a packet which was juſt ſailing. But what, upon deſcending from the chaiſe, was the horrour of her firſt news! She went on inſtantly to Wincheſter, and alighting at an hotel, took a guide and went to the place of confinement.

"The meeting that enſued," continued Lavinia, "no one witneſſed, but every one may imagine. I will not therefore, wound your feelings, my deareſt Camilla, with even touching upon my own. The impreſſion, however, left upon the mind of our poor Mother, I ſhould try vainly to diſguiſe, ſince it has given her a ſhock that has forced from me the opening of this letter."

She then beſought her to take, nevertheleſs, ſome comfort, ſince ſhe had the

unſpeakable ſatisfaction to inform her that their Father was returned to the rectory. He had been liberated, from the writ's being withdrawn; though without his conſent, without even his knowledge, and contrary to his wiſhes. Nor was it yet aſcertained by whom this was done, though circumſtances allowed no diviſion to their conjectures.

Harry Weſtwyn had learnt the terrible event in a ride he had accidentally taken to Wincheſter; and, upon returning to Cleves, had communicated it, with the moſt feeling circumſpection, to herſelf. The exceſs of grief with which ſhe had heard him, had ſeemed to penetrate to his quickly ſenſitive ſoul, "for he is yet more amiable," ſhe added, "than his Father's partiality paints him;" they agreed not to name it to Sir Hugh; though Harry aſſured her that no leſs than five gentlemen in the vicinity had already flown to Mr. Tyrold, to conjure to be accepted as his bail: but he choſe firſt to conſult his lawyer upon the validity

lidity of the claim made againſt him. All their care, however, was ineffectual; through ſome of the ſervants, Sir Hugh was informed of the affair, and his affliction was deſpair. He accuſed himſelf as being the cauſe of this evil, from the money he had borrowed for Clermont, which might wholly have been avoided, had he followed his brother's advice in immediate and ſevere retrenchments. Theſe, however, he now began, in a manner that threatened to rob him of every comfort; and Mr. Weſtwyn was ſo much affected by his diſtreſs, that, to relieve him, at leaſt, from the expence of two gueſts and their ſervants, he inſtantly took leave, promiſing nevertheleſs, to yet ſee him again, before he returned for the reſt of his days to his native home. In a few hours after the departure of theſe gentlemen, news arrived that Mr. Tyrold was again at the rectory. Mr. Clykes had ſuddenly ſent his receipt, in full of all demands, and then ſet off for London.

"There cannot be a doubt this was the deed of the generous Mr. Weſtwyn, in compact with his deſerving Son," continued Lavinia; "they have been traced to Wincheſter; but we none of us know where, at preſent, to direct to them. The delight of my Uncle at this act of his worthy old friend, has extremely revived him. My Father is much diſſatisfied the wretched Clykes ſhould thus be paid all his fraudulent claims; but my Mother and my Uncle would, I believe, ſcarce have ſupported life under his longer confinement."

The letter thus concluded.

"My Mother, when firſt ſhe heard you were in town, was herſelf going to ſend for you; but when ſhe underſtood that Miſs Margland was with you, and you lived in utter ſecluſion from company, ſhe ſaid; "Since ſhe is ſafe, I had rather not yet ſee her." "Our beloved Father acquieſces, for he thinks you, at preſent, too much ſhaken, as well as herſelf, for ſo agitating an interview, till her mind is reſtored

reſtored to its uſual firmneſs. Judge then, my ſiſter, ſince even he is for the delay, if your Lavinia can gather courage to plead againſt it?

"You know, my deareſt Camilla, her extreme and tender fondneſs; you cannot, therefore, doubt, but her diſpleaſure will ſoon paſs away. But when, to the dreadful pangs of finding the hapleſs fate of Eugenia irremediable, was added the baneful ſight of an adored Huſband in cuſtody, you cannot wonder ſuch complicate ſhocks ſhould have diſordered her frame, and taught her,—even her, as my incomparable Father has juſt ſaid to me, "that always to be ſuperior to calamity, demands a mental ſtrength beyond the frail texture of the human compoſition; though to wiſh, and to try for it, ſhews we have "*that within*," which aſpires at a higher ſtate, and prepares us for fuller perfection."

"Can I better finiſh my letter than with words ſuch as theſe? Adieu, then, my dear ſiſter, I hope ſoon to write more chearful tidings.

"Our poor Mother is gone to Belfont. What a meeting again there!

LAVINIA TYROLD."

A wish for death, immediate death, in common with every youthful mourner, in the first paroxism of violent sorrow, was the sole sensation which accompanied the reading, or remained after the finishing of this letter, with Camilla. "Here," she cried, falling prostrate, "here might I but at once expire! close these unworthy eyes, forbidden to raise themselves to the authors of my existence! finish my short and culpable career, forgotten —since no longer cherished—by the parents I have offended—by the Mother who no longer wishes to see me!"

She laid down her head, and her sight became dim; a convulsive shivering, from feelings over-strained, and nerves dreadfully shattered, seized her; she sighed short and quick, and thought her prayer already accomplishing; but the delusion soon ceased; she found life still in its vigour, though bereft of its joy; and death

death no nearer to her frame, for being called upon by her wiſhes.

In the heavineſs of diſappointment, "I have lived," ſhe cried, "too long, and yet I cannot die! I am become an alien to my family, and a burthen to myſelf! ordered from my home by my Father, leſt my ſight ſhould be deſtructive to my Mother—while my ſiſter durſt not even plead for me----O happy Edgar! how great has been thy eſcape not to have taken for thy wife this excommunicated wretch!"—

To live thus, ſeemed to her impoſſible; to paſs even the day in ſuch wretchedneſs ſhe believed impracticable Any, every period appeared to her preferable, and in the deſperation of her heart, ſhe determined inſtantly to purſue her Mother to Belfont; and there, by the gentle interceſſion of Eugenia, to obtain her pardon, or, which ſhe thought immediately would follow its refuſal, to ſink to death at her feet.

Relieved from the intenſeneſs of her

agony by this plan, and ever eager to purſue the firſt idea that aroſe, ſhe flew to borrow from Mrs. Berlinton her poſt-chaiſe for the next morning, and to ſupplicate that Miſs Margland would accompany her to Belfont; whence, if ſhe miſſed Mrs. Tyrold, they could eaſily return the ſame day, as the diſtance was not more than thirteen miles.

The chaiſe was accorded promptly by Mrs. Berlinton, and no regret expreſſed at the uncertainty of Camilla whether or not ſhe ſhould return; but Miſs Margland, though burning with curioſity to ſee Eugenia as Mrs. Bellamy, would not quit town, from continual expectation of ſome news of Indiana.

At an early hour the following morning, and feeling as if ſuſpended but by a thread between life and death, Camilla ſet off for Belfont.

CHAP. VI.

The Reverſe of a Maſk.

THE plan of Camilla was to ſtop within twenty yards of the houſe of Bellamy, and then ſend for Molly Mill. But till ſhe gave this direction to the driver, ſhe was not aware of the inconvenience of being without a ſervant, which had not previouſly occurred either to Mrs. Berlinton or herſelf. The man could not leave his horſes, and ſhe was compelled to let him draw up to the gate. There, when he rang at a bell, her terrour, leſt ſhe ſhould ſuddenly encounter Mrs. Tyrold, made her bid him open the chaiſe door, that ſhe might get out and walk on, before he enquired for Molly. But, in ſtepping from the carriage, ſhe diſcerned, over a paling at ſome diſtance, Eugenia herſelf, alone,

ſlowly walking, and her head turned another way.

Every perſonal, and even every filial idea, was buried inſtantly in this ſight. The diſaſtrous ſtate of this beloved and unhappy ſiſter, and her own peculiar knowledge of the worthleſs character of the wretch who had betrayed her into his ſnares, penetrated her with an anguiſh that took thought from all elſe; and darting through the great gate, and thence through a ſmaller one, which opened to the ſpot where ſhe ſaw her walking, ſhe flew to her in a ſpeechleſs tranſport of ſorrow, folded her in her arms, and ſobbed upon her ſhoulder.

Starting, ſhaking, amazed, Eugenia looked at her; "Good Heaven!" ſhe exclaimed, "is it my Siſter?—Is it Camilla?—Do I, indeed, ſee one ſo dear to me?" And, too weak to ſuſtain herſelf, ſhe ſunk, though not fainting, upon the turf.

Camilla could not articulate a ſyllable. The horrour ſhe had conceived againſt

againſt Bellamy chilled all attempt at conſolation, and her own miſery which, the preceding moment, ſeemed to be cruſhing the ſprings of life, vaniſhed in the agonized affection with which ſhe felt the misfortunes of her ſiſter.

Eugenia ſoon recovered, and riſing, and holding her by the hand, yet ſeeming to refuſe herſelf the emotion of returning her embraces, ſaid, with a faint effort to ſmile; "You have ſurpriſed me, indeed, my dear Camilla, and convicted me to myſelf of my vain philoſophy. I had thought I ſhould never more be moved thus again. But I ſee now, the affections are not ſo ſpeedily to be all vanquiſhed."

The melancholy conveyed by this idea of believed apathy, in a young creature ſo innocent, and but juſt dawning into life, ſtill beyond ſpeech, and nearly beyond ſufferance, affected Camilla, who hanging over her, ſighed out: "My deareſt! - - - deareſt Eugenia!"

"And what is it has brought to me this

this unexpected, but loved ſight? Does Mr. Bellamy know you are here?

"No," ſhe anſwered, ſhuddering at his name.

Eugenia looked penſive, looked diſtreſſed; and caſting down her eyes and heſitating, with a deep ſigh ſaid: "I,---I have not the trinkets for my dear Siſter---Mr. Bellamy---" ſhe ſtopt.

Called to her ſad ſelf by this ſhock, of which ſhe ſtrove to repreſs the emotion, Camilla recollected her own "almoſt blunted purpoſe *," and fearfully aſked if their Mother were yet at Belfont.

"Ah, no!" ſhe anſwered, claſping her hands, and leaning her head upon her ſiſter's neck: "She is gone!—The day before yeſterday ſhe was with me,—with me only for one hour!—yet to paſs with her ſuch another, I think, my dear Camilla, would ſoon lead me where I might learn a better philoſophy than that I ſo

* Hamlet.

vainly

vainly thought I had already acquired here!"

Camilla, ſtruck with awe, ventured not even at an enquiry; and they both, for ſome little time, walked on in ſilence.

"Did ſhe name to you," at length, in broken accents, ſhe aſked, "did ſhe name to you, my Eugenia, - - - the poor, baniſhed - - - Camilla?"——

"Baniſhed? No. How baniſhed?"

"She did not mention me?"

"No. She came to me but upon one ſubject. She failed in her purpoſe, - - - and left me."

A ſigh that was nearly a groan finiſhed this ſhort little ſpeech.

"Ah, Heaven! my Eugenia," cried Camilla, now in agony unreſiſted, "tell me, then, what paſſed! what new diſappointment had my unhappy Mother to ſuſtain? And how, and by what cruel fatality, has it fallen to your lot - - - even to yours - - - to ſuffer her wiſhes to fail?"

"You know nothing, then," ſaid Eugenia, after a pauſe, "of her view—her errand hither?"

"Nothing;

"Nothing; but that to ſee you brought her not only hither, but to England."

"Bleſſed may ſhe be!" cried Eugenia, fervently, "and rewarded where rewards are juſt, and are permanent!"

Camilla zealouſly joined in the prayer, yet beſought to know if ſhe might not be informed of the view to which ſhe alluded?

"We muſt go, then," ſaid Eugenia, "into the houſe; my poor frame is yet feebler than my mind, and I cannot ſupport it unaided while I make ſuch a relation."

Camilla, affrighted, now gave up her requeſt; but the generous Eugenia would not leave her in ſuſpenſe. They went, therefore, to a parlour, where, ſhutting the doors and windows, ſhe ſaid, "I muſt be conciſe, for both our ſakes; and when you underſtand me, we muſt talk inſtantly of other things."

Camilla could give only a tacit promiſe; but her air ſhewed ſhe would hold it ſacred as any bond.

"The idea which brought over this ineſtimable

ineſtimable Parent, and which brought her, at a moment when ſhe knew me to be alone, to this ſad houſe, theſe ſad arms - - - Camilla! how ſhall I ſpeak it? It was to exonerate me from my vows, as forced! to annul all my engagements, as compulſatory! and to reſtore me again - - - O, Camilla! Camilla! to my Parents, my Siſters, my Uncle, my dearly-loved Cleves!"

She gaſped almoſt convulſively; yet though Camilla now even conjured her to ſay no more, went on: "A propoſal ſuch as this, preſſed upon me by one whoſe probity and honour hold all calamity at nought, if oppoſed to the moſt minute deviation from right—a propoſal ſuch as this - - - ah! let me not go back to the one terrible half inſtant of demur! It was heart-rending, it was killing! I thought myſelf again in the boſom of my loved family!"—

"And is it ſo utterly impoſſible? And can it not yet be effected?"—

"No, my dear Siſter, no! The horrible

ble ſcenes I muſt go through in a public trial for ſuch a purpoſe—the ſolemn vows I muſt ſet aſide, the re-iterated promiſes I muſt break,———no, my dear Siſter, no! - - And now, we will ſpeak of this no more."

Camilla knew too well her firmneſs, her enthuſiaſm to perform whatever ſhe conceived to be her duty, to enter into any conteſt. Yet to ſee her thus ſelf devoted, where even her upright Mother, and pious Father, thoſe patterns of reſignation to every heaven-inflicted ſorrow, thought her ties were repealed by the very villainy which had formed them, ſeemed more melancholy, and yet harder for ſubmiſſion, than her firſt ſeizure by the worthleſs Bellamy.

" And how bore my poor Mother - - - my poor unfortunate Mother! deſtined thus to woes of every ſort, though from children who adore her!—how bore ſhe the deprivation of a hope that had brought her ſo far?"

" Like herſelf! nobly! when once it was

was decided, and ſhe ſaw that though, upon certain avowals, the law might revoke my plighted faith, it could not abrogate the ſcruples of my conſcience. She thinks them overſtrained, but ſhe knows them to be ſincere, and permitted them, therefore, to ſilence her. Unfit to be ſeen by any others, ſhe hurried then away. And then, Camilla, began my trial! Indeed I thought, when ſhe had left me, - - - when my arms no more embraced her honoured knees, and neither her bleſſings, nor her ſorrows ſoothed or wounded my ears, I thought I might defy all evil to aſſault, all woe to afflict me ever again! that my eyes were exhauſted of every tear, and my heart was emptied of all power of future feeling. I ſeemed ſuddenly quite hardened;—transformed I thought to ſtone, as ſenſeleſs, as immovable, and as cold!"

The ſenſations of Camilla were all ſuch as ſhe durſt not utter; but Eugenia, aſſuming ſome compoſure; added, "Of this and of me now enough—ſpeak, my dear Siſter.

Sifter, of yourſelf. How have you been enabled to come hither? And what could you mean by ſaying you were baniſhed?"

"Alas! my deareſt Eugenia, if my unhappy ſituation is unknown to you, why ſhould I agitate you with new pain? my Mother, I find, ſpared you; and not only you, but me—though I have wrung her heart, tortured it by a ſight never to be obliterated from her memory—ſhe would not rob me of my beloved ſiſter's regard; nor even name me, leſt the altered tone of her voice ſhould make you ſay, Of what Camilla does my Mother ſpeak?"

Eugenia, with earneſt wonder, begged an explanation; but when Camilla found her wholly uninformed of the hiſtory of their Father's confinement, ſhe recoiled from giving her ſuch a ſhock: yet having gone too far entirely to recede, ſhe reſted the diſpleaſure of their Mother upon the debts, and the dealings with a uſurer; both ſufficiently repugnant to the ſtrictneſs and nobleneſs of Mrs. Tyrold,

to

to ſeem ample juſtification of her diſpleaſure.

Eugenia entered into the diſtreſſes of her ſiſter, as if exempt herſelf from all ſuffering: and Camilla, thus commiſerating and commiſerated, knew not how to tear herſelf away; for though Eugenia preſſed not her ſtay, ſhe turned pale, when a door opened, a clock ſtruck, or any thing ſeemed to prognoſticate a ſeparation; and looked as if to part with her were death.

At length, however, the lateneſs of the day forced more of reſolution. But when Camilla then rang to give orders for the carriage, the footman ſaid it had been gone more than two hours. The poſtillion, being left without any directions, thought it convenient to ſuppoſe he was done with; and knowing Camilla had no authority, and his lady no inclination to chide him, had given in her little packet, and driven off, without enquiry.

Far from repining at this mixture of impertinence

impertinence and careleſſneſs, Camilla would have rejoiced in an accident that ſeemed to invite her ſtay, had not her ſiſter ſeemed more ſtartled than pleaſed by it. She begged, therefore, that a poſt chaiſe might be ordered; and Molly Mill, the only ſervant to whom the miſtreſs of the houſe appeared willing to ſpeak, received the commiſſion. At ſight of Camilla, Molly had cried bitterly, and beginning "O Miſs!—" ſeemed entering into ſome lamentation and detail; but Eugenia, checking her, half whiſpered: "Good Molly, remember what you promiſed!"

When Molly came back, ſhe ſaid that there were no horſes at Belfont, and would be none till the next morning.

The ſiſters involuntarily congratulated one another upon this accident, though they reciprocated a ſigh, that to neceſſity alone they ſhould owe their lengthened intercourſe.

"But, my dear miſtreſs," cried Molly, "there's a lad that I know very well,

for I always ſee him when I go of an errand, that's going to Saliſbury; and he ſays he muſt go through Etherington, and if you've any thing you want to ſend he'll take it for you; and he can bring any thing back, for he ſhall be here again to morrow, for he goes poſt."

Eugenia, ſending away Molly, ſaid, "Why ſhould you not ſeize ſuch an opportunity to addreſs a few lines to our dear Mother? I may then have the ſatisfaction to ſee her anſwer: and if, - - - as I cannot doubt, ſhe tells you to return home with Miſs Margland; — for ſhe will not, I am ſure, let you travel about alone; — what a relief will it be to me to know the diſtreſſes of my beloved ſiſter are terminated! I ſhall paint your meeting in my "mind's eye," ſee you again reſtored to the ſunſhine of her fondneſs, and while away my ſolitary languor with reveries far more ſoothing than any that I have yet experienced at Belfont."

Camilla embraced her generous Siſter; and

and always readieſt for what was ſpeedieſt, wrote theſe lines, directed

To Miſs TYROLD.

I cannot continue ſilent, yet to whom may I addreſs myſelf? I dare not apply to my Father—I ſcarce dare even think of my Mother — Encompaſſed with all of guilt with which imprudence could enſnare me, my courage is gone with my happineſs! which way may I then turn? In pity to a wretched ſiſter, drop, O Lavinia, at the feet of her I durſt not name, but whom I revere, if poſſible, even more than I have offended, this ſmall and humble memorial of my unhappy exiſtence — my penitence, my ſupplication, my indeſcribable, though merited anguiſh!

CAMILLA.

Could the two ſiſters, even in this melancholy ſtate, have continued together, they felt that yet from tender ſympathy,

pathy, conſolation might reviſit their boſoms. The day cloſed in; but they could not bear to part; and though, from hour to hour, they pronounced an adieu, they ſtill ſat on, talked on, and found a balm in their reſtored intercourſe, ſo healing and ſo ſweet, that the ſun, though they hailed not its beams, roſe while they were yet repeating Good Night!

They then thought it too late to retire, mutually agreeing with how much greater facility they might recover their loſt reſt, than an opportunity ſuch as this for undiſturbed converſation.

Every minute of this endearing commerce made ſeparation ſeem harder; and the anſwer for which they waited from Etherington, anxiouſly and fearfully as it was expected, ſo whiled away the minutes, that it was noon, and no chaiſe had been ordered, when they heard one driving up to the houſe.

Alarmed, they liſtened to know what it portended. "Mr. Bellamy," ſaid Eu-

genia, in a low voice, "ſcarce ever comes home at this hour."

"Can it be my Mother herſelf?" cried Camilla.

In a few minutes, however, Eugenia looked pale, "'Tis his ſtep!" ſhe whiſpered; and preſently Bellamy opened the door.

Obliged to acknowledge his entrance, Camilla aroſe; but her parched lips and clammy mouth made her feel as if his ſight had given her a fever, and ſhe attempted not to force any ſpeech.

He did not ſeem ſurprized at ſeeing her, aſked how ſhe did, rather cavalierly than civilly: rang the bell, and gave various orders; addreſſed ſcarce a word to his wife, and walked whiſtling about the room.

A change ſo groſs and quick from the obſequious Bellamy Camilla had hitherto ſeen, was beyond even her worſt expectations, and ſhe conceived as low an opinion of his underſtanding and his manners, as of his morals.

Eugenia

Eugenia kept her eyes rivetted to the ground; and though ſhe tried, from time to time, to ſay ſomething to them both, evidently required her utmoſt fortitude to remain in the room.

At length; "Miſs Camilla," he ſaid, "I ſuppoſe you know Miſs Margland is gone?"

"Gone? whither?—how gone?"

"Why home. That is to her home, as ſhe thinks it, Cleves. She ſet off this morning with the light."

Camilla, aſtoniſhed, was now called forth from her taciturnity; "What poſſibly," ſhe cried, "can have induced this ſudden journey? Has my uncle ſent for her?"

"No; your uncle has nothing to do with it. She had a letter laſt night from Mrs. Macderſey, with one encloſed for Sir Hugh, to beg pardon and ſo forth; and this morning ſhe ſet off to carry it."

Camilla was confounded. Why Miſs Margland had not, at leaſt, called at Bel-

ſont to enquire if ſhe would proceed with her, was beyond all her conjecture.

Soon after, Bellamy's ſervant came in with a letter for Camilla, which had arrived after ſhe left town, and was given to him by Mrs. Berlinton's butler. She retired into the next room to read it, where, to her great conſternation, ſhe found it was from Jacob, and had been written the day of Mr. Tyrold's arreſt, though, as it was ſent by a private hand, it had only now arrived. "Things going," he ſaid, "ſo bad at Cleves, on ac- "count of ſo many misfortunes, his "maſter was denying himſelf all his na- "tural comforts, and in particular he "had ſent to un-order a new pipe of "Madeira, ſaying he would go without; "though, as Miſs might remember, it "was the very wine the doctors had "ordered for his ſtomach. This all the "ſervants had taken ſo to heart, that "they had reſolved to buy it among "'em, and get it privately laid in, and "not let his honour know but what

"it

" it was always the ſame, till he had
" drunk ſo much he could not help
" himſelf. For this, they were to join,
" according to their wages or ſavings;
" Now I" ſays Jacob, " being, by his gud
" honnur's genroſty, the ritchiſt ammung
" us, fur my kalling, wants to do the
" moſt, after nixt to the buttlur and
" huſkippir; ſo, der Miſs, awl I've gut
" beng in the funs, witch I cant ſil out
" withowt los, if you can lit me hav the
" munny fur the hurs, without ullcon-
" venince, til Miſs Geny that was can
" pay it, I ſhul be mutch obbleggd,
" poor Miſs Geny nut havving of a far-
" din, witch wil be a gret fevur to,
" Madm,

Yur humbbel ſurvent til deth

JACCUB MORD."

So touching a mark of the fond gratitude of the Cleves' ſervants to their kind maſter, mingled tenderneſs, in defiance of all horrour, in the tears of Camilla; but her total inability to ſatisfy the juſt

claims of Jacob, since now her resource even in Eugenia failed, with the grief of either defeating his worthy project, or making it lastingly hurtful to him, was amongst the severest strokes which had followed her ill advised schemes. To proclaim such an additional debt, was a shame from which she shrunk; yet to fly immediately to Cleves, and try to soothe her oppressed uncle, was an idea that still seemed gifted with some power to soothe herself. Whither indeed else could she now go? she had no longer either carriage or protectress in town; and what she gathered of the re-admission of Bellamy to Grosvenor-square, made the cautions and opinions of Edgar burst forcibly upon her mind, to impede, though most mournfully, all future return to Mrs. Berlinton.

A pliancy so weak, or so wilful, seemed to announce in that lady an almost determined incorrigibility in wrong, however it might be checked, in its progress, by a mingled love of right, and a fear of ill consequences.

"Ah

"Ah Edgar!" ſhe cried, "had I truſted you as I ought, from the moment of your generous declaration—had my confidence been as firm in your kindneſs as in your honour, what miſery had I been ſaved!—from this connexion—from my debts—from every wide-ſpreading miſchief!—I could then have erred no more, for I ſhould have thought but of your approvance!"

Theſe regrets were, as uſual, reſuming their abſorbing powers;—for all other evils ſeemed fluctuating, but here miſery was ſtationary; when the voice of Bellamy, ſpeaking harſhly to his unhappy wife, and ſome words ſhe unavoidably caught, by which ſhe found he was requeſting that ſhe would demand money of Sir Hugh, made her conclude him not aware he was overheard, and force herſelf back to the parlour. But his inattention upon her return was ſo near rudeneſs, that ſhe ſoon felt convinced Mrs. Berlinton had acquainted him with her remonſtrances and ill opinion: he

ſeemed in guilty fear of letting her converſe even a moment with Eugenia; and preſently, though with an air of pretended unconcern, ſaid: "You have no commands for the chaiſe I came in, Miſs Camilla?"

"No, Sir, - - - What chaiſe? - - - Why? - - -" She ſtammered.

"It's difficult ſometimes to get one at this place; and theſe horſes are very freſh. I bid them ſtay till they aſked you."

This was ſo palpable a hint for her to depart, that ſhe could not but anſwer ſhe would make uſe of it, when ſhe had taken leave of her ſiſter; whom ſhe now looked at with emotions near deſpair at her fate, and with difficulty reſtrained even its moſt unbridled expreſſions. But Bellamy kept cloſe, and no private conference could take place. Eugenia merely ſaid: "Which way, my dear ſiſter, ſhall you go?"

"I - - - I am not, fixed — to - - - to Cleves, I believe," anſwered ſhe, ſcarce knowing herſelf what ſhe ſaid.

"I am

"I am very glad of it," ſhe replied, "for the ſake of my poor—" ſhe found her voice faulter, and did not pronounce "uncle;" but added, "as Miſs Margland has already left London, I think you right to go thither at once; it may abridge many difficulties; and with poſt-horſes, you may be there before it is dark."

They then embraced tenderly, but parted without any further ſpeech, and ſhe ſet off rather mechanically than deſignedly for Cleves.

CHAP. VII.

A new View of an old Manſion.

CAMILLA, for ſome time, beſtowed no thought upon what ſhe was doing, nor whither ſhe was going. A ſcene ſo dreadful as that ſhe now quitted, and a character of ſuch utter unworthineſs as that with which her ſiſter for life was tied, abſorbed her faculties, and nearly broke her heart.

When ſhe ſtopt, however, at Bagſhot, for freſh horſes, the obligation of giving directions to others, made her think of herſelf; and, bewildered with uncertainty whether the ſtep ſhe took were right or wrong, ſhe regretted ſhe had not, at leaſt, deſired to ſtay till the anſwer arrived from Etherington. Yet her journey had the ſanction of Eugenia's concurrence; and Eugenia ſeemed to her oracular.

When

When ſhe came upon the croſs road leading from Wincheſter to Cleves, and felt her quick approach to the ſpot ſo loved yet dreaded, the horſes ſeemed to her to fly. Twenty times ſhe called out to the driver not to hurry; who as often aſſured her the bad roads prevented any haſte; ſhe wanted to form ſome appropriate plan and ſpeech for every emergence; but ſhe could ſuggeſt none for any. She was now at the feet of her Mother, now kiſſing the hands of her Father, now embraced again by her fond uncle;—and now rejected by them all. But while her fancy was at work alternately to ſoothe and to torture her, the park lodge met her eyes, with ſtill no reſolution taken.

Vehemently ſhe ſtopt the chaiſe. To drive in through the park would call a general attention, and ſhe wiſhed, ere her arrival were announced, to conſult alone with Lavinia. She reſolved, therefore, to get out of the carriage, and run by a private path, to a ſmall door at the back

of the houſe, whence ſhe could glide to the chamber commonly appropriated to her ſiſter.

She told the poſtillion to wait, and alighting, walked quick and fearfully towards the lodge.

She paſſed through the park-gate for foot paſſengers without notice from the porter. It was twilight. She ſaw no one; and rejoiced in the general vacancy. Trembling, but with celerity, ſhe "*ſkimmed*," like her celebrated name-ſake, the turf; and annoyed only by the ſhadows of the trees, which all, as firſt they caught her eye, ſeemed the precurſors of the approach of Mrs. Tyrold, ſpeedily reached the manſion: but when ſhe came to the little door by which ſhe meant to enter, ſhe found it faſtened.

To the front door ſhe durſt not go, from the numerous chances by which ſhe might ſurpriſe ſome of the family in the hall: and to preſent herſelf at the ſervant's gate would have an appearance degrading and clandeſtine.

She

She recollected, at laſt, the faſh-door of a bow-window belonging to a room that was never occupied but in ſummer. Thither ſhe went, and knowing the ſpring by which it could be opened on the outſide, let herſelf into the houſe.

With ſteps not to be heard, and ſcarce breathing, ſhe got thence into a long ſtone paſſage, whence ſhe meant to mount the back ſtairs.

She was relieved by not meeting any one in the way, though ſurpriſed to hear no foot-ſteps about the houſe, and no voices from any of the apartments.

Cautiouſly ſhe went on, looking round at every ſtep, to avoid any ſudden encounter; but when ſhe came to the bed-chamber gallery, ſhe ſaw that the door of the room of Sir Hugh, by which ſhe muſt neceſſarily paſs, was wide open.

It was poſſible he might be in it: ſhe had not courage to paſs; her ſight, thus unprepared, after ſo many heavy evils, might be too affecting for his weak frame. She turned ſhort round, and entered a large

large apartment at the head of the ſtairs, called the billiard-room, where ſhe reſolved to wait and watch ere ſhe ventured any further.

Its aſpect was to the front of the houſe; ſhe ſtole gently to a window, whence ſhe thought the melancholy of her own mind pervaded the park. None of her uncle's horſes were in ſight; no one was paſſing to and fro; and ſhe looked vainly even for the houſe-dog who ordinarily patrolled before the manſion.

She ventured to bend forwarder, to take a view of the ſide wings; theſe, however, preſented not any ſight more exhilarating nor more animated. Nothing was in motion, no one was viſible, not even a fire blazed chearfulneſs.

She next ſtrove to catch a glance of the windows belonging to the chamber of Eugenia; but her ſigh, though ſad, was without ſurpriſe to ſee their ſhutters ſhut. Thoſe of Indiana were cloſed alſo. "How mournfully," cried ſhe, "is all changed! what of virtues are gone

gone with Eugenia! what of beauty with Indiana! the one ſo conſtantly intereſting! the other looking always ſo lovely!"—

But deeper ſtill was her ſigh, ſince mingled with ſelf-reproach, to perceive her own chamber alſo ſhut up. "Alas!" ſhe cried, "my poor uncle conſiders us all as dead to him!" She durſt not lean ſufficiently forward to examine the drawing-room, in which ſhe concluded the family aſſembled; but ſhe obſerved, with wonder, that even the library was not open, though it was ſtill too light for candles; and Dr. Orkborne, who uſually ſat there, from the forgetfulneſs of application, was the laſt to demand them.

The fear of diſcovery was now combated by an anxiety to ſee ſome one,—any one,---and ſhe returned to the paſſage. All there was ſtill quiet, and ſhe hazarded gliding paſt the open door, though without daring to look into the room; but when ſhe came to the chamber of Lavinia, which ſhe ſoftly entered,

all

all was dark, and it was evidently not in preſent uſe.

This was truly diſtreſsful. She concluded her ſiſter was returned to Etherington, and knew not to whom to apply for counſel or mediation. She no longer, however, feared meeting her parents, who certainly had not made her ſiſter quit Cleves without themſelves; and, after a little heſitation, relying upon the ever ſure lenity of her uncle, ſhe determined to caſt herſelf upon his kindneſs: but firſt to ſend in a ſhort note, to avoid giving him any ſurpriſe.

She returned down the gallery, meaning to apply for pen and ink to the firſt perſon ſhe could find: ſhe could only, ſhe knew, meet with a friend; unleſs, by ill fortune, ſhe ſhould encounter Miſs Margland, the way to whoſe apartment ſhe ſedulouſly ſhunned.

No longer, however, quite ſo cautious, ſhe ſtopt near the chamber of Sir Hugh, and convinced by the ſtillneſs it was empty, could not reſiſt ſtepping into the apartment.

It

It looked deſpoiled and forſaken. Nothing was in its wonted order; his favourite guns hung not over the chimney-piece; the corners of the room were emptied of his ſticks; his great chair was in a new place; no cuſhions for his dogs were near the fire; the bedſtead was naked.

She now felt petrified; ſhe ſunk on the floor, to ejaculate a prayer for his ſafety, but knew not how to riſe again, for terrour; nor which way next to turn, nor what even to conjecture.

Thus ſhe remained, till ſuſpenſe grew worſe than certainty, and ſhe forced herſelf from the room to ſeek ſome explanation. It was poſſible the whole family reſidence might be changed to the back front of the houſe. She deſcended the ſtairs with almoſt equal apprehenſion of meeting any one or ſeeing no one. The ſtone paſſage was now nearly dark. It was always the firſt part of the houſe that was lighted, as its windows were ſmall and high: but no preparations were

were now making for that purpoſe. She went to the houſe-keeper's room, which was at the foot of the ſtairs ſhe had deſcended. The door was ſhut, and ſhe could not open it. She tried repeatedly, but vainly, to be heard by ſoft taps and whiſperings; no one anſwered.

Amazed, confounded, ſhe turned ſlowly another away; not a ſoul was in ſight, not a ſound within hearing. Every thing looked deſolate, all the family ſeemed to be vaniſhed.

Inſenſibly, yet irreſiſtibly, ſhe now moved on towards the drawing-room. The door was ſhut. She heſitated whether or not to attempt it. She liſtened. She hoped to catch the voice of her uncle: but all was inviolably ſtill.

This was the only place of aſſembling in the evening; but her uncle might have dropt aſleep, and ſhe would not hazard ſtartling him with her preſence. She would ſooner go to the hall at once, and be announced in the common way by a ſervant.

But

But what was her aſtoniſhment in coming to the hall, to find neither ſervant, light nor fire? and the marble pavement covered with trunks, packing mats, ſtraw, ropes, and boxes? Terrified and aſtoniſhed, ſhe thought herſelf walking in her ſleep. She could combine no ideas, either good or bad, to account for ſuch a ſcene, and ſhe looked at it bewildered and incredulous.

After a long heſitation, ſpent in wonder rather than thought, ſhe at length determined to enter the breakfaſt parlour, and ring the bell: when the diſtant ſound of a carriage, that was juſt entering the park, made her ſhut herſelf into the room, haſtily, but ſilently.

It advanced rapidly; ſhe trembled; it was ſurely, ſhe thought, her Mother.

When it drove up to the portico, and ſhe heard the houſe-bell ring, ſhe inſtinctively barred her door; but finding no one approach to the call, while the bell was impatiently re-rung, her ſtrong

emotions of expectation were taking her again into the hall: but as her hand was upon the lock of the door, a light glimmered through the key hole. She heard ſome ſtep advancing, and precipitately drew back

The hall-door was now opened, and a man enquired for a young lady juſt come from Alresford.

"There's no young lady here at all," was the anſwer, in the voice of Jacob.

Finding it only her own driver, ſhe ventured out; crying "O Jacob! where is my dear uncle?"

Jacob was, at firſt, incapable of all anſwer, through ſurpriſe at her ſtrange appearance; but then ſaid, "O Miſs Camilla! you'll go nigh to break your good heart when you knows it all! But how, you've got into the houſe is what I can't gueſs; but I wiſh, for my poor maſter's ſake, it had been before now!"

Horrour crept through every vein of Camilla, in the explanation ſhe awaited of this fearful myſtery. She motioned

to

to the driver to ſtay, returned back to the parlour, and beckoned, for ſhe could not ſpeak, to Jacob to follow her.

When he came, and, ſhutting the door, was beginning a diffuſe lamentation, eagerneſs to avert lengthened ſuſpenſe recovered her voice, and ſhe paſſionately exclaimed: "Jacob! in two words, where is my uncle?—Is he well?"

"Why, yes, Miſs Camilla, conſidering—" he began; but Camilla, whoſe fears had been fatal, interrupted him with fervant thankſgiving, till ſhe was called back from joy by the following words:

"He's gone away Miſs Camilla! gone Lord knows where! given up all his grand houſe-keeping, turned off almoſt all his poor ſervants, left this fine place, to have it let to whoever will hire it, and is going to live, he ſays, in ſome poor little lodging, till he can ſcrape together wherewithal to pay off every thing for your papa."

A thunder-bolt that had inſtantly deſtroyed her, would gratefully have been received, in preference to this ſpeech, by

Camilla,

Camilla, who, caſting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed: "Then am I the moſt deteſtable, as well as the moſt wretched of human beings! My Father I have impriſoned! — my Uncle I have turned from his houſe and home! and for thee, O my Mother!—this is the reception I have prepared!"

Jacob tried to conſole her; but his account was only added torture.

The very inſtant he told her, that his maſter had received the news of the arreſt of Mr. Tyrold, he determined upon this violent plan; and though the ſo ſpeedy releaſe, through the generoſity of Mr. Weſtwyn, had exceedingly calmed his firſt emotions, he would not change his purpoſe, and proteſted he would never indulge himſelf in peace nor comfort more, till he had cleared off their joint debts; of which he attributed the whole fault to himſelf, from having lived up to the very verge of his yearly income, when he ought, he ſaid, conſidering there were ſo many young people, to have always kept a few

a few odd ſums at hand for accidents. "We all did what we could," continued Jacob, "to put him off from ſuch a thing, but all to no purpoſe; but if you'd been here, Miſs Camilla, you'd have done more with him than all of us put together: but he called Miſs Lavinia and all of us up to him, and ſaid to us, I won't have nobody tell this to my poor little girl, meaning you, Miſs Camilla, till I've got ſomewhere ſettled and comfortable; becauſe of her kind heart, ſays he."

Tenderneſs ſo partial, at ſo ſuffering an inſtant, almoſt killed Camilla. "O Jacob," ſhe cried, "where is now my dear generous uncle? I will follow him in this chaiſe (ruſhing out as ſhe ſpoke) I will be his ſervant, his nurſe, and attend him from morning to night!"

She hurried into the carriage as ſhe ſpoke, and bade him give directions to the poſtillion. But when ſhe heard he was, at preſent, only at Etherington, whence he

he was ſeeking a new abode, her head drooped, and ſhe burſt into tears.

Jacob remained, he ſaid, alone, to take care of all the things, and to ſhew the place to ſuch as might come.

Miſs Margland had been at the houſe about three hours ago; and had met Sir Hugh, who had come over, to give directions about what he would have packed up; and he had read a letter from Miſs Indy that was, and had forgiven her; but he was ſore vexed Miſs Margland had come without Miſs Camilla; only ſhe ſaid Miſs Camilla was at Mrs. Bellamy's, and ſhe did not call, becauſe ſhe thought it would be better to go back again, and ſee more about Miſs Indy, and ſo bring Miſs Camilla next time; ſo ſhe wheedled his maſter to ſpare the chaiſe again, and let her go off directly to ſettle every thing to Miſs Indy's mind.

Camilla now repented ſhe had not returned to Mrs. Berlinton's, there, notwithſtanding all objections, to have waited her

her recall; ſince there her parents ſtill believed her, and thence, under the protection of Miſs Margland, would in all probability ſummon her. To preſent herſelf, after this barbarous aggravation of the calamities ſhe had cauſed, undemanded and unforgiven at Etherington, ſhe thought impoſſible. She enquired if, by paſſing the night at Cleves, ſhe might have any chance of ſeeing her uncle the next day. Jacob anſwered, no; but that Mr. Tyrold himſelf, with a gentleman from Wincheſter, who thought of hiring the houſe, were to be there early in the morning to take a ſurvey of the premiſes.

A meeting, thus circumſtanced, with her Father, at a moment when he came upon ſo direful a buſineſs, as parting with a place of which ſhe had herſelf occaſioned the deſertion, ſeemed to her inſupportable: and ſhe reſolved to return immediately to Belfont, to ſee there if her anſwer from Lavinia contained any new directions; and if not, to again go

to London, and await final commands; without liſtening ever more to any hopes, projects, or judgments of her own.

Beſeeching the worthy Jacob to pardon her non-payment, with every kind aſſurance that her uncle ſhould know all his goodneſs, ſhe told the poſtillion to take her to Belfont.

He could go no further, he ſaid, and that but a foot pace, than to Alresford. Jacob marvelled, but bleſſed her, and Camilla, ejaculating, "Adieu, dear happy Cleves!" was driven out of the park.

CHAP. VIII.

A Laſt Reſource.

To leave thus a ſpot where ſhe had experienced ſuch felicity; to ſee it naked and forlorn, deſpoiled of its hoſpitality, bereft of its maſter,—all its faithful old ſervants unrewarded diſmiſſed; in diſgrace to have re-entered its pales, and in terrour to quit them;—to fly even the indulgent Father, whoſe tenderneſs had withſtood every evil with which errour and imprudence could aſſail him, ſet her now all at war with herſelf, and gave her ſenſations almoſt maddening. She reviewed her own conduct without mercy; and though miſery after miſery had followed every failing, all her ſufferings appeared light to her repentant ſenſe of her criminality; for as criminal alone, ſhe could conſider what had in-

flicted misfortunes upon perſons ſo exemplary.

She arrived at Alresford ſo late, with the return horſes, that ſhe was forced to order a room there for the night.

Though too much occupied to weigh well her lonely and improper ſituation, at an inn, and at ſuch hours, ſhe was too uneaſy to go to bed, and too miſerable for ſleep. She ſat up, without attempting to read, write, or employ herſelf, patroling her chamber in mournful rumination.

Nearly as ſoon as it was light, ſhe proceeded, and arrived at the houſe of Bellamy as the ſervants were opening the window-ſhutters.

Fearfully ſhe aſked who was at home; and hearing only their miſtreſs, ſent for Molly Mill, and enquired for the anſwer from Etherington; but the lad had not yet brought any. She begged her to run to the inn, to know what had detained him; and then, ordering the chaiſe to wait, went to her ſiſter.

Eugenia

Eugenia was gently rejoiced to ſee her, though evidently with encreaſed perſonal unhappineſs. Camilla would fain have ſpared her the hiſtory of the deſertion of Cleves; but it was an act that in its own nature muſt be public; and ſhe had no other way to account for her ſo ſpeedy return.

Eugenia heard it with the moſt piercing affliction; and, in the fulneſs of her heart, from this new blow, acknowledged the rapacity of Bellamy, and the barbarity with which he now ſcrupled not to avow the ſordid motives of his marriage; cruelly lamenting the extreme ſimplicity with which ſhe had been beguiled into a belief of the ſincerity and violence of his attachment. "For myſelf, however," ſhe continued, "I now ceaſe to murmur. How can misfortune, perſonally, cut me deeper? But with pity, indeed, I think of a new victim!"

She then put into her ſiſter's hand a written paper ſhe had picked up the preceding evening in her room, and which,

having no direction, and being in the hand-writing of Mrs. Berlinton, she had thought was a former note to herself, accidentally dropt: but the first line undeceived her.

"I yield, at length, O Bellamy, to "the eloquence of your friendship! on "Friday,—at one o'clock, I will be there "—as you appoint."

Camilla, almost petrified, read the lines. She knew better than her sister the plan to which this was the consent; which to have been given after her representations and urgency, appeared so utterly unjustifiable, that, with equal grief and indignation, she gave up this unhappy friend as wilfully lost; and her whole heart recoiled from ever again entering her doors.

Retracing, nevertheless, her many amiable qualities, she knew not how, without further effort, to leave her to her threatening fate; and determined, at all risks, to put her into the hands of her brother, whose timely knowledge of her danger might rescue her from public exposure.

poſure. She wrote therefore the following note:

"*To* FREDERIC MELMOND, *Eſq.*

"Watch and ſave,—or you will loſe your ſiſter.

C. T."

His addreſs, from frequently hearing it, was familiar to her; ſhe went herſelf into the hall, to give the billet to a footman for the poſt-office. She would not let her ſiſter have any ſhare in the tranſaction, leſt it ſhould afterwards, by any accident, be known; though, to give force to her warning, ſhe riſked without heſitation the initials of her own name.

The repugnance, nevertheleſs, to going again to Mrs. Berlinton, pointed out no new refuge; and ſhe waited, with added impatience, for the anſwer from Etherington, in hopes ſome poſitive direction might relieve her cruel perplexity.

The anſwer, however, came not, and

yet greater grew her diſtreſs. Molly Mill brought word that when the meſſenger, who was a poſt-boy, returned, he was immediately employed to drive a chaiſe to London. The people at the inn heard him ſay ſomething of wanting to go to 'Squire Bellamy's with a letter; but he had not time. He was to come back however at night.

To wait till he arrived ſeemed now to them both indiſpenſable; but while conſidering at what hour to order the chaiſe, they heard a horſeman gallop up to the houſe-door. "Is it poſſible it ſhould already be Mr. Bellamy?" cried Eugenia, changing colour.

His voice, loud and angry, preſently confirmed the ſuggeſtion. Eugenia, trembling, ſaid ſhe would let him know whom he would find; and went into the next room, where, as he entered, he roughly exclaimed, "What have you done with what I dropt out of my pocket-book?"

"There, Sir," ſhe anſwered, in the tone

tone of firmneſs given by the aſcendance of innocence over guilt, "There it is: but how you can reconcile to yourſelf the deluſions by which you muſt have obtained it I know not. I hope only, for her ſake, and for yours, ſuch words will never more meet my eyes."

He was beginning a violent anſwer in a raiſed voice, when Eugenia told him her ſiſter was in the next room.

He then, in a lowered tone, ſaid, "I warrant, you have ſhewn her my letter?"

The veracious Eugenia was incapable of ſaying no; and Bellamy, unable to reſtrain his rage, though ſmothering his voice, through his ſhut teeth, ſaid, "I ſhall remember this, I promiſe you! However, if ſhe dare ever ſpeak of it, you may tell her, from me, I ſhall lock you up upon bread and water for the reſt of your life, and lay it at her door. I have no great terms to keep with her now. What does ſhe ſay about Cleves?

and that fool your uncle, who is giving up his houſe to pay your father's debts? What has brought her back again?"

"She is returning to Groſvenor-ſquare, to Miſs Margland."

"Miſs Margland? There's no Miſs Margland in Groſvenor-ſquare; nor any body elſe, that deſires her company I can tell her. However, go, and get her off, for I have other buſineſs for you."

"Eugenia then, opening the door, found her ſiſter almoſt demoliſhed with terrour and diſmay. Silently, for ſome ſeconds, they ſunk on the breaſt of each other; horrour cloſing all ſpeech, drying up even their tears.

"You have no meſſage to give me!" Camilla at length whiſpered; "I have, perforce, heard all! and I will go;—though whither—"

She ſtopt, with a look of diſtreſs ſo poignant, that Eugenia, burſting into tears, while tenderly ſhe clung around her,

her, ſaid, "My ſiſter! my Camilla! from me—from my houſe muſt you wander in ſearch of an aſylum!"

Bellamy here called her back. Camilla entreated ſhe would inquire if he knew whither Miſs Margland was gone.

He now came in himſelf, bowing civilly, though with conſtraint, and told her that Miſs Margland was with Mrs. Macderſey, at Macderſey's own lodgings; but that neither of them would any more be invited to Groſvenor-ſquare, after ſuch ill-treatment of Mrs. Berlinton's brother.

Can you, thought Camilla, talk of ill-treatment? while, turning to her ſiſter, ſhe ſaid, "Which way ſhall I now travel?"

Bellamy abruptly aſked, if ſhe was forced to go before dinner; but not with an air of inviting any anſwer.

None could ſhe make; ſhe looked down, to ſave her eyes the ſight of an object they abhorred, embraced Eugenia, who ſeemed a picture of death; and after ſaying adieu, added, "If I knew whither

you thought I ſhould go—that ſhould be my guide?"

"Home, my deareſt ſiſter!"

"Drive then," ſhe cried, hurrying to the chaiſe, "to Etherington."

Bellamy advancing, ſaid, with a ſmile, "I ſee you are not much uſed to travelling, Miſs Camilla!" and gave the man a direction to Bagſhot.

She began, now, to feel nearly careleſs what became of her; her ſituation ſeemed equally deſolate and diſgraceful, and in gloomy deſpondence, when ſhe turned from the high road, and ſtopt at a ſmall inn, called the half-way-houſe, about nine miles from Etherington, ſhe reſolved to remain there till ſhe received her expected anſwer; ardently hoping, if it were not yielding and favourable, the ſpot upon which ſhe ſhould read it, would be that upon which her exiſtence would cloſe.

Alighting at the inn, which, from being upon a croſs road, had little cuſtom, and was ſcarce more than a large cottage, ſhe

ſhe entered a ſmall parlour, diſcharged her chaiſe, and ordered a man and horſe to go immediately to Belfont.

Preſently two or three gentle tappings at the door made her, though fearfully, ſay, "Come in!" A little girl then, with inceſſant low courteſies, appeared, and looking ſmilingly in her face, ſaid, "Pray, ma'am, a'n't you the Lady that was ſo good to us?"

"When? my dear? what do you mean?"

"Why, that uſed to give us cakes and nice things, and gave 'em to Jen, and Bet, and Jack? and that would not let my dad be took up?"

Camilla now recollected the eldeſt little Higden, the waſherwoman's niece, and kindly enquired after her father, her aunt, and family.

"O, they all does pure now. My dad's had no more miſhaps, and he hopes, pleaſe God, to get on pretty well."

"Sweet hearing!" cried Camilla, "all my purpoſes have not, then, been fruſtrated!"

With

With added ſatisfaction ſhe learnt alſo that the little girl had a good place, and a kind miſtreſs. She begged her to haſten the Belfont meſſenger, giving her in charge a ſhort note for Eugenia, with a requeſt for the Etherington letter. She had ſpent nothing in London, ſave in ſome ſmall remembrances to one or two of Mrs. Berlinton's ſervants; and though her chaiſe-hire had now almoſt emptied her purſe, ſhe thought every expence preferable to either lengthening her ſuſpenſe, or her reſidence on the road.

In anſwer to the demand of what ſhe would be pleaſed to have, ſhe then ordered tea. She had taken no regular meal for two days; and for two nights had not even been in bed. But the wretchedneſs of her mind ſeemed to render her invulnerable to fatigue.

The ſhaken ſtate of her nerves warped all juſt conſideration of the impropriety of her preſent ſojourn. Her judgment had no chance, where it had her feelings to combat, and in the deſpondence of believing herſelf parentally rejected, ſhe

was

was indifferent to appearances, and deſperate upon all other events: nor was ſhe brought to any recollection, till ſhe was informed that the meſſenger, whom ſhe had concluded was half way to Belfont, could not ſet out till the next morning: this ſmall and private inn not being able to furniſh a man and horſe at ſhorter warning.

To paſs a ſecond night at an inn, ſeemed, even in the calculations of her own haraſſed faculties, utterly improper; and thus, driven to extremity, ſhe forced herſelf to order a chaiſe for home; though with a repugnance to ſo compulſatory a meeting, that made her wiſh to be carried in it a corpſe.

The tardy prudence of the character naturally raſh, commonly arrives but to point repentance that it came not before. The only pair of horſes the little inn afforded, were now out upon other duty, and would not return till the next day.

Almoſt to herſelf incredible ſeemed now her ſituation. She was compelled to

to order a bed, and to go up ſtairs to a ſmall chamber: but ſhe could not even wiſh to take any reſt. "I am an outcaſt," ſhe cried, "to my family; my Mother would *rather not ſee me*; my Father forbears to demand me; and he—dearer to me than life!—by whom I was once choſen, has forgotten me!—How may I ſupport my heavy exiſtence? and when will it end?

Overpowered, nevertheleſs, by fatigue, in the middle of the night, ſhe laid down in her cloaths: but her ſlumbers were ſo broken by viſions of reproach, conveyed through hideous forms, and in menaces the moſt terrific, that ſhe gladly got up; preferring certain affliction to wild and fantaſtic horrours.

Nearly as ſoon as it was light, ſhe rang for little Peggy, whoſe Southampton anecdotes had ſecured her the utmoſt reſpect from the miſtreſs of the inn, and heard that the expreſs was ſet off.

Dreadful and dreary, in ſlow and lingering miſery, paſſed the long interval of

of his abſence, though his rapid manner of travelling made it ſhort for the ground he traverſed. She had now, however, bought ſufficient experience to beſpeak a chaiſe againſt his return. The only employment in which ſhe could engage herſelf, was converſing with Peggy Higden, who, ſhe was glad to find, could not remember her name well enough to make it known, through her pronunciation.

From the window, at length, ſhe perceived a man and horſe gallop up to the houſe. She darted forth, exclaiming: "Have you brought me any anſwer?" And ſeizing the letter he held out, ſaw the hand-writing of Lavinia, and ſhut herſelf into her room.

She opened it upon her knees, expecting to find within ſome lines from her Mother; none, however, appeared, and ſad and mortified, ſhe laid down the letter, and wept. "So utterly, then," ſhe cried, "have I loſt her? Even with her pen will ſhe not ſpeak to me? How early is my life too long!"

Taking

Taking up again, then, the letter, ſhe read what follows.

"*To Miſs* CAMILLA TYROLD.

"Alas, my dear ſiſter, why can I not anſwer you according to our mutual wiſhes? My Father is at Wincheſter, with a lawyer, upon the affairs of Indiana; and my Mother is abroad with my uncle, upon buſineſs which he has aſked her to tranſact; but even were ſhe here---could I, while the man waits, intercede? have you forgotten your ever fearful Lavinia? All that ſhe dares, ſhall be done,—but that you may neither think ſhe has been hitherto neglectful, nor let your hopes expect too much ſpeed from her future efforts, I am painfully reduced to own to you, what already has paſſed. But let it not depreſs you; you know when ſhe is hurt, it is not lightly; but you know, alſo, where ſhe loves, her diſpleaſure, once paſſed, is never allowed to riſe again.

"Yeſterday

"Yesterday I saw her looking at your picture; the moment seemed to be happy, and I ventured to say; "Ah, poor Camilla!" but she turned to me with quickness, and cried; "Lament rather, Lavinia, your Father! Did he merit so little trust from his child, that her affairs should be withheld from him till they cast him---where I found him!---Dread, memorable sight!—when may I forget it!

"Even after this, my dear Camilla, I hazarded another word, "she will be miserable, I said, my dear Mother, till she returns." "She will return, she answered, with Miss Margland. This is no season for any expence that may be avoided; and Camilla, most of all, must now see the duties of œconomy. Were her understanding less good, I should less heavily weigh her errours; but she sets it apart, to abandon herself to her feelings. Alas! poor thing! they will now themselves be her punishers! Let her not however despond; tell her, when you write,

write, her angelic Father forgives her; and tell her ſhe has always had my prayers, and will ever have my bleſſing; —though I am not eager, as yet, to add to her own reproaches, thoſe ſhe may experience from my preſence.

"I knew not how to introduce this to my deareſt Camilla, but your meſſenger, and his haſte, now forces me to ſay all, and ſay it quick. He brings, I find, the letter from Belfont, where already we had heard you were removed through Miſs Margland, much to the approbation of my Father and my Mother, who hope your ſojourn there is a ſolace to you both. Adieu, my deareſt ſiſter—your meſſenger cannot wait.

"LAVINIA TYROLD."

"She will not ſee me then!" cried Camilla, "ſhe cannot bear my ſight! O Death! let me not pray to thee alſo in vain!"

Weak from inanition, confuſed from want of ſleep, haraſſed with fatigue, and exhauſted by perturbation, ſhe felt now ſo

ſo ill, that ſhe ſolemnly believed her fatal wiſh quick approaching.

The landlord of the inn entered to ſay that the chaiſe ſhe had ordered was at the door; and put down upon the table the bill of what ſhe had to pay.

Whither to turn, what courſe to take, ſhe knew not; though to remain longer at an inn, while perſuaded life was on its wane, was dreadful; yet how preſent herſelf at home, after the letter ſhe had received? what aſylum was any where open to her?

She begged the landlord to wait, and again read the letter of Lavinia, when, ſtartled by what was ſaid of abandoning herſelf to her feelings, ſhe ſaw that her immediate duty was to ſtate her ſituation to her parents. She deſired, therefore, the chaiſe might be put up, and wrote theſe lines:

"I could not, unhappily, ſtay at Eugenia's; nor can I return to Mrs. Berlinton; I am now at the half-way houſe where I ſhall wait for commands. My

Lavinia

Lavinia will tell me what I may be ordered to do. I am ill,—and earneſtly I pray with an illneſs from which I may riſe no more. When my Father—my Mother, hear this, they will perhaps accord me to be bleſt again with their ſight; the brevity of my career may, to their kindneſs, expiate its faults; they may pray for me where my own prayers may be too unſanctified to be heard; they may forgive me---though my own forgiveneſs never more will quiet this breaſt! Heaven bleſs and preſerve them; their unoffending daughters; and my ever loved uncle!

"CAMILLA TYROLD."

She then rang the bell, and deſired this note might go by expreſs to Etherington.

But this, the waiter anſwered, was impoſſible; the horſe on which the meſſenger had ſet out to Belſont, though it had only carried him the firſt ſtage, and brought him back the laſt, had galloped

ſo hard, that his maſter would not ſend it out again the ſame day; and they had but that one.

She begged he would ſee inſtantly for ſome other conveyance.

The man who was come back from Belfont, he anſwered, would be glad to be diſcharged, as he wanted to go to reſt.

She then took up the bill, and upon examining the ſum total, found, with the expreſs, the chaiſe in which ſhe came the laſt ſtage, that which ſhe ordered to take her to Etherington, and the expence of her reſidence, it amounted to half a crown beyond what ſhe poſſeſſed.

She had only, ſhe knew, to make herſelf known as the niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold, to be truſted by all the environs; but to expoſe herſelf in this helpleſs, and even pennyleſs ſtate, appeared to her to be a degradation to every part of her family.

To encloſe the bill to Etherington was to ſecure its being paid; but the

ſentence

ſentence, *Camilla moſt of all muſt now ſee the duties of œconomy*, made her revolt from ſuch a ſtep.

All ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed of pecuniary value ſhe had in her pocket: the ſeal of her Father, the ring of her Mother, the watch of her Uncle, and the locket of Edgar Mandlebert. With one of theſe ſhe now determined to part, in preference to any new expoſure at Etherington, or to incurring the ſmalleſt debt. She deſired to be left alone, and took them from her pocket, one by one, painfully ruminating upon which ſhe could bear to loſe. "It may not, ſhe thought, be for long; for quick, I hope, my courſe will end!—yet even for an hour,—even for the laſt final moment—to give up ſuch dear ſymbols of all that has made my happineſs in life!——"

She looked at them, kiſſed and preſſed them to her heart; ſpoke to them as if living and underſtanding repreſentatives of their donors, and beſtowed ſo much time in lamenting careſſes and heſitation,

ſitation, that the waiter came again, while yet ſhe was undetermined.

She deſired to ſpeak with the miſtreſs of the houſe,

Inſtinctively ſhe now put away the gifts of her parents; but between her uncle and Edgar ſhe wavered. She bluſhed, however, at her demur, and the modeſty of duty made her put up the watch. Taking, then, an agitating laſt view of a locket which circumſtances had rendered inappreciable to her, "Ah! not in vain," ſhe cried, "even now ſhall I loſe what once was a token ſo bewitching--- Dear precious locket! Edgar even yet would be happy you ſhould do me one laſt kind office! generouſly, benevolently, he would rejoice you ſhould ſpare me ſtill one laſt menacing ſhame!"—

When Mrs. Marl, the landlady, came in, deeply colouring, ſhe put it into her hand, turning her eyes another way, while ſhe ſaid; "Mrs. Marl, I have not quite money enough to pay the bill; but if you

will keep this locket for a ſecurity, you will be ſure to be paid by and bye."

Mrs. Marl looked at it with great admiration, and then, with yet greater wonder, at Camilla. "'Tis pretty, indeed, ma'am," ſhe ſaid; "'twould be pity to ſell it. However, I'll ſhew it my huſband."

Mr. Marl ſoon came himſelf, with looks ſomewhat leſs ſatisfied, "Tis a fine bauble, ma'am," cried he, "but I don't much underſtand thoſe things; and there's nobody here can tell me what it's worth. I'd rather have my money, if you pleaſe."

Weakened now in body, as well as ſpirits, ſhe burſt into tears. Alas! ſhe thought, how little do my friends conjecture to what I am reduced! She offered, however, the watch, and the countenance of Mr. Marl loſt its gloom.

"This," ſaid he, "is ſomething like! A gold watch one may be ſure to get one's own for; but ſuch a thing as that

that may'nt fetch ſix-pence, fine as it looks."

Mrs. Marl objected to keeping both; but her huſband ſaid he ſaw no harm in it; and Camilla begged her note might be ſent without delay.

A labourer, after ſome ſearch, was found, who undertook, for handſome pay, to carry it on foot to the rectory.

CHAP. IX.

A Spectacle.

THE meſſenger returned not till midnight; what, then, was the conſternation of Camilla that he brought no anſwer! She ſuſpected he had not found the houſe; ſhe doubted if the letter had been delivered; but he affirmed he had put it into the hands of a maid-ſervant, though, as it was late, he had come away directly, and not thought of waiting for any anſwer.

It is not very early in life we learn how little is performed, for which no precaution is taken. Care is the offſpring of diſappointment; and ſorrow and repentance commonly hang upon its firſt leſſons. Unuſed to tranſact any ſort of buſineſs for herſelf, ſhe had expected, in ſending a letter, an anſwer as a thing of courſe, and had now only herſelf to blame

blame for not having ordered him to ſtay. She conſoled herſelf, however, that ſhe was known to be but nine miles diſtant from the rectory, and that any commands could be conveyed to her nearly in an hour.

What they might be, became now, therefore, her ſole anxiety. Would not her Mother write? After an avowal ſuch as ſhe had made of her deſolate, if not dying condition, would ſhe not pardon and embrace her? Was it not even poſſible ſhe might come herſelf?

This idea mingled emotions of a contrariety ſcarcely ſupportable. "O how," ſhe cried, "ſhall I ſee her? Can joy blend with ſuch terrour? Can I wiſh her approach, yet not dare to meet her eye? —that eye which never yet has looked at me, but to beam with bright kindneſs!— though a kindneſs that, even from my childhood, ſeemed to ſay, Camilla, be blameleſs—or you break your Mother's heart! - - - my poor unhappy Mother! ſhe has always ſeemed to have a pre-

ſentiment, I was born to bring her to ſorrow!"

Expectation being now, for this night, wholly dead, the exceſs of her bodily fatigue urged her to take ſome repoſe: but her ever eager imagination made her apprehenſive her friends might find her too well, and ſuſpect her repreſentation was but to alarm them into returning kindneſs. A fourth night, therefore, paſſed without ſleep, or the refreſhment of taking off her cloaths; and by the time the morning ſun ſhone in upon her apartment, ſhe was too ſeriouſly diſordered to make her illneſs require the aid of fancy. She was full of fever, faint, pallid, weak, and ſhaken by nervous tremors. "I think," ſhe cried, "I am now certainly going; and never was death ſo welcomed by one ſo young. It will end in ſoft peace my brief, but ſtormy paſſage, and I ſhall owe to its ſolemn call the ſacred bleſſing of my offended Mother!"

Tranquilliſed by this hope, and this idea,

idea, ſhe now loſt all ſufferings but thoſe of diſeaſe: her mind grew calm, her ſpirits ſerene: all fears gave way to the certainty of ſoothing kindneſs, all grief was buried in the ſolemnity of expected diſſolution.

But this compoſure outlived not the firſt hours of the morning; as they vainly advanced, producing no loved preſence, no letter, no ſummons; ſolicitude revived, diſappointment ſunk her heart, and dread preyed again upon her nerves. She ſtarted at every ſound; every breath of wind ſeemed portentous; ſhe liſtened upon the ſtairs; ſhe dragged her feeble limbs to the parlour, to be nearer at hand; ſhe forced them back again to her bed-room, to ſtrain her aching eyes out of the window; but ſtill no voice demanded her, and no perſon approached.

Peggy, who repeatedly came to tell her the hour, now aſſured her it was dinner time: unable to eat, ſhe was heedleſs of the hint this conveyed, and it obtained from her no orders, till Peggy

gave her innocently to underſtand the expectations of her hoſt and hoſteſs; but when, at five o'clock, the table was ſerved, all force and courage forſook her. To be left thus to herſelf, when her ſituation was known; to be abandoned at an inn where ſhe had confeſſed ſhe thought herſelf dying;—"My Mother, ſhe cried, cannot forgive me! my Father himſelf deſerts me! O Edgar! you did well to fly ſo unhallowed a connexion!"

She left her dinner for Peggy, and crawling up ſtairs, caſt herſelf upon the bed, with a deſperate ſupplication ſhe might riſe from it no more. "The time," cried ſhe, "is paſt for conſolation, and dead for hope! my parents' own prayers have been averted, and their prognoſtics fulfilled. *May the dread forfeiture*, ſaid my deareſt Father, *not extend through my daughters!* — Alas! Lionel himſelf has not brought upon him a diſgrace ſuch as I have done!—*May Heaven*, ſaid my honoured Mother, *ſpare me evil under*

under your ſhape at leaſt!—but under that it has come to her the moſt heavily!"

Diſſolving, then, in ſorrowing regret, recollections of maternal tenderneſs bathed her pillow with her tears, and reverſing all the inducements to her ſad reſignation, aboliſhed every wiſh but to fall again at the parental feet. "To ſee," cried ſhe, "once more, the dear authors of my being! to receive their forgiveneſs, their bleſſing - - - to view again their honoured countenances!—to hear once more their loved ſpeech - - - Alas! was it me that fled the voice of my Mother? That voice which, till that moment, had been muſic to my mind! and never reached my ear, but as the precurſor of all kindneſs! why did I not ſooner at once kneel at her feet, and ſeek my loſt path under my firſt and beſt guide?"

Shocked and contrite in this tardy view of the ſtep ſhe ought to have taken, ſhe now languiſhed to petition for pardon

even for an offence unknown; and riſing, took up a pen to relate the whole tranſaction. But her head was confuſed, and the attempt ſhewed her ſhe was more ill than ſhe had even herſelf ſuſpected. She thought all rapidly advancing, and enthuſiaſtically rejoiced.

Yet a ſecond time ſhe took the pen; but it had not touched the paper, when a buzzing, confuſed, ſtifled ſort of noiſe from without drew her to the window.

She then perceived an immenſe crowd of people approaching ſlowly, and from a diſtance, towards the inn.

As they advanced, ſhe was ſtruck to hear no encreaſe of noiſe, ſave from the nearer trampling of feet. No voice was diſtinguiſhable; no one ſpoke louder than the reſt; they ſeemed even to tread the ground with caution. They conſiſted of labourers, workmen, beggars, women, and children, joined by ſome accidental paſſengers: yet the general "hum of many" was all that was heard; they

they were ſilent though numerous, ſolemn though mixt.

As they came near, ſhe thought ſhe perceived ſomething in the midſt of them like a bier, and caught a glimpſe of a gentleman's habit. Startled, ſhe drew in; but ſoon, upon another view, diſcerned clearly a well-dreſſed man, ſtretched out his full length, and apparently dead.

Recoiling, ſhuddering, ſhe haſtily ſhut the window, "Yet why," ſhe cried, the next moment, "and whence this emotion? Is not death what I am meeting? — ſeeking? — deſiring? — what I court? what I pray for?"

She ſighed, walked feebly up and down the room, breathed hard and with effort, and then forced herſelf again to open the window, determined to contemplate ſteadily the anticipating object of her fervent demand.

Yet not without ſevere ſelf-compulſion ſhe flung up again the ſaſh; but when ſhe looked out, the crowd alone remained; the bier was gone.

Whether carried on, or brought into the houſe, ſhe now wiſhed to know, with ſome particulars, of whom it might be, and what belonged to ſo ſtrange and horrible an appearance.

She rang for little Peggy; but Peggy came not. She rang again, but no one anſwered the bell. She opened her door, meaning to deſcend to her little parlour for information; but the murmuring buzz ſhe had before heard upon the road, was now within the houſe, which ſeemed filled with people, all buſy and occupied, yet ſpeaking low, and appearing to partake of a general awe.

She could not venture to encounter ſo many ſpectators; ſhe ſhut her door, to wait quietly till this firſt commotion ſhould be paſſed.

This was not for more than an hour; when obſerving, from her window, that the crowd was diſperſed, ſhe again liſtened at the door, and found that the general diſturbance was ſucceeded by a ſtillneſs the moſt profound.

She then rang again, and little Peggy appeared,

appeared, but looking pale and much frightened.

Camilla aſked what had been the matter.

" O ma'am," ſhe anſwered, crying, " here's been murder! A gentleman has been murdered — and nobody knows who he is, nor who has done it!"

She then related that he had been found dead in a wood hard by, and one perſon calling another, and another, he had been brought to the inn to be owned.

" And is he here now?" with an involuntary ſhudder aſked Camilla.

Yes, ſhe anſwered, but her miſtreſs had ordered her not to own it, for fear of frightening the young lady; and ſaid he would ſoon be carried away.

The tale was ſhocking, and, though ſcarce conſcious why, Camilla deſired Peggy to ſtay with her.

The little girl was moſt willing; but ſhe was preſently called down ſtairs; and Camilla, with ſtrong ſhame of nameleſs

leſs fears and weak horrour, ſtrove to meditate to ſome uſe upon this ſcene.

But her mind was diſturbed, her compoſure was gone; her thoughts were broken, abrupt, unfixed, and all upon which ſhe could dwell with any ſteadineſs, was the deſire of one more appeal to her family, that yet they would conſent to ſee her, if they received it in time; or that they ſhould know in what frame of mind ſhe expired, ſhould it bring them too late.

With infinite difficulty, ſhe then wrote the following lines; every bending down of her head making it ache nearly to diſtraction.

" Adieu, my deareſt parents, if again it is denied me to ſee you! Adieu my darling ſiſters! my tender uncle! I aſk not now your forgiveneſs; I know I ſhall poſſeſs it fully; my Father never withheld it,—and my Mother, if againſt herſelf alone I had ſinned, would have been equally lenient; would have probed but to heal, have corrected but to pardon.

O tendereſt

O tendereſt of united partners! bleſs, then, the early aſhes of your erring, but adoring daughter, who, from the moment ſhe inflicted one wound upon your boſoms, has found exiſtence intolerable, and prays now but for her earthly releaſe!

"CAMILLA TYROLD."

This ſhe gave to Peggy, with a charge that, at any expence, it might be conveyed to the rectory at Etherington immediately.

"And ſhall I not, thought ſhe, when ſhe had reſted from this exertion, and may I not at ſuch a period, with innocence, with propriety, write one poor word to him who was ſo near becoming firſt to me in all things?"

She again took her pen, but had only written "O Edgar! in this laſt farewell "be all diſpleaſure forgotten!—from the "firſt to the final moment of my ſhort "life, dear and ſole poſſeſſor of my "heart!"—when the ſhooting anguiſh of her

her head ſtopt her hand, and haſtily writing the direction, leſt ſhe could write no more, ſhe, with difficulty added, "*Not to be delivered till I am dead*; and was forced to lie down, and ſhut all light from her ſtrained and aching eyes.

Peggy preſently brought her word that all the horſes were out, and every body was engaged, and that the note could not poſſibly go till the next day.

Extremely diſappointed, ſhe begged to ſpeak with Mrs. Marl; who ſent her word ſhe was much engaged, but would wait upon her as ſoon as ſhe was able.

Vainly, however, ſhe expected her; it grew duſk; ſhe felt herſelf worſe every moment; fluſhed with fever, or ſhivering with cold, and her head nearly ſplit aſunder with agony. She determined to go once more down ſtairs, and offer to her hoſt himſelf any reward he could claim, ſo he would undertake the immediate delivery of the letter.

With difficulty ſhe aroſe; with ſlow ſteps,

ſteps, and tottering, ſhe deſcended; but as ſhe approached her little parlour, ſhe heard voices in it, and ſtopt. They ſpoke low, and ſhe could not diſtinguiſh them. The door of an adjoining room was open, and by its ſtillneſs empty; ſhe reſolved to ring there, to demand to ſpeak with Mr. Marl. But as ſhe dragged her weak limbs into the apartment, ſhe ſaw, ſtretched out upon a large table, the ſame form, dreſs, and figure ſhe had ſeen upon the bier.

Starting, almoſt fainting, but too much awed to call out, ſhe held trembling by the door.

The bodily feebleneſs which impeded her immediate retreat, gave force to a little mental reflexion: Do I ſhrink thus, thought ſhe, from what ſo earneſtly I have prayed to become - - - and ſo ſoon I muſt repreſent - - - a picture of death?

She now impelled herſelf towards the table. A cloth covered the face; ſhe ſtood ſtill, heſitating if ſhe had power to remove it: but ſhe thought it a call

to

to her own ſelf-examination; and though mentally recoiling, advanced. When cloſe to the table, ſhe ſtood ſtill, violently trembling. Yet ſhe would not allow herſelf to retreat. She now put forth her hand; but it ſhook ſuſpended over the linen, without courage to draw it aſide. At length, however, with enthuſiaſtic ſelf-compulſion, ſlightly and fearfully, ſhe lifted it up - - - but inſtantly, and with inſtinctive horrour, ſnatched her hand away, and placed it before her ſhut eyes.

She felt, now, ſhe had tried herſelf beyond her courage, and, deeply moved, was fain to retreat; but in letting down her hand, to ſee her way, ſhe found ſhe had already removed the linen from a part of the face, and the view ſhe unintentionally caught almoſt petrified her.

For ſome inſtants ſhe ſtood motionleſs, from want of ſtrength to ſtir, but with cloſed eyes, that feared to confirm their firſt ſurmiſe; but when, turning from the ghaſtly viſage, ſhe attempted,

ed, without another glance, to glide away, an unavoidable view of the coat, which ſuddenly ſhe recognized, put her conjecture beyond all doubt, that ſhe now ſaw dead before her the huſband of her ſiſter.

Reſentment, in gentle minds, however merited and provoked, ſurvives not the breath of the offender. With the certainty no further evil can be practiſed, periſhes vengeance againſt the culprit, though not hatred of the guilt: and though, with the firſt movement of ſiſterly feelings, ſhe would have ſaid, Is Eugenia then releaſed? the awe was too great, his own change was too ſolemn. He was now where no human eye could follow, no human judgment overtake him.

Again ſhe endeavoured to eſcape the dreadful ſcene, but her ſhaking limbs were refractory, and would not ſupport her. The mortal being requires uſe to be reconciled to its own viſible mortality; diſmal is its view; grim, repulſive, terrific its aſpect.

But

But no ſooner was her head turned from the dire object, than alarm for her ſiſter took poſſeſſion of her ſoul; and with what recollection ſhe poſſeſſed, ſhe determined to go to Belfont.

An idea of any active ſervice invigorates the body as well as the mind. She made another effort to depart, but a glance ſhe knew not how to avoid ſhewed her, upon the coat of the right arm and right ſide of this ghaſtly figure, large ſplaſhes of blood.

With horrour thus accumulate, ſhe now ſunk upon the floor, inwardly exclaiming: He is murdered indeed! - - - and where may be Eugenia?

A woman who had in charge to watch by the corpſe, but who had privately ſtolen out for ſome refreſhment, now returning, ſaw with affright the new perſon in the room, and ran to call Mrs. Marl; who, alarmed alſo at the ſight of the young lady, and at her deplorable condition, aſſiſted the woman to remove her from the apartment, and convey her to the chamber, where ſhe was laid down upon the bed,

bed, though ſhe reſiſted being undreſſed, and wās ſeized with an aguiſh ſhivering fit, while her eyes ſeemed emitting ſparks of fire.

" It is certainly now," cried ſhe, " over, and hence I move no more!"

The joy with which, a few minutes before, ſhe would have welcomed ſuch a belief, was now converted into an awe unſpeakable, undefinable. The wiſh of death is commonly but diſguſt of life, and looks forward to nothing further than releaſe from worldly care:—but the ſomething yet beyond - - - the ſomething unknown, untried, yet to come, the *bourne whence no traveller returns* to prepare ſucceeding paſſengers for what they may expect, now abruptly preſented itſelf to her conſideration, - - - but came to ſcare, not to ſoothe.

All here, ſhe cried, I have wiſhed to leave - - - but - - have I fitted myſelf for what I am to meet?

Conſcience now ſuddenly took the reins from the hands of imagination, and a miſt

a miſt was cleared away that hitherto, obſcuring every duty by deſpondence, had hidden from her own perceptions the faulty baſis of her deſire. Conſcience took the reins—and a miſt was cleared away that had concealed from her view the cruelty of this egotiſm.

Thoſe friends, it cried, which thus impatiently thou ſeekeſt to quit, have they not loved, cheriſhed, reared thee with the moſt exquiſite care and kindneſs? If they are offended, who has offended them? If thou art now abandoned, may it not be from neceſſity, or from accident? When thou haſt inflicted upon them the ſevere pain of harbouring anger againſt what is ſo dear to them, wouldſt thou load them with regret that they manifeſted any ſenſibility of thy errours? Haſt thou plunged thy houſe in calamity, and will no worthier wiſh occur to thee, than to leave it to its ſorrows and diſtreſs, with the aggravating pangs of cauſing thy afflicting, however blamable ſelf-deſertion? of coming to thee - - -

perhaps

perhaps even now! - - - with mild forgiveneſs, and finding thee a ſelf-devoted corpſe?—not fallen, indeed, by the profane hand of daring ſuicide, but equally ſelf-murdered through wilful ſelf-neglect.

Had the voice been allowed ſound which ſpoke this dire admonition, it could ſcarcely with more horrour, or keener repentance have ſtruck her. "That poor man," ſhe cried, "now delivering up his account, by whatever hand he periſhed, ſince leſs principled, leſs inſtructed than myſelf, may be criminal, perhaps, with leſs guilt!"

The thought now of her Father,—the piety he had ſtrove to inculcate into her mind; his reſignation to misfortune, and his truſt through every ſuffering, all came home to her heart, with religious veneration; and making prayer ſucceed to remorſe, guided her to what ſhe knew would be his guidance if preſent, and ſhe deſired to hear the ſervice for the ſick.

Peggy could not read; Mrs. Marl was

was too much engaged; the whole houſe had ample employment, and her requeſt was unattainable.

She then begged they would procure her a prayer-book, that ſhe might try to read herſelf; but her eyes, heavy, aching, and dim, glared upon the paper, without diſtinguiſhing the print from the margin.

"I am worſe!" ſhe cried faintly, "my wiſh comes faſt upon me! Ah! not for my puniſhment let it finally arrive!"

With terror, however, even more than with malady, ſhe now trembled. The horrible ſight ſhe had witneſſed, brought death before her in a new view. She feared ſhe had been preſumptuous; ſhe felt that her preparations had all been worldly, her impatience wholly ſelfiſh. She called back her wiſh, with penitence and affright: her agitation became torture, her regret was aggravated to remorſe, her grief to deſpair.

CHAP. X.

A Vision.

WHEN the first violence of this paroxysm of sorrow abated, Camilla again strove to pray, and found that nothing so much stilled her. Yet, her faculties confused, hurried, and in anguish, permitted little more than incoherent ejaculations. Again she sighed for her Father; again the spirit of his instructions recurred, and she enquired who was the clergyman of the parish, and if he would be humane enough to come and pray by one who had no claim upon him as a parishioner.

Peggy said he was a very good gentleman, and never refused even the poorest person, that begged his attendance.

"O go to him, then," cried she, "directly! Tell him a sick and helpless stranger implores that he will read to her the prayers for the dying! ----Should I

yet live - - - they will compoſe and make me better;—if not - - - they will give me courage for my quick exit."

Peggy went forth, and ſhe laid her beating head upon the pillow, and endeavoured to quiet her nerves for the ſacred ceremony ſhe demanded.

It was dark, and ſhe was alone; the corpſe ſhe had juſt quitted ſeemed ſtill bleeding in full view. She cloſed her eyes, but ſtill ſaw it; ſhe opened them, but it was always there. She felt nearly ſtiff with horrour, chilled, frozen, with ſpeechleſs apprehenſion.

A ſlumber, feveriſh nearly to delirium, at length ſurpriſed her haraſſed faculties; but not to afford them reſt. Death, in a viſible figure, ghaſtly, pallid, ſevere, appeared before her, and with its hand, ſharp and forked, ſtruck abruptly upon her breaſt. She ſcreamed—but it was heavy as cold, and ſhe could not remove it. She trembled; ſhe ſhrunk from its touch; but it had iced her heart-ſtrings. Every vein was congealed; every ſtiffened limb

ſtretched

ſtretched to its full length, was hard as marble: and when again ſhe made a feeble effort to rid her oppreſſed lungs of the dire weight that had fallen upon them, a voice hollow, deep, and diſtant, dreadfully pierced her ear, calling out: "Thou "haſt but thy own wiſh! Rejoice, thou "murmurer, for thou dieſt!" Clearer, ſhriller, another voice quick vibrated in the air: "Whither goeſt thou," it cried, "and whence comeſt thou?"

A voice from within, over which ſhe thought ſhe had no controul, though it ſeemed iſſuing from her vitals, low, hoarſe, and tremulous, anſwered, "Whither I "go, let me reſt! Whence I come from "let me not look back! Thoſe who gave "me birth, I have deſerted; my life, my "vital powers I have rejected." Quick then another voice aſſailed her, ſo near, ſo loud, ſo terrible - - - ſhe ſhrieked at its horrible ſound. "Prematurely," it cried, "thou art come, uncalled, unbidden; "thy taſk unfulfilled, thy peace unearned. "Follow, follow me! the Records of

" Eternity are opened. Come! write with " thy own hand thy claims, thy merits to " mercy!" A repelling ſelf-accuſation inſtantaneouſly overwhelmed her. "O, no! " no! no!" ſhe exclaimed, " let me not " ſign my own miſerable inſufficiency!" In vain was her appeal. A force unſeen, yet irreſiſtible, impelled her forward. She ſaw the immenſe volumes of Eternity, and her own hand involuntarily graſped a pen of iron, and with a velocity uncontroulable wrote theſe words: " Without re- " ſignation, I have prayed for death: from " impatience of diſpleaſure, I have deſired " annihilation: to dry my own eyes, I " have left---pitileſs, ſelfiſh, unnatural! " ---a Father the moſt indulgent, a " Mother almoſt idolizing, to weep out " their's!" Her head would have ſunk upon the guilty characters; but her eyelids refuſed to cloſe, and kept them glaring before her. They became, then, illuminated with burning ſulphur. She looked another way; but they partook of the ſame motion; ſhe caſt her eyes upwards,

upwards, but she saw the characters still; she turned from side to side; but they were always her object. Loud again sounded the same direful voice: "These are thy deserts; write now thy claims: —and next,—and quick,—turn over the immortal leaves, and read thy doom."--- "Oh, no!" she cried, "Oh, no!"---"O, "let me yet return! O, Earth, with all "thy sorrows, take, take me once again, "that better I may learn to work my way "to that last harbour, which, rejecting the "criminal repiner, opens its soft bosom to "the firm, though supplicating sufferer!" In vain again she called;—pleaded, knelt, wept in vain. The time, she found, was past; she had slighted it while in her power; it would return to her no more; and a thousand voices, at once, with awful vibration, answered aloud to every prayer, "Death was thy "own desire!" Again, unlicensed by her will, her hand seized the iron instrument. The book was open that demanded her claims. She wrote with

difficulty - - - but ſaw that her pen made no mark! She looked upon the page, when ſhe thought ſhe had finiſhed, - - - but the paper was blank! - - - Voices then, by hundreds, by thouſands, by millions, from ſide to ſide, above, below, around, called out, echoed and re-echoed, "Turn over, turn over - - - and read thy eternal doom!" In the ſame inſtant, the leaf, untouched, burſt open - - - and - - - ſhe awoke. But in a trepidation ſo violent, the bed ſhook under her, the cold ſweat, in large drops, fell from her forehead, and her heart ſtill ſeemed labouring under the adamantine preſſure of the inflexibly cold graſp of death. So exalted was her imagination, ſo confuſed were all her thinking faculties, that ſhe ſtared with wild doubt whether then, or whether now, what ſhe experienced were a dream.

In this ſuſpenſive ſtate, fearing to call, to move, or almoſt to breathe, ſhe remained, in perfect ſtillneſs, and in the dark, till little Peggy crept ſoftly into the chamber.

Certain

Certain then of her ſituation, "This has been," ſhe cried, "only a viſion—but my conſcience has abetted it, and I cannot ſhake it off."

When ſhe became calmer, and further recollected herſelf, ſhe anxiouſly enquired if the clergyman would not come.

Peggy, heſitatingly, acknowledged he had not been ſent for; her miſtreſs had imagined the requeſt proceeded from a diſturbance of mind, owing to the ſight of the corpſe, and ſaid ſhe was ſure, after a little ſleep, it would be forgotten.

"Alas!" ſaid Camilla, diſappointed, "it is more neceſſary than ever! my ſenſes are wandering; I ſeem hovering between life and death—Ah! let not my own fearful fancies abſorb this hour of change, which religious rites ſhould conſecrate!"

She then told Peggy to plead for her to her miſtreſs, and aſſure her that nothing elſe, after the dreadful ſhock ſhe had received, could ſtill her mind.

Mrs. Marl, not long after came into the room herſelf; and enquiring how ſhe did, ſaid, if ſhe was really bent upon ſuch a melancholy thing, the clergyman had luckily juſt called, and would read the ſervice to her directly, if it would give her any comfort.

" O, great and infinite comfort!" ſhe cried, and begged he might come immediately, and read to her the praye for thoſe of whom there is but ſmall hope of recovery. She would have riſen, that ſhe might kneel; but her limbs would not ſecond her deſire, and ſhe was obliged to lie ſtill upon the outſide of the bed. Peggy drew the curtains, to ſhade her eyes, as a candle was brought into the room; but when ſhe heard Mrs. Marl ſay: " Come in, Sir," — and " here's the prayer-book;" overpowered with tender recollection of her Father, to whom ſuch offices were frequent, ſhe burſt into an agony of tears, and hid her face upon the pillow.

She ſoon, however, recovered, and the ſolemnity

ſolemnity of the preparation overawed her ſorrow. Mrs. Marl placed the light as far as poſſible from the bed, and when Camilla waved her hand in token of being ready, ſaid, "Now, Sir, if you pleaſe."

He complied, though not immediately; but no ſooner had he begun, no ſooner, devoutly, yet tremblingly, pronounced, *O Father of Mercies!* than a faint ſcream iſſued from the bed.—

He ſtopt; but ſhe did not ſpeak; and after a ſhort pauſe, he reſumed: but not a ſecond ſentence was pronounced, when ſhe feebly ejaculated, "Ah heaven!" and the book fell from his hands.

She ſtrove to raiſe her head; but could not; ſhe opened, however, the ſide curtain, to look out; he advanced, at the ſame moment, to the foot of the bed---fixed his eyes upon her face, and in a voice that ſeemed to come from his ſoul, exclaimed, "Camilla!"

With a mental emotion that, for an inſtant, reſtored her ſtrength, ſhe drew again the curtain, covered up her face,

and ſobbed even audibly, while the words, "O Edgar!" vainly ſought vent.

He attempted not to uncloſe the curtain ſhe had drawn, but with a deep groan, dropping upon his knees on the outſide, cried, "Great God!" but checking himſelf, haſtily aroſe, and motioning to Mrs. Marl and to Peggy, to move out of hearing, ſaid, through the curtain; "O Camilla! what dire calamity has brought this about?—ſpeak, I implore! —why are you here?—why alone? ſpeak! ſpeak!"

He heard ſhe was weeping, but received no anſwer, and with energy next to torture exclaimed; "Refuſe not to truſt me!—recollect our long friendſhip —forgive—forget its alienation!—By all you have ever valued—by all your wonted generoſity—I call—I appeal---Camilla! Camilla!—your ſilence rends my ſoul!"

Camilla, had no utterance, yet could not reſiſt this urgency, and gently through the opening of the curtain, put forth her feeble hand.

He ſeemed affected to agony; he held

it

it between each of his own, and while ſoftly he uttered, "O ever—unchangeably generous Camilla!" ſhe felt it moiſtened with his tears.

Too weak for the new ſenſation this excited, ſhe drew it away, and the violence of her emotion menacing an hyſteric fit, Mrs. Marl came back to her, and wringing his hands as he looked around the room, he tore himſelf away.

CHAP. XI.

Means to ſtill Agitation.

DECLINING all aid, Camilla continued in the ſame poſition, wrapt up, coveting the dark, and ſtifling ſighs that were riſing into ſobs, till ſhe heard a gentle tap at her door.

She ſtarted, but ſtill hid herſelf: Mrs. Marl was already gone; Peggy anſwered the ſummons, and returned to the bed-ſide, with a note in her hand, begging Camilla to take it, as it came from the gentleman who was to have read the prayers.

"Is he then gone?" cried ſhe, in a voice announcing deep diſappointment.

"Yes, he went directly, my dear Lady."

She threw the covering from her face, and with uplifted hands, exclaimed; "O Edgar! could you ſee me thus---and leave me?"——Yet eagerly ſeizing the letter,

letter, called for a candle, and ſtrove to read it. But the characters ſeemed double to her weak and dazzled eyes, and ſhe was forced to relinquiſh the attempt. She preſſed it to her boſom, and again covered herſelf up.

Something, nevertheleſs, like internal revival, once more, to her own unſpeakable amazement, began fluttering at her breaſt. She had ſeen the beloved of her heart—dearer to her far than the life ſhe thought herſelf reſigning; ſeen him penetrated to anguiſh by her ſituation, awakened to the tendereſt recollections, and upon her hand had dropt a teſtimony of his ſenſibility, that, dead as ſhe had thought herſelf to the world, its views, its hopes, its cares, paſſed ſtraight to her heart—that wonderful repoſitory of ſucceſſive emotions, whence the expulſion of one ſpecies of intereſt but makes way for the entrance of another; and which vainly, while yet in mortal life, builds, even from hour to hour, upon any chaſm of mortal ſolicitude.

While wrapt up in this reverie, poignantly agitating, yet undefinably ſoothing, upon the return of Edgar to England, and his aſtoniſhing appearance in her room, her attention was again arouſed by another gentle tap at the door.

Peggy opened it, and left the room; but ſoon came back, to beg an anſwer to the note, for which the gentleman was waiting upon the ſtairs.

"Waiting?" ſhe repeated, in extreme trepidation, "is he not then gone?"

"No ma'am, only out of the room; he can't go away without the anſwer, he ſays."

A ſenſation of pleaſure was now ſo new to Camilla, as almoſt to be too potent either for her ſtrength or her intellects. She doubted all around her, doubted what ſhe heard, doubted even her exiſtence. Edgar, could it be Edgar who was waiting for an anſwer?---who was under the ſame roof—who had been in the ſame room—who was now ſeparated from her but by a thin wainſcot?—

"O no,

" O no, no, no!" ſhe cried, " my ſenſes all delude me! one viſion after another beguiles my deranged imagination!" Yet ſhe called Peggy to her again, again aſked her if it were indeed true; and, bidding her once more bring the candle, the new ſpirit with which ſhe was invigorated, enabled her to perſevere in her efforts, till ſhe made out the following lines; which were ſealed, but not directed.

" The ſorrow, the tumult of my ſoul, I attempt not to paint.—Forgive, O Camilla! an intruſion which circumſtances made reſiſtleſs. Deign to bury in kind oblivion all remembrance but of our early friendſhip—our intuitive attachment, our confidence, eſteem, and happy juvenile intercourſe; and under ſuch auſpices—animated as they are innocent—permit me to haſten Mrs. Tyrold to this ſpot, or truſt me—I conjure—with the myſtery of this dreadful deſolation—O Camilla!—by all the ſcenes that have paſſed between us—by the impreſſion indelible they have engraved upon my heart, wound

not the moſt faithful of your friends by rejecting his ſervices!

E. M."

Diſſolved in tears of tenderneſs, relieving, nay delightful, ſhe immediately ſent him word that ſhe accepted his kind office, and ſhould feel eternal gratitude if he would acquaint her friends with her ſituation.

Peggy ſoon informed her the gentleman was gone; and ſhe then inquired why he had been brought to her as a clergyman.

The little Girl gave the account with the utmoſt ſimplicity. Her miſtreſs, ſhe ſaid, knew the gentleman very well, who was 'Squire Mandlebert, and lived at a great houſe not many miles off; and had juſt alighted to bait his horſes, as ſhe went to aſk about ſending for the clergyman. He inquired who was ill; and her Miſtreſs ſaid it was a Lady who had gone out of her mind, by ſeeing a dead body, and raved of nothing but having

having prayers read to her; which her huſband would do, when his houſe was clear, if the humour laſted: for they had nobody to ſend three miles off; and by lifting the curtains, ſhe would not know if it was a clergyman or not. The young 'Squire then aſked if ſhe was a lodger or a traveller, and her miſtreſs anſwered: "She's a traveller, Sir; and if it had not been for Peggy's knowing her, we ſhould have been afraid who ſhe might be; for ſhe ſtays here, and never pays us; only ſhe has given us a watch and a locket for pledges." Then he aſked on ſome more queſtions, continued Peggy, and preſently deſired to ſee the locket; and when he had looked at it, he turned as white as a ſheet, and ſaid he muſt ſee the lady. Her miſtreſs ſaid ſhe was laid down upon the bed, and ſhe could not ſend in a gentleman; unleſs it was her huſband, juſt to quiet her poor head by reading her a prayer or too. So then the 'Squire ſaid he'd take the prayer book and read to her himſelf, if ſhe'd

ſhe'd ſpare time to go in the room firſt, and ſhut up the curtains. So her miſtreſs ſaid no, at firſt; but Peggy ſaid the poor lady fretted on ſo badly, that preſently up they came together.

Ah! dear darling locket! internally cried Camilla, how from the firſt have I loved—how to the laſt will I prize it! Ah dear darling locket! how for ever—while I live—will I wear it in my boſom!

A calm now took place of her agonies that made her ſeem in a renovated exiſtence, till ſleep, by gentle approaches, ſtole upon her again: not to bring to her the dread viſion which accompanied its firſt return; nor yet to allow her tranquil repoſe. A ſofter form appeared before her; more afflictive, though not ſo horrible; it was the form of her Mother; all diſpleaſure removed from her penetrating countenance; no longer in her dying child viewing the child that had offended her; yet while forgiving and embracing, ſeeing her expire in her arms.

She

She awaked, affrighted,—ſhe ſtarted, ſhe ſat upright; ſhe called aloud upon her mother, and wildly looking round, thought ſhe ſaw her at the foot of the bed.

She croſſed her eyes with her hands, to endeavour to clear her ſight: but the object only ſeemed more diſtinct. She bent forward, ſeeking conviction, yet incredulous, though ſtill meeting the ſame form.

Sighing, at laſt, from fruitleſs fatigue; "'Tis wonderous odd," ſhe cried, "but I now never know when I wake or when I ſleep!"

The form glided away; but with motion ſo palpable, ſhe could no longer believe herſelf played upon by imagination. Awe-impreſt, and wonder-ſtruck, ſhe ſoftly opened her ſide curtain to look after it. It had ſtopt by a high cheſt of drawers, againſt which, leaning its head upon its arm, it ſtood erect, but ſeemed weeping. She could not diſcern the face;

face; but the whole figure had the ſame ſacred reſemblance.

The pulſes of her head beat now with ſo much violence, ſhe was forced to hold her temples. Doubt, dread, and hope ſeized every faculty at once; till, at length, the upraiſed arm of the form before her dropt, and ſhe diſtinctly ſaw the profile: "It is herſelf! it is my Mother!" ſhe ſcreamed, rather than pronounced, and threw herſelf from the bed to the floor.

"Yes! it is your Mother!" was repeated, in a tone ſolemn and penetrating; —"to what a ſcene, O Camilla, returned! her houſe abandoned --- her ſon in exile --- her Eugenia loſt --- her huſband, the prop of all! -- where ſhe dare not name! --- and thou, the child of her boſom! --- the conſtant terrour, yet conſtant darling of her ſoul --- where, and how, does ſhe ſee, does ſhe meet thee, again—O Camilla!"

Then tenderly, though with anguiſh, bending

bending over her, ſhe would have raiſed, and helped her to return to the bed: but Camilla would not be aided; ſhe would not lift up her eyes; her face ſought the ground, where leaning it upon her hands, without deſiring to ſpeak, without wiſhing to ſtir, torn by ſelf-reptoaches that made her deem herſelf unworthy to live, ſhe remained ſpeechleſs, immoveable.

"Repreſs, repreſs," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, gently, yet firmly, "theſe ſtrong feelings, uſeleſsly torturing to us both. Raiſe your head, my poor girl --- raiſe --- and repoſe it upon the breaſt of your Mother."

"Of my Mother?" repeated Camilla, in a voice hardly audible; "have I a Mother—who again will own the blaſt of her hopes and happineſs?—the diſgrace, the ſhame of the beſt and moſt injured of Fathers!"

Let us pray," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, with a ſigh, "that theſe evils may paſs away, and by ſalutary exertions, not deſponding repinings, earn back our fugitive peace."

Again

Again ſhe then would have raiſed her; but Camilla ſunk from all aſſiſtance: "No," ſhe cried, "I am unworthy your lenity—I am unable even to bear it. ----"

"Camilla," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, ſteadily, "it is time to conquer this impetuous ſenſibility, which already, in its effects, has nearly broken all our hearts. With what horrour have we miſſed—with what agony ſought you! Now then, that at length, we find you, excite not new terrour, by conſigning yourſelf to willing deſpair."

Struck with extreme dread of committing yet further wrong, ſhe lifted up her head, with intention to have riſen; but the weak ſtate of her body, forgotten by herſelf, and by Mrs. Tyrold unſuſpected, took its turn for demanding attention.

"Alas! my poor Child," cried ſhe, "what horrible havock has this ſhort abſence produced! O Camilla! --- with a ſoul of feeling like yours,—ſtrong, tender, generous,

generous, and but too much alive, how is it you can thus have forgotten the firſt ties of your duty, and your heart, and have been wrought upon by your own ſorrows to forget the ſorrows you inflict? Why have you thus fled us? thus abandoned yourſelf to deſtruction? Was our anger to be ſet in competition with our miſery? Was the fear of diſpleaſure, from parents who ſo tenderly love you, to be indulged at the riſk of never ending regret to the moſt lenient of Fathers? and nearly the loſs of ſenſes to a Mother who, from your birth, has idolized you in her inmoſt ſoul?"

Bending then over her, ſhe folded her in her arms; where Camilla, overpowered with the ſtruggles of joy and contrition, ſunk nearly lifeleſs.

Mrs. Tyrold, ſeeing now her bodily feebleneſs, put her to bed, with words of ſoothing tenderneſs, no longer blended with retroſpective inveſtigation; conjuring her to be calm, to remember whoſe peace and happineſs were encircled in her

her life and health, and to remit to her fuller ſtrength all further intereſting diſcourſe.

"Ah! my Mother!" cried Camilla, "tell me firſt—if the time may ever come when with truth you can forgive me?"

"Alas, my darling Child!" anſwered the generous Mother, "I have myſelf now to pardon that I forgave thee not at firſt!"

Camilla ſeemed tranſported to another region; with difficulty Mrs. Tyrold could hold her in her bed, though hovering over her pillow with inceſſant careſſes: but to raiſe her eye only to meet that of her Mother—not as her fertile terrour had propheſied, darting unrelenting ire, but ſoftly ſolicitous, and exquiſitely kind; to feel one loved hand anxiouſly upon her forehead, and to glue her own lips upon the other; to find fears that had made exiſtence inſupportable, transformed into ſecurity that rendered it delicious;—with a floating, uncertain, yet irrepreſſible hope, that to Edgar ſhe owed this reſtoration,

reſtoration, cauſed a revulſion in all her feelings, that ſoon operated upon her frame—not, indeed, with tranquillity, but with rapture approaching to delirium:—when ſuddenly, a heavy, lumbering noiſe, appalled her. "Ah, my Mother!" ſhe faintly cried, "our beloved Eugenia! --- that noiſe --- where—and how—is Eugenia?—The wretched Mr. Bellamy is no more!"

Mrs. Tyrold anſwered, ſhe was acquainted with the whole dreadful buſineſs, and would relate it in a ſeaſon of more ſerenity; but meanwhile, as repoſe, ſhe well knew, never aſſociated with ſuſpence, ſhe ſatisfied immediate anxiety, by aſſurances that Eugenia was ſafe, and at Etherington.

This was a joy ſcarce inferior to that which ſo recently had tranſported her: but Mrs. Tyrold, gathering from the good Peggy, that ſhe had not been in bed, nor ſcarce taſted food, ſince ſhe had been at the half-way houſe, refuſed all particulars, till ſhe had been refreſhed

with nourishment and rest. The first immediately was ordered, and immediately taken; and Mrs. Tyrold, to propitiate the second, insisted upon total silence, and prepared to sit up with her all night.

Long as the extreme agitation of her spirits distanced

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, *

the change from so much misery to heart-felt peace and joy, with the judicious nursing and restoratives devised by Mrs. Tyrold, for her weak and half famished frame, made her slumber, when at length, it arrived, last so long that, though broken by frequent starts, she awoke not till late the next morning.

Her eyes then opened upon a felicity that again made her think herself in a new world. Her Mother, leaning over her, was watching her breath, with hands uplifted for her preservation, and looks of fondness which seemed to mark that her

* Young.

happiness

happineſs depended upon it's being granted; but as ſhe raiſed herſelf, to throw her arms around the loved maternal neck, the ſhadow of another form, quickly, yet gently receding, ſtruck her ſight; - - - "Ah, Heaven!" ſhe exclaimed, "who is that?"

"Will you be good," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, gently, "be tranquil, be compoſed, and earn that I ſhould tell you who has been watching by you this hour?"

Camilla could not anſwer; certain, now, who it muſt be, her emotions became again uncontrollable; her horrour, her remorſe, her ſelf-abhorrence revived, and agonizingly exclaiming, "'Tis my Father!—O, where can I hide my head?" She ſtrove again to envelop herſelf with the bed-curtain from all view.

"Here—in his own arms—upon his own breaſt you ſhall hide it," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, returning to the bed-ſide, "and all now ſhall be forgotten, but thankfulneſs that our afflictions ſeem finding their period."

"O my Father! my Father!" cried Camilla, forgetting her ſituation, in her deſire to throw herſelf at his feet, "can you ſpeak to me thus, after the woe—the diſgrace I have brought upon you?—I deſerve your malediction! - - - I expected to be ſhut out from your heart,—I thought myſelf abandoned—I looked forward only in death to receiving your forgiveneſs!—"

Mrs. Tyrold held her ſtill, while her Father now bleſſed and embraced her, each uttering, in the ſame moment, whatever was ſofteſt to conſole her: but all her quick feelings were re-awakened beyond their power to appeaſe them; her penitence tortured, her very gratitude tore her to pieces: "O my Mother," ſhe cried, "how do you forbear to ſpurn me? Can you think of what is paſſed, and ſtill pronounce your pardon? Will you not draw it back at the ſight of my injured Father? Are you not tempted to think I deſerve eternal baniſhment from you both?—and to repent that you have not ordered it?"

"No,

"No, my deareſt Child, no! I lament only that I took you not at once to your proper ſecurity—to theſe arms, my Camilla, that now ſo fondly infold you! to this boſom—my darling girl!—where my heart beats your welcome!"

"You make me too—too happy! the change is almoſt killing! my Mother—my deareſt Mother!—I did not think you would permit me to ever call you ſo again! My Father I knew would pardon me, for the chief ſuffering was his own; but even he, I never expected could look at me thus benignly again! and hardly—hardly would he have been tried, if the evil had been reverſed!"

Mr. Tyrold exhorted her to ſilent compoſure; but finding her agitation overpower even her own efforts, he ſummoned her to join him in ſolemn thanks for her reſtoration.

Awfully, though moſt gratefully impreſſed by ſuch a call, ſhe checked her emotion, and devoutly obeyed: and the ſhort but pious ceremony quieted her nerves, and calmed her mind.

The gentleſt tranquillity then took place in her breaſt, of the tumultuous joy which had firſt chaced her deadly affliction. The ſoothing, however ſerious turn, given by devotion to her changed ſenſations, ſoftened the acute exceſs of rapture which mounted felicity nearly to agony. More eloquent, as well as ſafer than any ſpeech, was the pauſe of deep gratitude, the ſilence of humble praiſe, which enſued. Camilla, in each hand held one of each beloved Parent; alternately ſhe preſſed them with grateful reverence to her lips, alternately her eye ſought each revered countenance, and received, in the beaming fondneſs they emitted, a benediction that was balm to every woe.

CHAP. XII.

Means to obtain a Boon.

MR. Tyrold was ſoon, by urgent claims, forced to leave them; and Camilla, with ſtrong ſecret anxiety to know if Edgar had cauſed this bleſt meeting, led to a general explanation upon paſt events.

And now, to her utter amazement, ſhe found that her letter ſent by the labourer had never been received.

Mrs. Tyrold related, that ſhe had no ſooner read the firſt letter addreſſed to her through Lavinia, than, ſoftened and affected, ſhe wrote an anſwer of the utmoſt kindneſs to Belfont; deſiring Camilla to continue with her ſiſter till called for by Miſs Margland, in her return home from Mrs. Macderſey. The viſit, meanwhile to Cleves, had tranſpired through Jacob, and, much touched by, yet much blaming her travelling thus

alone, ſhe wrote to her a ſecond time, charging her to remove no more from Belfont without Miſs Margland. But, on the preceding morning, the firſt letter had been returned with a note from Eugenia, that her ſiſter had ſet out two days before for Etherington.

The moment of this intelligence, was the moſt dreadful to Mr. Tyrold and herſelf of their lives. Every ſpecies of conjecture was horrible. He ſet out inſtantly for Belfont, determining to make enquiries at every inn, houſe, and cottage, by the way; but by taking, unfortunately, the road through Alton, he had miſſed the half-way houſe. In the evening, while, with apprehenſions ſurpaſſing all deſcription, ſhe was waiting ſome news, a chaiſe drove up to the door. She flew out, but ſaw in it - - - alone, cold, trembling, and ſcarce in her ſenſes, Eugenia. Inſtantly imagining ſhe came with tidings of fatal tendency concerning Camilla, ſhe ſtarted back, exclaiming, "All then, is over?" The chaiſe-door had been opened; but Eugenia,

Eugenia, ſhaking too violently to get out; only, and faintly, anſwered, "Yes! my Mother - - - all is over! —" The miſtake was almoſt inſtantaneous death to her—though the next words of Eugenia cleared it up, and led to her own dreadful narrative.

Bellamy, as ſoon as Camilla had left Belfont, had made a peremptory demand that his wife ſhould claim, as if for ſome purpoſe of her own, a large ſum of Sir Hugh. Her ſteady reſiſtance ſent him from the houſe in a rage; and ſhe ſaw no more of him till that day at noon, when he returned in deeper, blacker wrath than ſhe had ever yet ſeen; and vowed that nothing leſs than her going in perſon to her uncle with his requeſt, ſhould induce him ever to forgive her. When he found her reſolute in refuſal, he ordered a chaiſe, and made her get into it, without ſaying for what purpoſe. She ſaw they were travelling towards Cleves, but he did not once ſpeak, except where they changed horſes, till they

came upon the croſs-road, leading to the halfway-houſe. Suddenly then, bidding the poſtillion ſtop at the end of a lane, he told him he was going to look at a little farm, and, ordering him to wait, made her alight and walk down it till they were out of ſight of the man and the carriage. Fiercely, then ſtopping ſhort, "Will you give me," he cried, "your promiſe, upon oath, that you will aſk your Uncle for the money?" "Indeed, Mr. Bellamy, I cannot!" ſhe anſwered. "Enough!" he cried, and took from his pocket a piſtol. "Good Heaven," ſhe ſaid, "you will not murder me?"—"I cannot live without the money myſelf," he anſwered, "and why ſhould I let you?" He then felt in his waiſcoat pocket, whence he took two bullets, telling her, ſhe ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing him load the piſtol; and that when one bullet had diſpatched her, the other ſhould diſappoint the executioner. Horrour now conquered her, and ſhe ſolemnly promiſed to aſk whatever he dictated.

dictated. "I muſt hold the piſtol to your ear," cried he, "while you take your oath. See! 'tis loaded——This is no child's play." He then lifted it up; but, at the ſame moment, a diſtant voice exclaimed, "Hold villain! or you are a dead man!" Starting, and meaning to hide it within his waiſcoat, his hand ſhook—the piſtol went off—it ſhot him through the body, and he dropt down dead. Without ſenſe or motion, ſhe fell by his ſide; and, upon recovering, found herſelf again in the chaiſe. The poſtillion, who knew her, had carried her thither, and brought her on to Etherington. She then conjured that proper perſons might go back with the driver, and that her Father would have the benevolence to ſuperintend all that could be done that would be moſt reſpectfully decent.

The poſtillion acknowledged that it was himſelf who had cried, Hold villain! A ſuſpicion of ſome miſchief had occurred to him, from ſeeing the end of a piſtol jerk from the pocket of the gentle-

man, as he got out of the chaiſe; and begging a man, who accidentally paſſed while he waited, to watch his horſes, he ran down a field by the ſide of the lane, whence he heard the words: "The piſtol is loaded, and for no child's play!" upon which, ſeeing it raiſed, and the young Lady ſhrink, he called out. Yet Eugenia proteſted herſelf convinced that Bellamy had no real deſign againſt either his own life or her's, though terrour, at the moment, had conquered her: he had meant but to affright her into conſent, knowing well her word once given, with whatever violence torn from her, would be held ſacred. The reſt was dreadful accident, or Providence in that form playing upon himſelf his own toils. The pious young Widow was ſo miſerable at this ſhocking exit, and the ſhocking manner in which the remains were left expoſed, that her Mother had ſet out herſelf to give orders in perſon, from the halfway-houſe, for bringing thither the body, till Mr. Tyrold could give his own directions.

She found, however, that buſineſs already done. The man called by the poſtillion had been joined by a party of labourers, juſt leaving off work; thoſe had gathered others; they had procured ſome broad planks which ſerved for a bier, and had humanely conveyed the body to the inn, where the landlord was aſſured the poſtillion would come back with ſome account of him, though little Peggy had only learnt in general that he had been found murdered near a wood.

"Eugenia is juſt now," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, in concluſion, "plunged into an abyſs of ideas, frightful to her humanity, and oppreſſive to the tenderneſs of her heart. Her nature is too noble to rejoice in a releaſe to herſelf, worked by means ſo horrible, and big with notions of retribution for the wretched culprit, at which even vengeance the moſt implacable might ſhudder. Nevertheleſs, all will imperceptibly paſs away, ſave the pity inherent in all good minds for vice and its penalties. To know his abrupt puniſhment, and not to be ſhocked, would

would be inhuman; but to grieve with any regard for a man of such principles and conduct, would be an outrage to all that they have injured and offended."

This view of the transaction, by better reconciling Camilla to the ultimate lot of her sister, brought her back to reflect upon her own. Still she had not gathered with precision how she had been discovered. To pronounce the name of Edgar was impossible; but after a long pause, which Mrs. Tyrold had hoped was given again to repose, she ventured to say, "I have not yet heard, my dearest Mother, to what benign chance I immediately owe my present unspeakable, unmerited happiness?"

Mrs. Tyrold looked at her a moment in silence, as if to read what her question offered beyond its mere words: but she saw her eye hastily withdrawn from the examination, and her cheeks suddenly inveloped with the bed cloaths.

Quietly, and without turning towards her again, she resumed her narrative.

"I engaged the worthy postillion of my

my poor Eugenia to drive me, purpoſing to ſend Ambroſe on with him, while I waited at the half-way houſe: but, about two miles off, Ambroſe, who rode before, was ſtopt by a gentleman, whom he met in a poſt chaiſe; when I came up to him, I ſtopt alſo. It was Mr. Mandlebert."

Camilla, who had looked up, now again haſtily drew back, and Mrs. Tyrold, after a ſhort pauſe, went on.

"His intelligence, of courſe, finiſhed my ſearch. My firſt idea was to convey you inſtantly home; but the particulars I gathered made me fear removing you. When I entered your room, you were aſleep;—I dreaded to ſurpriſe, yet could not refrain taking a view of you, and while I looked, you ſuddenly awoke."

Ah! thought Camilla, 'tis to Edgar, then, that ultimately I owe this bleſt moment!

"But my Father," ſhe cried, "my deareſt Mother,—how came my dear Father to know where you had found me?"

"At

" At Belfont he learnt the way you had ſet out, and that Eugenia and Bellamy were from home; and, without loſs of time --- regardleſs of the night and of faſting, --- he returned by a route through which he traced you at every inn where you had changed horſes. He, alſo, entered as you were ſleeping—and we watched together by your ſide."

Again filial gratitude ſilenced all but itſelf, and ſleep, the ſofteſt ſhe had known for many months, ſoon gave to oblivion every care in Camilla.

The changeful tide of mental ſpirits from miſery to enjoyment, is not more rapid than the tranſition from perſonal danger to ſafety, in the elaſtic period of youth. 'Tis the epoch of extremes; and moderation, by which alone we learn the true uſe of our bleſſings, is a wiſdom we are frequently only taught to appreciate when redundance no longer requires its practice.

Camilla, from ſorrow the moſt deſolate, bounded to joy that refuſed a ſolicitude; and

and from an illneſs that held her ſuſpended between delirium and diſſolution, to eaſe that had no complaint. The ſufferings which had deprived her of the benefit of reſt and nouriſhment were no ſooner removed, than ſhe appeared to be at once reſtored to health; though to repair the waſtes of ſtrength ſome time yet was neceſſary.

Mrs. Tyrold determined to carry her this afternoon to Etherington. The remains of the wretched Bellamy, in a coffin and hearſe brought from Wincheſter, had been ſent to Belfont in the morning: and Mr. Tyrold had followed, to give every direction that he ſhould be buried as the maſter of the houſe; without reference to the conduct which had forfeited all ſuch reſpect.

Though the evil committed by the non-deliverance of Camilla's letter was now paſſed all remedy, Mrs. Tyrold thought it every way right to endeavour to diſcover where laid the blame: and by the two uſual modes of menace and promiſes,

promiſes, ſhe learnt that the countryman, when he ſtopt to drink by the way, had, in lighting his pipe, let the letter take fire; and fearing to loſe the recompenſe he had expected, had ſet his conſcience apart for a crown, and returned with the eventful falſehood, which had made Camilla think herſelf abandoned, and her friends deplore her as loſt.

For the benefit of thoſe with whom, in future, he might have to deal, Mrs. Tyrold took ſome pains to repreſent to him the cruel evils his diſhoneſty had produced; but, ſtupid rather than wicked, what he had done had been without weighing right from wrong, and what he heard was without underſtanding it.

Camilla found, with extreme ſatisfaction, that Mrs. Tyrold, notwithſtanding the ſtrictneſs of the preſent family œconomy, meant liberally to recompenſe Mrs. Marl, for the trouble and patience with which ſhe had attended to a gueſt ſo little profitable: while Peggy, to whoſe grateful remembrance ſhe owed the conſideration

ation ſhe had met with in her deſerted condition, was rewarded by a much larger ſum than ſhe had ever before poſſeſſed. Camilla was obliged to confeſs ſhe had parted with two pledges for future payment: the watch was reclaimed without difficulty; but ſhe ſhewed ſo much diſtreſs in naming the locket, that Mrs. Tyrold, though ſhe looked anxiouſly ſurpriſed, demanded it without enquiring into its hiſtory.

The exceſs of delight to Camilla in preparing to return to Etherington, rendered her inſenſible to all fatigue, till ſhe was deſcending the ſtairs; when the recollection of the ſhock ſhe had received from the corpſe of Bellamy, made her tremble ſo exceedingly, that ſhe could ſcarce walk paſt the door of the room in which it had been laid. "Ah, my deareſt Mother," ſhe cried, "this houſe muſt give me always the moſt penetrating ſenſations: I have experienced in it the deepeſt grief, and the moſt heart-ſoothing enjoyment that ever, perhaps,

gave

gave place one to the other in ſo ſhort a time!"

* * * *

Ambroſe had announced their intended arrival, and at the door of the houſe, the timid, but affectionate Lavinia was waiting to receive them; and as Camilla, in alighting, met her tender embraces, a well-known voice reached her ears, calling out in hurried accents, "Where is ſhe? Is ſhe come indeed? Are you quite ſure?" And Sir Hugh, hobbling rather than walking into the hall, folded her in his feeble arms, ſobbing over her: "I can't believe it for joy! Poor ſinner that I am, and the cauſe of all our bad doings! how can I have deſerved ſuch a thing as this, to have my own little Girl come back to me? which could not have made my heart gladder, if I had had no ſhare in all this bad miſchief! which, God knows I've had enough, owing to my poor head doing always for the

the worſt, for all my being the oldeſt of us all; which is a thing I've often thought remarkable enough, in the point of my knowing no better; which however, I hope my dear little Darling will excuſe for the ſake of my love, which is never happy but in ſeeing her."

The heart of Camilla bounded with grateful joy at ſight of this dear Uncle, and at ſo tender a reception: and while with equal emotion, and equal weakneſs, they were unable to ſupport either each other or themſelves, the worthy old Jacob, his eyes running over, came to help his Maſter back to the parlour, and Mrs. Tyrold and Lavinia conveyed thither Camilla: who was but juſt placed upon a ſofa, by the ſide of her fond Uncle, when the door of an inner apartment was ſoftly opened, and pale, wan, and meagre, Eugenia appeared at it, ſaying, as faintly, yet with open arms, ſhe advanced to Camilla: "Let me too — your poor haraſſed, and but half-alive Eugenia, make one in this pre-

cious

cious ſcene! Let me ſee the joy of my kind Uncle—the revival of my honoured Mother, the happineſs of my dear Lavinia —and feel even my own heart beat once more with delight in the boſom of its darling Siſter! - - - my ſo mourned—but now for ever, I truſt, reſtored to me, moſt dear Camilla!"

Camilla, thus encircled in her Mother's, Uncle's, Siſter's, arms at once, gaſped, ſighed, ſmiled, and ſhed tears in the ſame grateful minute, while fondly ſhe ſtrove to articulate, "Am I again at Etherington and at Cleves in one? And thus indulgently received? thus more than forgiven? My heart wants room for its joy! my Mother! my Siſters! if you knew what deſpair has been my portion! I feared even the ſight of my dear Uncle himſelf, left the ſorrows and the errours of a creature he ſo kindly loved, ſhould have demoliſhed his generous heart!"

"Mine, my deareſt little Girl?" cried the Baronet, "why what would that have

have ſignified, in compariſon to ſuch a young one as yours, that ought to know no ſorrow yet a while? God knows, it being time enough to begin: for it is but melancholy at beſt, the cares of the world; which if you can't keep off now, will be overtaking you at every turn."

Mrs. Tyrold entreated Camilla might be ſpared further converſation. Eugenia had already glided back to her chamber, and begged, this one ſolacing interview over, to be diſpenſed with from joining the family at preſent; Camilla was removed alſo to her chamber; and the tender Mother divided her time and her cares between theſe two recovered treaſures of her fondeſt affection.

CHAP. XIII.

Queſtions and Anſwers.

MR. Tyrold did not return till the next day from Belfont, where, through the account he gave from his Daughter, the violent exit of the miſerable Bellamy was brought in accidental death. Various circumſtances had now acquainted him with the hiſtory of that wretched man, who was the younger ſon of the maſter of a great gaming-houſe. In his firſt youth, he had been utterly neglected, and left to run wild whither he choſe; but his father afterwards becoming very rich, had beſtowed upon him as good an education as the late period at which it was begun could allow. He was intended for a lucrative buſineſs; but he had no application, and could retain no poſt: he went into the army; but he had no courage, and was ſpeedily caſhiered. Inheriting a paſſion for the means

by which the parental fortune had been raiſed, he devoted himſelf next to its purſuit, and won very largely. But as extravagance and good luck, by long cuſtom, go hand in hand, he ſpent as faſt as he acquired; and upon a tide of fortune in his disfavour, was tempted to reverſe the chances by unfair play, was found out, and as ignominiouſly chaced from the field of hazard as from that of patriotiſm. His father was no more; his eldeſt brother would not aſſiſt him; he ſold therefore his houſe, and all he poſſeſſed but his wardrobe, and, relying upon a very uncommonly handſome face and perſon, determined to ſeek a fairer lot, by eloping, if poſſible, with ſome heireſs. He thought it however prudent not only to retire from London, but to make a little change in his name, which from Nicholas Gwigg he refined into Alphonſo Bellamy. He began his career by a tour into Wales; where he inſinuated himſelf into the acquaintance of Mrs. Ecton, juſt after ſhe had married Miſs Melmond to

Mr. Berlinton: and though this was not an intercourſe that could travel to Gretna-green, the beauty and romantic turn of the bride of ſo diſproportioned a marriage, opened to his unprincipled mind a ſcheme yet more flagitious. Fortunately, however, for his fair deſtined prey, ſoon after the connexion was formed, ſhe left Wales; and the ſearch of new adventures carried him, by various chances, into Hampſhire. But he had eſtabliſhed with her, a correſpondence, and when he had caught, or rather forced, an heireſs into legal ſnares, the diſcovery of who and what he was, became leſs important, and he ventured again to town, and renewed his heinous plan, as well as his inveterate early habits; till ſurpriſed by ſome unpleaſant recollectors, debts of honour, which he had found it convenient to elude upon leaving the Capital, were claimed, and he found it impoſſible to appear without ſatisfying ſuch demands. Thence his cruel and inordinate perſecution of his unhappy

unhappy wife for money; and thence, ultimately, the brief vengeance which had reverberated upon his own head.

* * * *

Camilla, whoſe danger was the reſult of ſelf-neglect, as her ſufferings had all flowed from mental anguiſh, was already able to go down to the ſtudy upon the arrival of Mr. Tyrold: where ſhe received, with grateful rapture, the tender bleſſings which welcomed her to the paternal arms—to her home—to peace—to ſafety—and primæval joy.

Mr. Tyrold, ſparing to her yet weak nerves any immediate explanations upon the paſt, called upon his wife to aid him to communicate, in the quieteſt manner, what had been done at Belfont to Eugenia; charging Camilla to take no part in a ſcene inevitably ſhocking.

Once more in the appropriate apartment of her Father, where all her earlieſt ſcenes of gayeſt felicity had paſſed, but

which, of late, she had only approached with terrour, only entered to weep, she experienced a delight almost awful in the renovation of her pristine confidence, and fearless ease. She took from her pocket ---where alone she could ever bear to keep it---her loved locket, delighting to attribute to it this restoration to domestic enjoyment; though feeling at the same time, a renewal of suspence from the return of its donor, and from the affecting interview into which she had been surprised, that broke in upon even her filial happiness, with bitter, tyrannical regret. Yet she pressed to her bosom the cherished symbol of first regard, and was holding it to her lips, when Mrs. Tyrold, unexpectedly, re-entered the room.

In extreme confusion, she shut it into its shagreen case, and was going to restore it to her pocket; but infolding it, with her daughter's hand, between each of her own, Mrs. Tyrold said, "Shall I ever, my dear girl, learn the history of this locket?"

"O yes,

"O yes, my deareſt Mother," ſaid the bluſhing Camilla, "of that—and of every—and of all things—you have only—you have merely—"

"If it diſtreſſes you, my dear child, we will leave it to another day," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, whoſe eyes Camilla ſaw, as ſhe now raiſed her own, were ſwimming in tears.

"My Mother! my deareſt Mother!" cried ſhe, with the tendereſt alarm, "has any thing new happened?—Is Eugenia greatly affected?"

"She is all, every way, and in every reſpect," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, "whatever the fondeſt, or even the proudeſt Mother could wiſh. But I do not at this inſtant moſt think of her. I am not without ſome fears for my Camilla's ſtrength, in the immediate demand that may be made upon her fortitude. Tell me, my child, with that ſincerity which ſo long has been mutually endearing between us, tell me if you think you can ſee here, again, and as uſual, without any riſk to

your health, one long admitted and welcomed as a part of the family?"

She ſtarted, changed colour, looked up, caſt her eyes on the floor; but ſoon ſeeing Mrs. Tyrold hold an handkerchief bathed in tears to her face, loſt all dread, and even all conſciouſneſs in tender gratitude, and throwing her arms round her neck, "O my Mother," ſhe cried, "you who weep not for yourſelf—ſcarcely even in the moſt poignant ſorrow—can you weep for me?—I will ſee—or I will avoid whoever you pleaſe—I ſhall want no fortitude,—I ſhall fear nothing—no one—not even myſelf—now again under your protection! I will ſcarcely even think, my beloved Mother, but by your guidance!"

"Compoſe yourſelf, then, my deareſt girl: and, if you believe you are equal to behaving with firmneſs, I will not refuſe his requeſt of re-admiſſion."

"His requeſt?" repeated Camilla, with involuntary quickneſs; but finding Mrs. Tyrold did not notice it, gently adding,

adding, "That perſon that—I believe —you mean—has done nothing, my dear Mother, to merit expulſion!—"

"I am happy to hear you ſay ſo: I have been fearfully, I muſt own, and even piercingly diſpleaſed with him."

"Ah, my dear Mother! how kind was the partiality that turned your diſpleaſure ſo wrong a way! that made you, —even you, my dear Mother, liſten to your fondneſs rather than to your juſtice!—"

She trembled at the temerity of this vindication the moment it had eſcaped her, and looking another way, ſpoke again of Eugenia: but Mrs. Tyrold now, taking both her hands, and ſeeking, though vainly, to meet her eyes, ſaid, "My deareſt child, I grow painfully anxious to end a thouſand doubts; to ſpeak and to hear with no further ambiguity, nor reſerve. If Edgar—"

Camilla again changed colour, and ſtrove to withdraw her hands.

"Take courage, my dear love, and

let one final explanation relieve us both at once. If Edgar has merited well of you, why are you parted?—If ill—why this ſolicitude my opinion of him ſhould be unſhaken?"

Her head now dropt upon Mrs. Tyrold's ſhoulder, as ſhe faintly anſwered, "He deſerves your good opinion, my deareſt Mother—for he adores you—I cannot be unjuſt to him,—though he has made me—I own—not very happy!"

"Deſignedly, my Camilla?"

"O, no, my deareſt Mother!—he would not do that to an enemy!"

"Speak out, then, and ſpeak clearer, my deareſt Camilla. If you think of him ſo well, and are ſo ſure of his good intentions, what—in two words,—what is it that has parted you?"

"Accident, my deareſt Mother,—deluding appearances,---and falſe internal reaſoning on my part,—and on his, continual miſconſtruction! O my deareſt Mother! how have I miſſed your guiding care! I had ever the ſemblance, by

ſome

ſome cruel circumſtance, ſome inexplicable fatality of incident, to neglect his counſel, oppoſe his judgment, deceive his expectations, and trifle with his regard!—Yet, with a heart faithful, grateful, devoted,—O my deareſt Mother!—with an eſteem that defies all compariſon,---a reſpect cloſely meliorating even to veneration!---Never was heart---my deareſt Mother, ſo truly impreſſed with the worth of another---with the nobleneſs---"

A buzzing noiſe from the adjoining parlour, ſounding ſomething between a ſtruggle and a diſpute, ſuddenly ſtopt her,---and as ſhe raiſed her head from the boſom of her Mother, in which ſhe had ſeemed ſeeking ſhelter from the very confidence ſhe was pouring forth, ſhe ſaw the door opened, and the object of whom ſhe was ſpeaking appear at it.-- Fluttered, colouring, trembling,---yet with eyes refulgent with joy, and every feature ſpeaking extacy.

Almoſt fainting with ſhame and ſurpriſe, ſhe gave herſelf up as diſgraced, if

not dishonoured evermore, for a short, but bitter half moment. It was not longer. Edgar, rushing forward, and seizing the hands of Mrs. Tyrold, even while they were encircling her drooping, shrinking, half expiring Camilla, pressed them with ardent respect to his lips, rapidly exclaiming, "My more than Mother! my dear, kind, excellent, inestimable friend!—Forgive this blest intrusion—plead for me where I dare not now speak—and raise your indeed maternal eyes upon the happiest—the most devoted of your family!"

"What is it overpowers me thus this morning?" cried Mrs. Tyrold, leaning her head upon her clinging Camilla, while large drops fell from her eyes; "Misfortune, I see, is not the greatest test of our philosophy!—Joy, twice to day, has completely demolished mine!"

"What goodness is this! what encouragement to hope some indulgent intercession here—where the sense that now breaks in upon me of ungenerous—

ever

ever to be lamented—and I had nearly ſaid, execrated doubt, fills me with ſhame and regret—and makes me—even at this ſoft reviving, heart-reſtoring moment, feel undeſerving my own hopes!"—

"Shall I---may I leave him to make his peace?" whiſpered Mrs. Tyrold to her daughter, whoſe head ſought concealment even to annihilation; but whoſe arms, with what force they poſſeſſed, detained her, uttering faintly but rapidly, "O no, no, no!"

"My more than Mother!" again cried Edgar, "I will wait till that felicity may be accorded me, and put myſelf wholly under your kind and powerful influence. One thing alone I muſt ſay; —I have too much to anſwer for, to take any ſhare of the miſdemeanors of another!—I have not been a treacherous liſtener, though a wilful obtruder.---See, Mrs. Tyrold! who placed me in that room—who is the accomplice of my happineſs!"

With a ſmile that ſeemed to beam but

the more brightly for her gliſtening eyes, Mrs. Tyrold looked to the door, and ſaw there, leaning againſt it, the form ſhe moſt revered; ſurveying them all with an expreſſion of ſatisfaction ſo perfect, contentment ſo benign, and pleaſure mingled with ſo much thankfulneſs, that her tears now flowed faſt from unreſtrained delight; and Mr. Tyrold, approaching to preſs at once the two objects of his moſt exquiſite tenderneſs to his breaſt, ſaid, "This ſurpriſe was not planned, but circumſtances made it more than irreſiſtible. It was not, however, quite fair to my Camilla, and if ſhe is angry, we will be ſelf-exiled till ſhe can pardon us."

"This is ſuch a dream,"—cried Camilla, as now, firſt, from the voice of her Father ſhe believed it reality; "ſo incredible---ſo unintelligible---I find it entirely---impoſſible---impoſſible to comprehend any thing I ſee or hear!"—

"Let the paſt,---not the preſent," cried Edgar, "be regarded as the dream! and generouſly drive it from your mind

as a fever of the brain, with which reaſon had no ſhare, and for which memory muſt find no place."

"If I could underſtand in the leaſt," ſaid Camilla, "what this all means - - - what ——"

Mr. Tyrold now inſiſted that Edgar ſhould retreat, while he made ſome explanation; and then related to his trembling, doubting, wondering daughter, the following circumſtances.

In returning from Belfont, he had ſtopt at the half-way-houſe, where he had received from Mrs. Marl, a letter that, had it reached him as it was intended, at Etherington, would have quickened the general meeting, yet nearly have broken his heart.. It was that which, for want of a meſſenger, had never been ſent, and which Peggy, in cleaning the bed-room, had found under a table, where it had fallen, ſhe ſuppoſes, when the candle was put upon it for reading prayers.

"There was another letter, too!" interrupted

terrupted Camilla, with quick bluſhing recollection;—" but my illneſs - - - and all that has followed, made me forget them both till this very moment - - - Did ſhe ſay any thing of any - - - other ?"

" Yes; - - - the other had been delivered according to its addreſs."

" Good Heaven ?"

" Be not frightened, my Camilla, - - - all has been beautifully directed for the beſt. My accomplice had received his early in the morning; he was at the houſe, by ſome fortunate hazard, when it was found, and, being well known there, Mrs. Marl gave it to him immediately."

" How terrible ! - - - It was meant only in caſe - - - I had ſeen no one any more !" - - -

" The intent, and the event, have been happily, my child, at war. He came inſtantly hither, and enquired for me; I was not returned; he aſked my route, and rode to follow or meet me. About an hour ago, we encountered upon the road: he gave his horſe to his groom, and came into the chaiſe to me."

Camilla

Camilla now could with difficulty liſten; but her Father haſtened to acquaint her, that Edgar, with the moſt generous apologies, the moſt liberal ſelf-blame, had re-demanded his conſent for a union, from which every doubt was wholly, and even miraculouſly removed, by learning thus the true feelings of her heart, as depicted at the awful criſis of expected diſſolution. The returning ſmiles which forced their way now through the tears and bluſhes of Camilla, ſhewed how vainly ſhe ſtrove to mingle the regret of ſhame with the felicity of fond ſecurity, produced by this eventful accident. But when ſhe further heard that Edgar, in Flanders, had met with Lionel, who, in frankly recounting his difficulties and adventures, had named ſome circumſtances which had ſo ſhaken every opinion that had urged him to quit England, as to induce him inſtantly, from the conference, to ſeek a paſſage for his return, ſhe felt all but happineſs retire from her heart;—vaniſh even from her ideas.

"You

"You are not angry, then," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, as ſmilingly he read her delighted ſenſations, "that I waited not to conſult you? That I gave back at once my conſent? That I folded him again in my arms?---again---called him my ſon?"

She could but ſeek the ſame preſſure; and he continued, "I would not bring him in with me; I was not aware my dear girl was ſo rapidly recovered, and I had a taſk to fulfil to my poor Eugenia that was ſtill my firſt claim. But I promiſed within an hour, your Mother, at leaſt, ſhould welcome him. He would walk, he ſaid, for that period. When I met her, I hinted at what was paſſing, and ſhe followed me to our Eugenia; I then briefly communicated my adventure; and your Mother, my Camilla, loſt herſelf in hearing it! Will you not,---like me!---withdraw from her all reverence? Her eyes guſhed with tears,---ſhe wept, as you weep at this moment; ſhe was ſure Edgar Mandlebert could alone preſerve you from danger, yet

yet make you happy—Was ſhe wrong, my dear child? Shall we attack now her judgment, as well as her fortitude?"

Only at her feet could Camilla ſhew her gratitude; to action ſhe had recourſe, for words were inadequate, and the tendereſt careſſes now ſpoke beſt for them all.

Reſpect for the ſituation of Eugenia, who had deſired, for this week, to live wholly up ſtairs and alone, determined Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold to keep back for ſome time the knowledge of this event from the family. Camilla was moſt happy to pay ſuch an attention to her ſiſter; but when Mr. Tyrold was leaving her, to conſult upon it with Edgar, the ingenuouſneſs of her nature urged her irreſiſtibly to ſay, "Since all this has paſſed, my deareſt Father—my deareſt Mother—does it not ſeem as if I ſhould now myſelf— —"

She ſtopt; but ſhe was underſtood; they both ſmiled, and Mr. Tyrold immediately bringing in Edgar, ſaid, "I find

find my pardon, my dear fellow-culprit, is already accorded; if you have doubts of your own, try your eloquence for yourself."

He left the room, and Mrs. Tyrold was gently rising to quietly follow, but Camilla, with a look of entreaty of which she knew the sincerity, and would not resist the earnestness, detained her.

"Ah yes, stay, dearest Madam!" cried Edgar, again respectfully taking her hand, "and through your unalterable goodness, let me hope to procure pardon for a distrust which I here for ever renounce; but which had its origin in my never daring to hope what, at this moment, I have the felicity to believe. Yet now, even now, without your kind mediation, this dear convalescent may plan some probationary trial at which my whole mind, after this long suffering, revolts. Will you be my caution, my dearest Mrs. Tyrold? Will you venture—and will you deign to promise, that if a full and generous forgiveness may be pronounced---"

"Forgiveness?

" Forgiveneſs? in a ſoft voice interrupted Camilla: " Have I any thing to forgive? I thought all apology—all explanation, reſted on my part? and that my imprudencies—my raſhneſs—my ſo often-erring judgment --- and ſo apparently, almoſt even culpable conduct"---

" O, my Camilla! my now own Camilla!" cried Edgar, venturing to change the hand of the Mother for that of the daughter; " what too, too touching words and conceſſions are theſe! Suffer me, then, to hope a kind amneſty may take place of retroſpection, a clear, liberal, open forgiveneſs anticipate explanation and enquiry?"

" Are you ſure," ſaid Camilla, ſmiling, " this is your intereſt, and not mine? --- Does he not make a miſtake, my deareſt Mother, and turn my advocate, inſtead of his own? And can I fairly take advantage of ſuch an errour."

The ſun-ſhine of her returning ſmiles went warm to her Mother's heart, and gave a glow to the cheeks of Edgar, and a brightneſs

a brightneſs to his eyes that irradiated his whole countenance. "Your penetrating judgment," ſaid he, to Mrs. Tyrold, "will take in at once more than any profeſſions, any proteſtations can urge for me:---you ſee the peace, the pardon which thoſe eyes do not ſeek to withhold---will you then venture, my more than maternal friend! my Mother, in every meaning which affection and reverence can give to that revered appellation—will you venture at once—now—upon this dear and ever after hallowed minute—to ſeal the kind conſent of my truly paternal guardian, and to give me an example of that truſt and confidence which my whole future life ſhall look upon as its leſſon?"

"Yes!" anſwered Mrs. Tyrold, inſtantly joining their hands, "and with every ſecurity that the happineſs of all our lives —my child's, my huſband's, your's, my valued Edgar, and my own, will all owe their felicity to the bleſſing with which I now lay my hands upon my two precious children!"

Tears

Tears were the only language that could expreſs the fulneſs of joy which ſucceeded to ſo much ſorrow; and when Mr. Tyrold returned, and had united his tendereſt benediction with that of his beloved wife, Edgar was permitted to remain alone with Camilla; and the cloſe of his long doubts, and her own long perplexities, was a reciprocal confidence that left nothing untold, not an action unrelated, not even a thought unacknowledged.

Edgar confeſſed that he no ſooner had quitted her, than he ſuſpected the juſtice of his deciſion; the turn which of late, he had taken, doubtfully to watch her every action, and ſuſpiciouſly to judge her every motive, though it had impelled him in her preſence, ceaſed to operate in her abſence.—He was too noble to betray the well meant, though not well applied warnings of Dr. Marchmont, yet he acknowledged, that when left to cool reflection, a thouſand palliations aroſe for every ſtep he could not

positively vindicate: and when, afterwards, from the frank communication of Lionel, he learnt what belonged to the mysterious offer of Sir Sedley Clarendel, that she would superintend the disposal of his fortune, and the deep obligation in which she had been innocently involved, his heart smote him for having judged 'ere he had investigated that transaction; and in a perturbation unspeakable of quick repentance, and tenderness, he set out for England. But when, at the half-way house, he stopt as usual to rest his horses in his way to Beech Park,—what were his emotions at the sight of the locket, which the landlady told him had been pledged by a lady in distress! He besought her pardon for the manner in which he had made way to her; but the almost frantic anxiety which seized him to know if or not it was her, and to save her, if so, from the intended intrusion of the landlord, made him irresistibly prefer it to the plainer mode which he should have adopted with any one else,

of

of ſending in his name, and ſome meſſage. His ſhock at her view in ſuch a ſtate, he would not now revive; but the impropriety of bidding the landlady quit the chamber, and the impoſſibility of entering into an explanation in her hearing, alone repreſſed, at that agitated moment, the avowal of every ſenſation with which his heart was labouring. "But when," he added "ſhall I ceaſe to rejoice that I had liſtened to the good landlady's hiſtory of a ſick gueſt, while all conjecture was ſo remote from whom it might be! when I am tempted to turn aſide from a tale of diſtreſs, I will recollect what I owe to having given one ear!" Loſt in wonder at what could have brought her to ſuch a ſituation, and diſturbed how to preſent himſelf at the rectory, till fixed in his plans, he had ridden to the half-way houſe that morning, to enquire concerning the corpſe that Mrs. Marl had mentioned—and there — while he was ſpeaking with her, the little maid brought down two letters—

letters—one of them directed to himſelf.—

"What a rapid tranſition," cried he, "was then mine, from regrets that robbed life of all charms, to proſpects which paint it in its moſt vivid colours of happineſs! from wavering the moſt deplorable, to reſolutions of expiating by a whole life of devoted fondneſs, the barbarous waywardneſs that could deprive me, for one wilful moment, of the exquiſite felicity of my lot! ---"

"But ſtill," ſaid Camilla, "I do not quite underſtand how you came in that room this morning? and how you authorized yourſelf to overhear my confeſſions to my Mother?"

"Recollect my acknowledged accomplice before you hazard any blame! When I came hither---ſomewhat, I confeſs, within my given hour, Mr. Tyrold received me himſelf at the door. He told me I was too ſoon, and took me into the front parlour. The partition is thin. I heard my name ſpoken by Mrs. Tyrold,

Tyrold, and the gentle voice of my Camilla, in accents yet more gentle than even that voice ever ſpoke before, anſwering ſome queſtion; I was not myſelf, at firſt, aware of its tenour---but when, unavoidably, I gathered it---when I heard words ſo beautifully harmonizing with what I had ſo lately peruſed—I would inſtantly have ventured into the room; but Mr. Tyrold feared ſurpriſing you—you went on—my faſcinated ſoul diveſted me of obedience—of caution—of all but joy and gratitude---and he could no longer reſtrain me. And now with which of her offenders will my Camilla quarrel?"

"With neither, I believe, juſt at preſent. The conſpiracy is ſo complex, and even my Mother ſo nearly a party concerned, that I dare not riſk the unequal conteſt. I muſt only, in future," added ſhe, ſmiling, "ſpeak ill of you---and then you will find leſs pleaſure in the thinneſs of a partition!"

Faithfully ſhe returned his commu-

nication, by the fulleſt, moſt candid, and unſparing account of every tranſaction of her ſhort life, from the ſtill ſhorter period of its being put into voluntary motion. With nearly breathleſs intereſt, he liſtened to the detail of her tranſactions with Sir Sedley Clarendel, with pity to her debts, and with horrour to her difficulties. But when, through the whole ingenuous narration, he found himſelf the conſtant object of every view, the ultimate motive to every action, even where leaſt it appeared, his happineſs, and his gratitude, made Camilla ſoon forget that ſorrow had ever been known to her.

They then ſpoke of her two favourites Mrs. Arlbery, and Mrs. Berlinton; and though ſhe was animated in her praiſe of the good qualities of the firſt, and the ſweet attraction of the laſt, ſhe confeſſed the danger, for one ſo new in the world, of chuſing friends diſtinct from thoſe of her family; and voluntarily promiſed, during her preſent ſeaſon of inexperience, to repoſe

poſe the future choice of her connections, where ſhe could never be happy without their approvance.

The two hundred pounds to Sir Sedley Clarendel, he determined, on the very day that Camilla ſhould be his, to return to the Baronet, under the privilege, and in the name of paying it for a brother.

In conference thus ſoftly balſamic to every paſt wound, and thus deliciouſly opening to that ſummit of earthly felicity ---confidence unlimited entwined around affection unbounded---hours might have paſſed, unnumbered and unawares, had not prudence forced a ſeparation, for the repoſe of Camilla.

CHAP. XIV.

The laſt Touches of the Picture.

LATE as Edgar quitted the rectory, he went not ſtraight to Beech Park; every tie both of friendſhip and propriety carried him firſt to Dr. Marchmont; who had too much feeling to wonder at the power of his late incitements, and too much goodneſs of heart not to felicitate him upon their iſſue, though he ſighed at the recollection of the diſappointments whence his own doubting counſel originated. Twice betrayed in his deareſt expectations, he had formed two criterions from his peculiar experience, by which he had ſettled his opinion of the whole female ſex; and where opinion may humour ſyſtematic prepoſſeſſion, who ſhall build upon his virtue or wiſdom to guard the tranſparency of his impartiality?

The following day, the Weſtwyns preſented

ſented themſelves at Etherington; hurried from a tour they were taking through Devonſhire and Cornwall, by intelligence which had reached them that Sir Hugh Tyrold was ruined, and Cleves was to be let. They met, by chance, with Edgar alone in the parlour; and the joy of the old gentleman in hearing how ſmall a part of the rumour was founded in fact, made him ſhake hands with him as cordially for ſetting him right, as Edgar welcomed his kindneſs, from the pleaſure afforded by the ſight of ſuch primitive regard. But when, preſuming upon his peculiar intimacy in the family, as ward of Mr. Tyrold, though without yet daring to avow his approaching nearer affinity, Edgar inſiſted upon his ſuperior claim for ſupplanting them in taking charge of the debt of his guardian; Mr. Weſtwyn, almoſt angrily, proteſted he would let no man upon earth, let him be whoſe ward he pleaſed, ſhew more reſpect than himſelf for the brother of Sir Hugh Tyrold; "And Hal thinks the

ſame too," he added, "or he's no ſon of mine. And ſo he'll ſoon ſhew you, in a way you can't gueſs, I give you my word. At leaſt that's my opinion."

He then took his ſon apart, and abruptly whiſpered to him, "As that pretty girl you and I took ſuch a fancy to, at Southton, ſerved us in that ſhabby manner, becauſe of meeting with that old Lord, it's my opinion you'd do the right thing to take her ſiſter; who's pretty near as pretty, and gives herſelf no airs; and that will be ſhewing reſpect for my worthy old friend, now he's down in the world; which is exactly that he did for me when I was down myſelf. For if he had not lent me that thouſand pounds I told you of, when not a relation I had would lend me a hundred, I might have been ruined before ever you were born. Come, tell me your mind Hal! off or on? don't ſtand ſhilly ſhally; it's what I can't bear; ſpeak honeſtly; I won't have your choice controlled; only this one thing I muſt tell you

you without ceremony, I ſhall never think well of you again as long as ever I live, if you demur ſo much as a moment. Its what I can't bear; it i'n't doing a thing handſomely. I can't ſay I like it."

The appearance of Lavinia relieved the immediate embarraſſment of Henry, while the modeſt pleaſure with which ſhe received them confirmed the partiality of both. The eagerneſs, however, of the father, admitted of no delay, and when Sir Hugh entered the room, the ſon's aſſent being obtained, he warmly demanded the fair Lavinia for his daughter-in-law.

Sir Hugh received the propoſition with the moſt copious ſatisfaction; Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold with equal, though more anxious delight; and Lavinia herſelf with bluſhing but unaffected hopes of happineſs.

Whatever was known to Sir Hugh, no cautions, nor even his own beſt deſigns, could ſave from being known to

the whole houſe. Eugenia, therefore, was unavoidably informed of this tranſaction; and the generous pleaſure with which ſhe revived from the almoſt ſettled melancholy left upon her, by continual misfortunes, juſtified the impatience of Edgar to accelerate the allowed period for publiſhing his own happy hiſtory.

Eugenia wept with joy at tidings ſo precious of her beloved ſiſter, through whom, and her other dear friends, ſhe was alone, ſhe ſaid, ſuſceptible of joy, though to all ſorrow ſhe henceforth bid adieu, "For henceforth," ſhe cried, "I mean to regard myſelf as if already I had paſſed the buſy period of youth and of life, and were only a ſpectatreſs of others. For this purpoſe, I have begun writing my memoirs, which will amuſe my ſolitude, and confirm my—I hope, philoſophical idea."

She then produced the opening of her intended book.

SECTION I.

" No blooming coquette, elated with adulation and " triumphant with conqueſt, here counts the glories of " her eyes, or enumerates the train of her adorers: no " beauteous prude, repines at the fatigue of admiration, " nor bewails the neceſſity of tyranny: O gentle reader! " you have the ſtory of one from whom fate has with- " held all the delicacy of vanity, all the regale of cru- " elty—!"

" Here," interrupted the young biographer, " will follow my portrait, and " then this further addreſs to my " readers."

" O ye, who, young and fair, revel in the attractions " of beauty, and exult in the pride of admiration, ſay, " where is your envy of the heireſs to whom fortune " comes with ſuch alloys? And which, however diſ- " treſſed or impoveriſhed, would accept my income with " my perſonal defects?

" Ye, too, O lords of the creation, mighty men! im- " pute not to native vanity the repining ſpirit with " which I lament the loſs of beauty; attribute not to the " innate weakneſs of my ſex, the concern I confeſs for " my deformity; nor to feminine littleneſs of ſoul, a re- " gret of which the true ſource is to be traced to your " own boſoms, and ſprings from your own taſtes: for " the value you yourſelves ſet upon external attractions, " your own neglect has taught me to know; and the in- " differency with which you conſider all elſe, your own " duplicity has inſtructed me to feel."

Camilla ſought to diſſuade her from reflexions ſo afflictive, and retroſpections ſo poignant; but they aided her, ſhe ſaid, in her taſk of acquiring compoſure for the regulation of her future life.

Edgar now received permiſſion to make his communication to the Baronet.

The joy with which Sir Hugh heard it, was for ſome time over-clouded by doubt. "My dear Mr. young Edgar," he ſaid, "in caſe you don't know your own mind yet, in the point of its not changing again, as it did before, I'd as leave you would not tell me of it till you've taken the proper time to be at a certainty; frettings about theſe ups and downs, being what do no good to me, in point of the gout."

But when thoroughly re-aſſured, "Well," he cried, "this is juſt the thing I ſhould have choſe out of all our misfortunes, being what makes me happier than ever I was in my life; except once before on the very ſame account, which all turned out to end in nothing: which, I hope, won't happen any more: for now I've only to pay

pay off all our debts, and then I may go back again to Cleves, which I ſhall be glad enough to do, it being but an awkward thing to a man, after he's paſt boyhood, having no home of his own."

A ſigh at the recollection of the change in his ſituation, ſince his plan was laſt agitated, checked his felicity, and depreſſed even that of Edgar, who, with the moſt tender earneſtneſs, beſought his leave to advance the ſum requiſite to return him tranquilly to his manſion; but who could not prevail, till Camilla joined in the petition, and permitted Edgar, in both their names to entreat, as their deareſt wiſh, that they might be united, according to the firſt arrangement, from Cleves.

This the Baronet could not reſiſt, and preparations were rapidly made for reinſtating him in his dwelling, and for the double marriages deſtined to take place upon his return.

"Well, then, this," cried he, as he poured upon them his tendereſt bleſſings

and careſſes, "is the oddeſt of all! My dear little Camilla, that I took all my fortune from, is the very perſon to give me her's as ſoon as ever ſhe gets it! as well as my own houſe over my old head again, after my turning her, as one may ſay, out of it! which is a thing as curious, in point of us poor ignorant mortals, as as if my brother had put it in a ſermon."

"Such turns in the tide of fortune," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "are amongſt the happieſt leſſons of humanity, where thoſe who have ſerved the humble and helpleſs from motives of pure diſintereſtedneſs, find they have made uſeful friends for themſelves, in the perpetual viciſſitudes of our unſtable condition."

"Why, then, there's but one thing more, by what I can make out," ſaid the Baronet, "that need be much upon my mind, and that I've been thinking ſome time about, in point of forming a ſcheme to get rid of, which I think I've got a pretty good one: for here's Lavinia going to be married to the very oldeſt friend I have

I have in the world; that is, to his ſon, which is the ſame thing in point of bringing us all together; and my own dear little girl, to the beſt gentleman in the county, except for that one thing of going off at the firſt, which I dare ſay he did not mean, for which reaſon I ſhall mention it no more: and Indiana, to one of thoſe young captains, that I can't pretend I know much of; but that's very excuſable in ſo young a perſon, not having had much head from the beginning; which I always make allowance for; my own not being over extraordinary: and Eugenia, poor thing, being a widow already; for which God be praiſed; which I hope is no ſin, in point of the poor lad that's gone not belonging to any of us, by what I can make out, except by his own doing whether we would or not; which, however, is neither here nor there, now he's gone; for Eugenia being no beauty, and Clermont having as good as ſaid ſo, I ſuppoſe ſhe thought ſhe muſt not be too difficult; which is a thing young girls

are

are apt to fall into; and boys too, for the matter of that; for, by what I can make out of life, I don't ſee but what a ſcholar thinks a girl had better be pretty than not, as much as another man."

"But what, my dear brother," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "is your new diſtreſs and new ſcheme?"

"Why I can't ſay but what I'm a little put out, that Indiana ſhould forget poor Mrs. Margland, in the particular of aſking her to go to live with her; which, however, I dare ſay ſhe can't help, thoſe young captains commonly not over liking having elderly perſons about them; not that I mean to gueſs her age, which I take to be fifty, and upwards; which is no point of ours. But the thing I'm thinking of is Dr. Orkborne, in the caſe of their marrying one another."

"My dear brother!---has any ſuch idea occurred to them?"

"Not as I know of; but Indiana having done with one, and Eugenia with the other, and me, Lord help me! not wanting

wanting either of them, why what can I do if they won't? the Doctor's aſked to go to town, for the ſake of printing his papers, which I begged him not to hurry, for I'm but little fit for learned converſation juſt now; though when he's here, he commonly ſays nothing; only taking out his tablets to write down ſomething that comes into his head, as I ſuppoſe: which I can't ſay is very entertaining in the light of a companion. However, as to his having called me a blockhead, it's not what I take umbrage at, not being a wit being a fault of no man's, except of nature, which nobody has a right to be angry at. Beſides, as to his having a little pride, it's what I owe him no ill-will for; a ſcholar having nothing elſe but his learning, is excuſable for making the moſt of it. However, if they would marry one another, I can't but ſay I ſhould take it very well of them. The only thing I know againſt it, is the mortal diſlike they have to one another: and that, my dear brother, is the point I want

to conſult you about; for then we ſhall be got off all round: which would be a great thing off my mind."

When the happy day arrived for returning to Cleves, Sir Hugh re-took poſſeſſion of his hoſpitable manſion, amidſt the tendereſt felicitations of his fond family, and the almoſt clamorous rejoicings of the aſſembled poor of the neighbourhood: and the following morning, Mr. Tyrold gave the hand of Lavinia to Harry Weſtwyn, and Dr. Marchmont united them; and Edgar, glowing with happineſs, now purified from any alloy, received from the ſame revered hand, and owed to the ſame honoured voice, the final and laſting poſſeſſion of the tearful, but happy Camilla.

* * * *

What further remains to finiſh this ſmall ſketch of a Picture of Youth, may be compriſed in a few pages.

Indiana was more fortunate in her northern expedition, than experiments of that

that nature commonly prove. Macderſey was a man of honour, and poſſeſſed better claims to her than he had either language or ſkill to explain: but the good Lord O'Lerney, who, to benevolence the moſt chearful, and keenneſs the leaſt ſevere, joined judgment and generoſity, acted as the guardian of his kinſman, and placed the young couple in competence and comfort.

The profeſſion of Macderſey obliging him to ſojourn frequently in country quarters, Indiana, when the firſt novelty of tête-à-têtes was over, wiſhed again for the conſtant adulatreſs of her charms and endowments, and, to the inexpreſſible rapture of Sir Hugh, ſolicited Miſs Margland to be her companion: and the influence of conſtant flattery was ſo ſeductive to her weak mind, that, though inſenſible to the higher motive of cheriſhing her in remembrance of her long cares, ſhe was ſo ſpoilt by her blandiſhments, and ſo accuſtomed to her management, that ſhe parted from her no more.

Lavinia,

Lavinia, with her deſerving partner, ſpent a month between Cleves and Etherington, and then accompanied him and his fond father to their Yorkſhire eſtate and reſidence. Like all characters of radical worth, ſhe grew daily upon the eſteem and affection of her new family, and found in her huſband as marked a contraſt with Clermont Lynmere, to annul all Hypotheſis of Education, as Lord O'Lerney, cool, rational, and penetrating, oppoſed to Macderſey, wild, excentric, and vehement, offered againſt all that is National. Brought up under the ſame tutor, the ſame maſters, and at the ſame univerſity, with equal care, equal expence, equal opportunities of every kind, Clermont turned out conceited, voluptuous, and ſhallow; Henry modeſt, full of feeling, and ſtored with intelligence.

Lionel, firſt enraged, but next tamed, by the diſinheritance which he had drawn upon himſelf, had ample ſubject in his diſappointment to keep alive his repentance. And though enabled to return

return from baniſhment, by the ignominious condemnation, with another culprit, of the late partner in his guilt, he felt ſo lowered from his fallen proſpects, and ſo gloomy from his altered ſpirits, that when his parents, ſatisfied with his puniſhment, held out the olive-branch to invite him home, he came forth again rather as if condemned, than forgiven; and, wholly wanting fortitude either to ſee or to avoid his former aſſociates, he procured an appointment that carried him abroad, where his friends induced him to remain, till his bad habits, as well as bad connections, were forgotten, and time aided adverſity in forming him a new character.

Clermont, for whom his uncle bought a commiſſion, fixed himſelf in the army; though with no greater love of his country, than was appendant to the opportunity it afforded of ſhewing his fine perſon to regimental advantage.

Mrs. Arlbery was amongſt the firſt to haſten with congratulations to Camilla.

With

With too much underſtanding to betray her pique upon the errour of her judgment, as to the means of attaching Mandlebert, ſhe had too much goodneſs of heart not to rejoice in the happineſs of her young friend.

Mrs. Liſſin, who accompanied her in the wedding viſit, confeſſed herſelf the moſt diſappointed and diſtreſſed of human beings. She had not, ſhe ſaid, half ſo much liberty as when ſhe lived with her Papa, and heartily repented marrying, and wiſhed ſhe had never thought of it. The ſervants were always teazing her for orders and directions; every thing that went wrong, it was always ſhe who was aſked why it was not right; when ſhe wanted to be driving about all day, the coachman always ſaid it was too much for the horſes; when ſhe travelled, the maids always aſked her what muſt be packed up; if ſhe happened to be out at dinner time, Mr. Liſſin found fault with every thing's being cold: if ſhe wanted to do ſomething ſhe liked, he ſaid ſhe had

had better let it alone; and, in fine, her violent desire for this state of freedom, ended in conceiving it a state of bondage; she found *her own house* the house of which she must take the charge; being *her own mistress*, having the burthen of superintending a whole family, and being *married*, becoming the property of another, to whom she made over a legal right to treat her just as he pleased. And as she had chosen neither for character, nor for disposition, neither from sympathy nor respect, she found it hard to submit where she meant to become independent, and difficult to take the cares where she had made no provision for the solaces of domestic life.

The notable Mrs. Mittin contrived soon to so usefully ingratiate herself in the favour of Mr. Dennel, that, in the full persuasion she would save him half his annual expences, he married her: but her friend, Mr. Clykes, was robbed in his journey home of the cash which he had so dishonourably gained.

The

The firſt care of Edgar was to clear every debt in which Camilla had borne any ſhare, and then to make over to Lavinia the little portion intended to be parted between the ſiſters. Henry would have reſiſted; but Mr. Tyrold knew the fortune of Edgar to be fully adequate to his generoſity, and ſuſtained the propoſition. Sir Sedley Clarendel received his two hundred pounds without oppoſition, though with ſurpriſe; and was dubious whether to rejoice in the ſhackles he had eſcaped, or to lament the charmer he had loſt.

Sir Hugh would ſuffer no one but himſelf to clear the debts of his two nephews, or refund what had been advanced by his excellent old friend Mr. Weſtwyn. He called back all his ſervants, liberally recompenſed their marked attachment, provided particularly for good old Jacob; and took upon himſelf the moſt ample reward for the poſtillion who meant to reſcue Eugenia.

The

The priſoner and his wife, now worthy eſtabliſhed cottagers, were the firſt, at the entrance of Beech Park, to welcome the bride and bridegroom; and little Peggy Higden was ſent for immediately, and placed, with extremeſt kindneſs, where ſhe might riſe in uſe and in profit.

Lord O'Lerney was ſedulouſly ſought by Edgar, who had the infinite happineſs to ſee Camilla a ſelected friend of Lady Iſabella Irby, whoſe benevolent care of her in the ſeaſon of her utter diſtreſs, had ſoftly enchained her tendereſt gratitude, and had excited in himſelf an almoſt adoring reſpect.

Melmond had received in time the caution of Camilla, to prevent the meeting to which the baſeneſs of Bellamy was deluding his miſguided ſiſter, through her own wild theories. He forbore to blaſt her fame by calling him publicly to account; and 'ere further arts could be practiſed, Bellamy was no more.

Mrs. Berlinton, in the ſhock of ſudden ſorrow, ſhut herſelf up from the world.

world. Claims of debts of honour, which ſhe had no means to anſwer, purſued her in her retreat; ſhe became at once the prey of grief, repentance, and ſhame; and her mind was yet young enough in wrong, to be penetrated by the early chaſtiſement of calamity. Removed from the whirl of pleaſure, which takes reflexion from action, and feeling from thought, ſhe reviewed, with poignant contrition, her graceleſs miſconduct with regard to Eugenia, deteſted her infatuation, and humbled herſelf to implore forgiveneſs. Her aunt ſeized the agitating moment of ſelf-upbraiding and worldly diſguſt, to impreſs upon her fears the leſſons of her opening life: and thus, repulſed from paſſion, and ſickened of diſſipation, though too illiberally inſtructed for chearful and rational piety, ſhe was happily ſnatched from utter ruin by protecting, though excentric enthuſiaſm.

Eugenia, for ſome time, continued in voluntary ſecluſion, happily reaping from the fruits of her education and her virtues, reſources and reflexions for retire-

ment, that robbed it of wearineſs. The name, the recollection of Bellamy, always made her ſhudder, but the peace of perfect innocence was ſoon reſtored to her mind. The ſufferings of Mrs. Berlinton from ſelf-reproach, taught her yet more fully to value the felicity of blameleſsneſs; and the generous liberality of her character, made the firſt inducement ſhe felt for exertion, the benevolence of giving ſolace to a penitent who had injured her.

Melmond, long conſcious of her worth, and diſguſted with all that had rivalled it in his mind, with the fervour of ſincerity, yet diffidence of ſhame and regret, now fearfully ſought the favour he before had reluctantly received. But Eugenia retreated. She had no courage for a new engagement, no faith for new vows, no hope for new happineſs: till his really exemplary character, with the ſimpathy of his feelings, and the ſimilarity of his taſte and turn of mind with her own, made the Tyrolds, when they perceived his aſcendance, ſecond his wiſhes. Approbation

ſo ſacred, joined to a prepoſſeſſion ſo tender, ſoon conquered every timid difficulty in the ingenuous Eugenia; who in his well-earnt eſteem, and grateful affection, received, at length, the recompence of every exerted virtue, and the ſolace of every paſt ſuffering. Melmond, in a companion delighting in all his favourite purſuits, and capable of joining even in his ſeverer ſtudies, found a charm to beguile from him all former regret, while reaſon and experience endeared his ultimate choice. Eugenia once loved, was loved for ever. Where her countenance was looked at, her complexion was forgotten; while her voice was heard, her figure was unobſerved; where her virtues were known, they ſeemed but to be enhanced by her perſonal misfortunes.

The Baronet was enchanted to ſee her thus unexpectedly happy, and ſoon tranſferred to Melmond the claſſical reſpect which Clermont had forfeited, when he concurred with Eugenia in a petition, that Dr. Orkborne, without further delay,

lay, might be enabled to retire to his own plans and purſuits, with ſuch juſt and honourable conſideration for labours he well knew how to appreciate, as his friend Mr. Tyrold ſhould judge to be worthy of his acceptance.

With joy expanding to that thankfulneſs which may be called the *beauty of piety*, the virtuous Tyrolds, as their firſt bleſſings, received theſe bleſſings of their children: and the beneficent Sir Hugh felt every wiſh ſo ſatisfied, he could ſcarcely occupy himſelf again with a project --- ſave a maxim of prudence, drawn from his own experience, which he daily planned teaching to the little generation riſing around him; To avoid, from the diſaſters of their Uncle, the Dangers and Temptations, to their Deſcendants, of Unſettled Collateral Expectations.

Thus ended the long conflicts, doubts, ſuſpences, and ſufferings of Edgar and Camilla; who, without one inevitable calamity, one unavoidable diſtreſs, ſo nearly fell the ſacrifice to the two extremes of Imprudence,

and Suſpicion, to the natural heedleſſneſs of youth unguided, or to the acquired diſtruſt of experience that had been wounded. Edgar, by generous confidence, became the repoſitory of her every thought; and her friends read her exquiſite lot in a gaiety no longer to be feared: while, faithful to his word, making Etherington, Cleves, and Beech Park, his alternate dwellings, he rarely parted her from her fond Parents and enraptured Uncle. And Dr. Marchmont, as he ſaw the pure innocence, open frankneſs, and ſpotleſs honour of her heart, found her virtues, her errours, her facility, or her deſperation, but A PICTURE OF YOUTH; and regretting the falſe light given by the ſpirit of compariſon, in the hypotheſis which he had formed from individual experience, acknowledged its injuſtice, its narrowneſs, and its arrogance. What, at laſt, ſo diverſified as man? what ſo little to be judged by his fellow?

FINIS.

WITHDRAWN
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